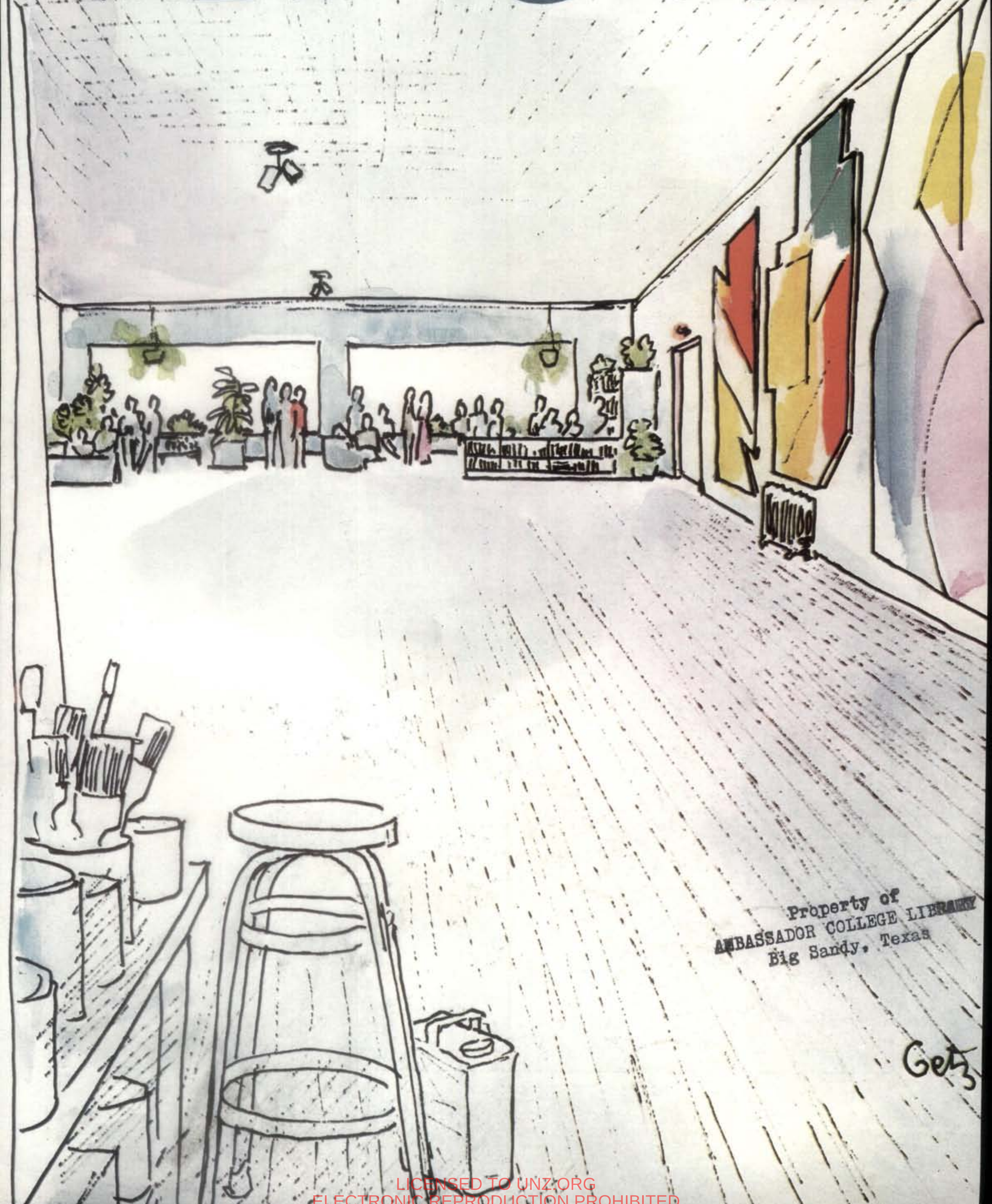
NEW YORKER



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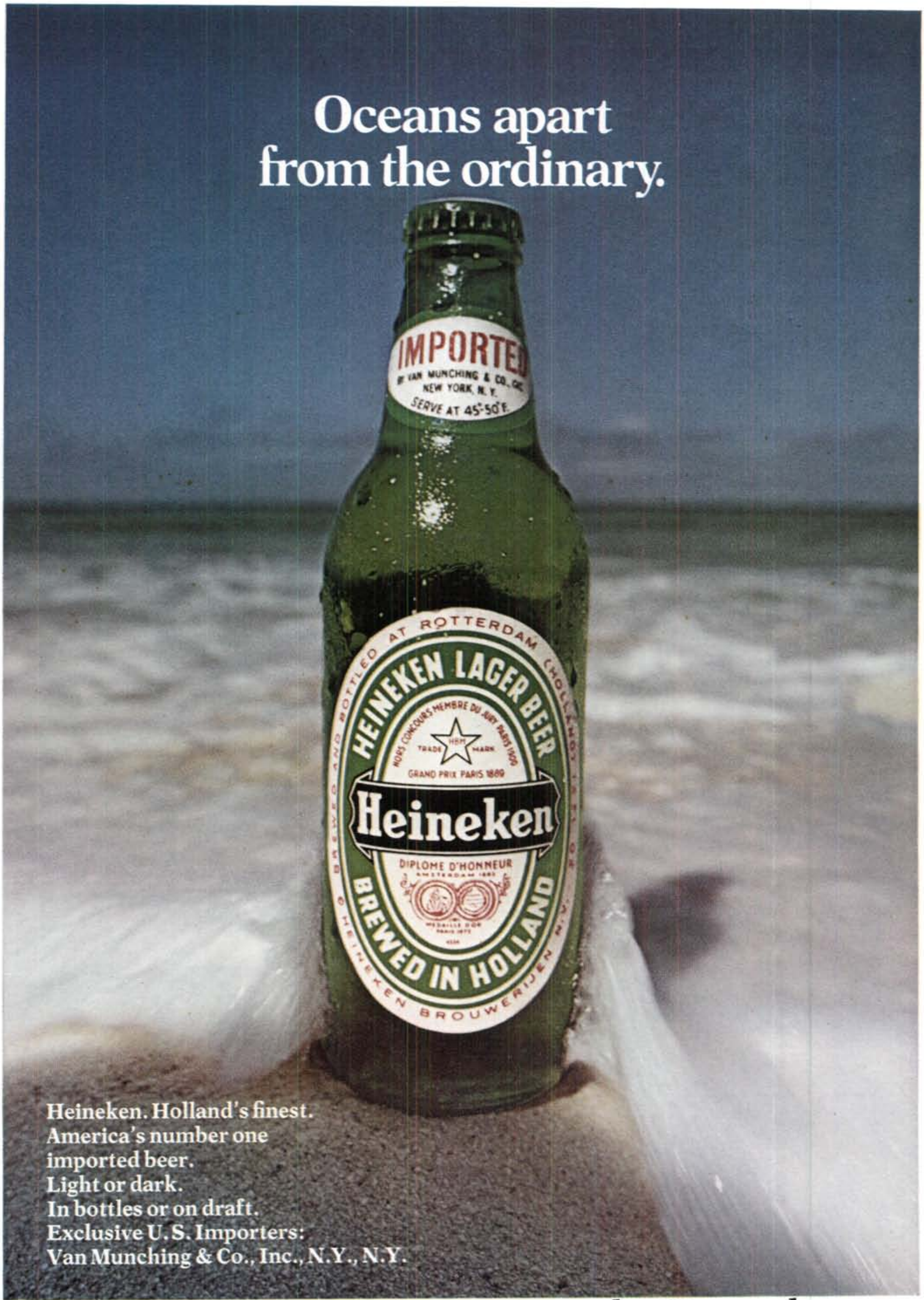
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson, in a one-woman show. A few more actors onstage might have turned this into a play instead of a charming, insubstantial stunt. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 8.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—A poorly produced revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical, which has a book by John O'Hara. Joan Copeland is excellent in the role originated by Vivienne Segal. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and Duck Variations—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—A dramatization by Arnold Perl of four of the stories. This is one of the Roundabout's better efforts. The performances, under Larry Arrick's direction, range from fairly good to so-so, with one notable exception—that of Rita Karin, whose spirit and mischievous humor seem to embody the original itself. With Dick Shawn, Ed Hall, and Michele Shay, among others. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, and Marian Seldes. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,769 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, July 28: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Concerto."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 28: "Les Noces," "Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 29: "Brahms Quintet," "Pas de Duke," "Billy the Kid," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Friday evening, July 30: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 31: "Texas Fourth," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 31, and Monday evening, Aug. 2: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 3; Wednesday matinée and evening, Aug. 4; and Thursday evening, Aug. 5: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 6: "La Bayadère," "At Midnight," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 7: "La Bayadère," "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," and "The River." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 7: "La Bayadère," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Friday evening, Aug. 6). Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 28-29, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 31: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Friday evening, July 30; Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 1; Tuesday evening, Aug. 3; and Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 5-6: "Giselle."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 4, and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 7: "La Sylphide" and "Four Schumann Pieces" (American première). (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 15—Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 7:30, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: "Temple," duet from "Somniloquy," triple duet from "Grotto," "Tensile Involvement from Masks, Props and Mobiles," and "Styx" (première).... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4, and Friday, Aug. 6, at 8: "Triad" (première), "Noumenon from Masks, Props and Mobiles," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," group dance from "Sanctum," and "Foreplay."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at 5: "The Tribe" and "Scenario." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Nearly a hundred years ago, this building housed the offices of the Jennings Lace Works, which was the first concern to import Chantilly, Alençon, and Breton lace into this country. Today, most of the building is divided up into studios and residences for artists, musicians, and dancers. The only commercial space is Ali's Alley, on the ground floor, a former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious, bar and soul-food night club. The owner, **RASHIED ALI,** an astonishingly gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus, leads an unrestrained quintet—bassist Benny Wilson, tenor saxophonist Marvin Blackman, alto saxophonist James Vass, and a pianist—Thursdays through Sundays, from about ten.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A sort of thirties chophouse, and worthwhile. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Bassist **CECIL MC BEE** heads up his wonderful sextet through Saturday, July 31. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 2-4, singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão will come in with his Latin-jazz band, Brazilian Roots. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Guitarist **GABOR SZABO** trades sets with bassist **RICHARD DAVIS'S** trio on Wednesday, July 28. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1, **DOC WATSON,** the legendary folklorist from the mountains of North Carolina, sings and stunningly flat-picks a repertoire that ranges from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whisky" to "The Sheik of Araby." His son, Merle, will accompany him, as usual. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 2-4, **WOODY HERMAN** will try his luck here, with his latest crop of graduates from North Texas State University and other jazz-degree-bestowing schools. Blues and rock singer Tracy Nelson will come in on Thursday, Aug. 5, opposite the Curtis Brothers, a rock quintet. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and his bassist, **STAFFORD JAMES,** are here through Saturday, July 31; then, beginning Monday, Aug. 2, **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and **WILBUR LITTLE** will take on the music duties. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS.** Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Most of the regulars who perform here have some way to go before their music makes the WABC playlist. Two of the more interesting groups, Television and Talking Heads, will be on hand Saturday, July 31. Monday is showcase night. Music from about nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE**, a polished performer and boogie-woogie specialist, has replaced Dick Hyman. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, trombonist Eddie Hubble will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, Aug. 1, will be set aside for cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** and a quartet, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays accommodate vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE**. Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Little will be back again on Sunday, Aug. 1, but this time they'll work with Wayne's frequent sidekick, **JOE PUMA**; from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** heads up a combo two times a night Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Max Kaminsky leads the band on Mondays. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For months, Fender bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummer **STEVE GADD**, a quintet of young and middle-aged New York session men and the best rhythm-and-blues band to come along in years, have been away on tour. They backed Joe Cocker in concert halls in this country (it was downright exhilarating to hear them when Cocker played the Beacon Theatre, where there was full amplification and enough room for the sound to bounce around), and they participated in European music festivals. They'll be returning to this good-natured, animated bar for at least five nights, Sunday through Thursday, Aug. 1-5, and it's bound to be crowded after word gets around. Music from ten to three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Johnny Paycheck and his country-and-Western crew depart after Saturday, July 31. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE** begin singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling in much the same way they've played, sung, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. Terry and McGhee rarely fail to delight the young, eager, and predominantly white audiences that turn out to see them; some of the songs they do best are "Custard Pie Blues," "I Feel So Good," and, usually as an encore, "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, vocalist **MAXINE SULLIVAN**, and a nine-piece band perform through Sunday, Aug. 1. Wednesday and Thursday from seven to one; Friday and Saturday from eight to two; and Sunday from six to midnight.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features folksingers Raun MacKinnon and Michael Federal; through Saturday, July 31. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein will return with two weeks' worth of Brecht and Weill. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups pass through here. The slowed-down summer schedule includes saxophonist Eddie Daniels and a quartet on Wednesday, July 28; bassist and jazz disc jockey Mickey Bass and his quintet on Friday, July 30; and the David Lahm trio on Tuesday, Aug. 3. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has come up with a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** turns up here on Wednesday, July 28. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1, pianist **MIKE ABENE** will team up with bassist **MIKE MOORE** and guitarist **MIKE GARY**. Mondays and Tuesdays have been reserved for **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting guitarist in town, and a couple of musician friends. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, insistently bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will take over. The music runs from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, lately, funky musicians. Keyboard whiz Lonnie Liston Smith and his band, the Cosmic Echoes, work out through Sunday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine will bring in his quartet. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet finish up on Sunday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, trumpeter **ART FARMER** and pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will co-pilot a quartet. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** herds his youthful, truly up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quartet made up of drummer Shelton Gary, pianist Ram Ramirez, and **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties). On Wednesday, July 28, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby is here with a quartet; on the following Wednesday (Aug. 4), **JO JONES** will drop by with his hi-hat and his quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often session times for tenor saxophonists **BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist Jim Roberts. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A jazz club on a street known lately for its shoe stores, book-and-record stores, and fast food. Ron Roullier is in charge of the Tuesday-night

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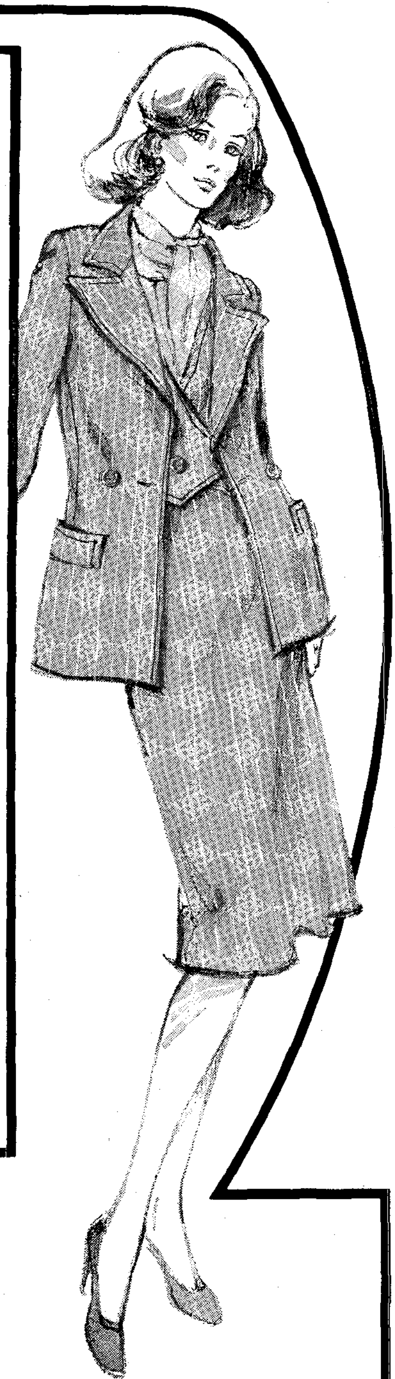

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seventeen-piece big band. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, performs with a quartet that features guitarist **EDDIE DIEHL** through Saturday, July 31. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-7, flutist **RICHARD CLAY** will front a quintet that also includes drummer **AL FOSTER,** trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER,** and bassist **RICHARD DAVIS.** On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through Friday, July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through Friday, July 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through Saturday, July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and works on paper by Golda Lewis, William McCartin, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Works on paper and paintings, most of them by early-twentieth-century artists (Kirchner, Max Ernst, and Moore among them). Through Friday, July 30. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to a show of drawings are Robert Barry, Hanne Darboven, and Edward Ruscha. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **FINDLAY,** 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through Aug. 20. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Lester Johnson, John Marin, Philip Pearlstein, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through Friday, Aug. 6. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through Aug. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery members Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)

Sculpture—Martin Chirino, Ilya Bolotowsky, José de Rivera, and six other artists showing metal and wood pieces. Through Friday, July 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Martha Diamond / Rodney Ripps—Small abstractions, mostly egg-shaped, done in oil, and nicely situated on expanses of heavy oatmeal-colored Dutch linen paper several times as big as the composition. / Small-scale, three-dimensional squiggles meant to hang on the wall and made of crumpled foil, modelling plastic, and cloth, all heavily coated with oil paint as thick as insulation. Through Friday, July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in the allegorical manner of Poussin; one, based on the shootings at Kent State, shows a sylvan campus where policemen firing pistols have treed a classical figure (Art? Freedom?) whose escorting cupids are firing back with their bows and arrows. Through Friday, July 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through Saturday, July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: A couple of hundred etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth by Cranach, Tiepolo, Callot, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through Friday, July 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan school, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 11. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery regulars now on exhibit are a tempera painting of a nun in a huge white headpiece standing in an arbor where yellow butterflies are flitting around, by Robert Vickrey; a pink cyclamen done in oil, by Julien Binford; and a tempera painting of a remembered place in the mountains, by Ethel Magafan—not to mention canvases by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Paul Cadmus. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. . . . **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Friday, Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Models, drawings, and other materials related to the outdoor sculptures of Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha. Through Friday, July 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Genn—Rectangles of heavy, handmade paper, several layers thick and each layer a different color, enabling the artist to obtain a collage effect by tearing thin strips from one or more of the outer sheets. Some of the papers are laced with colored threads, which enhance the effect. Through Friday, July 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **hoffman**, 420 West Broadway: A selection of paintings and sculptures by gallery members John Okulick, Susan Hall, Jack Tworkov, and others. Through Friday, July 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Boubat—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through Saturday, July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Sunday, Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934) **and Clarence H. White** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At **asia house**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of Britons in place. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **harlow**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through Friday, July 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through Saturday, July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **seagram building**, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (4th floor): An exhibit of twenty-six photographs (interiors, mostly) documenting the rise (and, in some respects, fall) of the county courthouse in the United States. Through Aug. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Four portraits by early American painters Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully, on loan from a private Spanish collection. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a display of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Sunday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal keyboard recitals of works by contemporary American composers Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Golden Hope (a 44.35 carat yellow diamond set in a pin), the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty historical documents includes the only surviving copy of the first printed Thanksgiving Proclamation, signed by George Washington in 1789. Through Saturday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Political cartoons, newspapers, pamphlets, campaign buttons, posters, and sheet music in support of the Presidential campaigns of candidates from New York State in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

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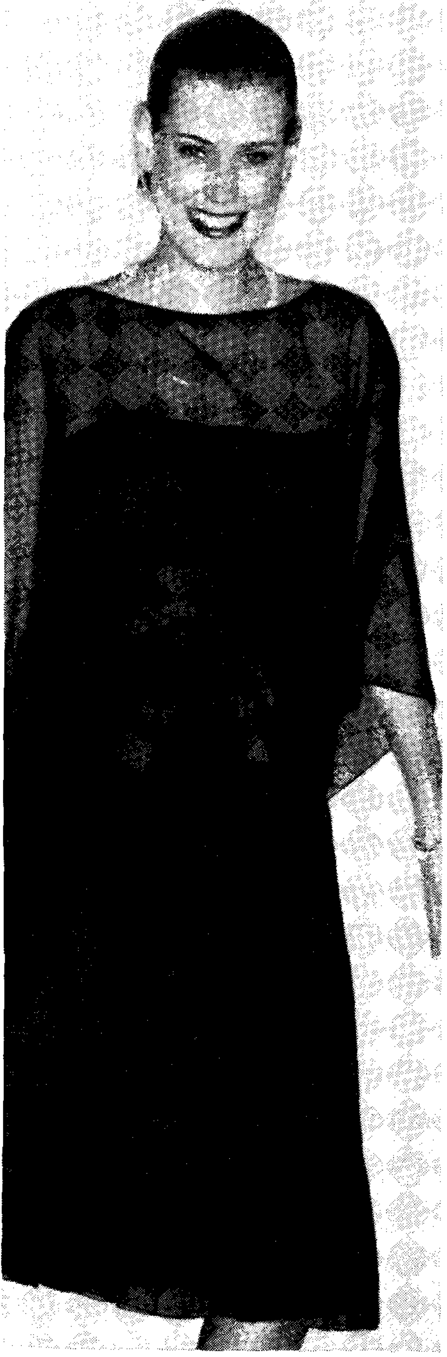

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28-31: Karl Richter conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as organ and harpsichord soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1: *Lili* Kraus, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 2; Wednesday, Aug. 4; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Miss Kraus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3, and Thursday, Aug. 5: Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, *and others in an all-night concert. (Cathedral* of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Aug. 6, starting at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 30, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a program of American music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Haydn-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Colin Davis conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 7:30: James Taylor and David Sanborn. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: A recital by Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ The Boston Symphony in three all-Beethoven programs: Friday, Aug. 6, at 9, Colin Davis conducting; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, Colin Davis directing the "Missa Solemnis," with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Anna Reynolds, contralto; Eric Tappy, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30, Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Mr. Frager. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "In G Major.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2: "Fanfare" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack.". . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given on Monday, Aug. 2, at 8:15, by Victor Borge, and on Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8:15, by Sergio Franchi, Pat Cooper, and Dana Valery.]. . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 21. Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Aaron Copland directing a program of American music, with Marian Anderson, narrator, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Walter Klien, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: William Smith conducting, with Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and *the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga* Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 5:30: The Vermeer Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Roberta Peters, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 5:30: Rosalyn Tureck, *piano, in a program of music by J. S.* Bach. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 31: Emily Frankel, Charles Moore's "Dances and Drums of Africa," Burton Taylor and Helen Douglas, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-7: The Milwaukee Ballet Company, with Ted Kivitt. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Final performances in New London—Thursday, July 29, at 8: Bill Evans Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 4:30: Guthrie-Rotante Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 8: Murray Louis Dance Company and Nancy Meehan Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, July 28, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, July 30, at 8; Saturday, July 31, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 1:05 (day doubleheader). . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 2-3, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 2-3, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Elston Howard, Joe Collins, Allie Reynolds, Joe DiMaggio, and other major-league stars of past years, will start at 1:15).

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 31. . . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 2, through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Schuylerville, Monday, Aug. 2; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 4; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Sorority, Saturday, July 31, and the Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Kelly-Olympic Handicap, Friday, Aug. 6.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Dallas. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, July 28, at 7:30. For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Hawaii, Monday, Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 6. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Meryl Streep, Lenny Baker, Sam Waterston, and John Cazale in **MEASURE FOR MEASURE,** directed by John Pasquin. The second of two plays by the company. Free performances start on Thursday, July 29, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." The fourth in a series of five performances. (Thursday, July 29, at 8.). . . ¶ Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Jaime Laredo, violin. (Sunday, Aug. 1, at 5.)

Washington Square Park—Arthur Bloom conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program of twentieth-century music. The third in a series of five concerts of American music. (Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 28, at 6:30: Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 6:30: Kingfish and Gerard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 6:30: Boz Scaggs and Maxine Nightingale. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 2, at 6:30: Marshall Tucker Band and Grinder Switch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 6:30: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 6: Sha Na Na and L. A. Jets. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 6:30: John Sebastian. (Through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SHOWBOAT,** with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is showing more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Movies in the Park—*A program of conventional* and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, through Aug. 5. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Aug. 8 (day). Texas, Aug. 16-18 (night). California, Aug. 20-21 (n) and Aug. 22 (d). Minnesota, Aug. 23-25 (n). Boston, Sept. 6-7 (n). Milwaukee, Sept. 8-10 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Aug. 10-11 (night) and Aug. 12 (day). Cincinnati, Aug. 13 (n) and Aug. 14-15 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 27 (n) and Aug. 28-29 (d). San Francisco, Aug. 31-Sept. 1 (n) and Sept. 2 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 3 (n) and Sept. 4-5 (d).

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Yankee Stadium: Jets vs. Giants, Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Washington Redskins, Aug. 28.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Aug. 30-Oct. 23. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Sept. 10-Oct. 21.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Miami. (Yankee Stadium. Aug. 10.)

Tennis—Tennis Week Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 21-29.). . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 1-12.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 25-29.)

Music—**NEW YORK CITY OPERA,** New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The fall season will open on Sept. 1, with Puccini's "Turandot," and will run through Nov. 14. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (787-3880): The Paris Opéra, Sept. 8-18. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 8-9. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern and Friends, Sept. 10-13 and 19.

Dance—Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 10-22.

Other Dates—The Republican National Convention will start on Aug. 16 in Kansas City. . . . ¶ Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 18-29. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 6.

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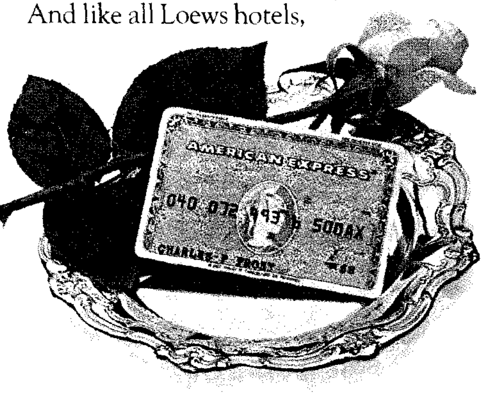

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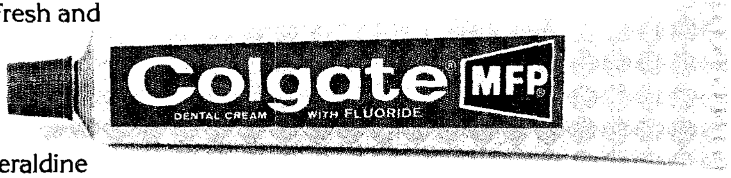

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 3: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From Aug. 4: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and another feature, to be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Aug. 3: "The Exorcist."
From Aug. 4: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 3: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Aug. 4 (tentative): "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 3: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From Aug. 4: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through July 29: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."
From July 30: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 29: "The Omen."
From July 30: "Squirm."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Logan's Run."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Rape of Innocence."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 31: "The Omen."
From Aug. 1: "Obsession."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Aug. 3: "The Exorcist" and "The Devils."
From Aug. 4: "All the President's Men."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Wild Goose Chase."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 3: "Lifeguard."
From Aug. 4: "Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 3: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From Aug. 4: "That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Exorcist."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 3: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 4: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 29: "Logan's Run."
From July 30: "Drum."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 3: "The Omen."
From Aug. 4: "Survive!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 29: "The Food of the Gods."
From July 30: "Squirm."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)

BARONET
CORONET
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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Through July 29: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."
From July 30: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Omen."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Logan's Run."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Rebecca" and "The Paradine Case." Aug. 1-3: "A Star Is Born" and "Nothing Sacred." From Aug. 4: "Intermezzo" and "The Farmer's Daughter."
Theatre 3: "The Clockmaker."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 3: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea." From Aug. 4: "Alpha Beta."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
July 28: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."
From July 29: "Swashbuckler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 29: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."
From July 30: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 3: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From Aug. 4: "Mother, Jugs & Speed" and "Conrack."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 3: "The Exorcist."
From Aug. 4: "All the President's Men."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 3: "The Clockmaker."
From Aug. 4: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile." From July 30: "Pinocchio" and "Escape to Witch Mountain."
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Food of the Gods." From July 30: "Squirm."
Theatre 3: "The Omen."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 3: "Logan's Run."
From Aug. 4: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 3: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 4: "Logan's Run."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 3: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From Aug. 4: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and another feature, to be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 28: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
July 29: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Confession" (1970), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret.
July 30: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Zero for Conduct." (†)
July 31: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
Aug. 1: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eustache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.
Aug. 2: "Kanal" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds." (†)
Aug. 3: "Sweet Movie" (1975), in French and English, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism." (†)
Aug. 4: "Murder, My Sweet" (†); and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.
Aug. 5: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 28: "Rio Grande" (1950), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, and Claude Jarman, Jr.; and "The Sun Shines Bright" (1954), directed by John Ford, with Charles Winninger, Stepin Fetchit, and Arleen Whelan.
July 29: "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.
July 30: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.
July 31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.
Aug. 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with

Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Cyrano de Bergerac." (†)

Aug. 2: "La Terra Trema" (†) and "Senso." (†)

Aug. 3: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (†) and "Sullivan's Travels." (†)

Aug. 4: "The Searchers" (†) and "The Last Hurrah." (†)

Aug. 5: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (†); and "The Go-Between" (1971), directed by Joseph Losey, with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

July 28: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

July 29: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

July 30: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.

July 31: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Greaser's Palace" (1972), directed by Robert Downey.

Aug. 1: "Carousel" (1956), directed by Henry King, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones; and "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.

Aug. 2: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Performance." (†)

Aug. 3: "Les Biches" (†) and "La Femme Infidèle." (†)

Aug. 4: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 5: "Steelyard Blues" (†); and "King of Hearts."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through July 29: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Odd Man Out" (1947), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason.

July 30-31: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow.

Aug. 1-3: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.

Aug. 4-5: "Rules of the Game" (†) and "La Ronde." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 31: "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Aug. 1-3: "They Died with Their Boots On" (†) and "The Mystery of the Wax Museum." (†)

From Aug. 4: "High Sierra" (†) and "The Roaring Twenties." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 31: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders; and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Aug. 1-3: "Roxie Hart" (†) and "Having Wonderful Time." (†)

From Aug. 4: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 29 at 2:30: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "Sailor's Luck" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. . . . ¶ July 29 at 8:30 and July 30 at 2:30: "Elmer and Elsie" (1934), directed by Gil Pratt, with George Bancroft, Frances Fuller, and Roscoe Karns; and "The Meanest Gal in Town" (1934), directed by Russell Mack, with ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6: "Topaze." . . . ¶ July 31 at noon: "Sons of the Desert" (1934), directed by William A. Seiter, with Laurel and Hardy, Charley Chase, and Mae Busch. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2:30: "The Last Gentleman" (1934), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with George Arliss and Edna May Oliver. . . . ¶ July 31 at 5: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward F. Cline, with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie; and "You're Telling Me" (1934), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, and Larry (Buster) Crabbe. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at noon: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Alice Brady, and Mischa Auer. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Roscoe Karns, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5: Two William S. Hart films—"Hell's Hinges" (1916), and "Branding Broadway" (1918), with flash inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at noon: "By Candlelight" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Doubting Thomas" (1935), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at noon: "Once in a Blue Moon" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Jimmy Savo and Cecilia Loftus. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30: "What Every Woman Knows" (1934), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne, Madge Evans, and Dudley Diggs. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "By Candlelight." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "It's in the Air" (1935), directed by Charles Riesner, with Jack Benny, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Nat Pendleton. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "What Every Woman Knows." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: "Once in a Blue Moon." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Columbia I, and Waverly. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Thalia; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 4.)

ALPHA BETA—With Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts, directed by Anthony Page. (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 4.)

ASHES AND DIAMONDS (1958)—The third (but *self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's won*derful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2.)

LES BICHES (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

THE BIG BUS—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton.)

THE BINGO LONG TRAVELING ALL-STARS & MOTOR KINGS—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (Murray Hill, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE CLOCKMAKER—With Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort, directed by Bertrand Tavernier. In French. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 3.)

CONRACK (1974)—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, free-wheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder." Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (Playboy; starting Aug. 4.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—With Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC (1950)—José Ferrer in a mediocre version of the Edmond Rostand play, directed by Michael Gordon, with Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

DEATH WISH (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the laxity of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (First Avenue Cinema; through Aug. 3.)

DRUM—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum; starting July 30.)

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (1975)—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 30.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema, First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 3.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

The Farmer's Daughter (1947)—This political comedy was enormously popular—maybe because of its smooth, bland, apolitical cheerfulness, which some people considered fresh. It's amiable but unrelentingly clean and nice. With blond braids wound in clusters over her ears, and turning "j"s into "y"s, Loretta Young plays a Swedish housemaid who finds a job in the home of a patrician, politically influential family, dominated by Ethel Barrymore, and gets to be a congresswoman. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart, Rhys Williams, Harry Davenport, Lex Barker, Don Beddoe, and Jason Robards (père). Directed by H. C. Potter, from a screenplay by Allen Rivkin and his partner-wife, Laura Kerr. (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 4.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

The Food of the Gods—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 29.)

The Gnome-Mobile (1967)—From the Disney studios, with Walter Brennan, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 29.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall; July 28.)

Having Wonderful Time (1938)—Those who had seen Arthur Kober's stage comedy about life in a Catskills resort complained of the dilution of the humor in this de-Jewished movie version, starring Ginger Rogers as the stenographer on vacation and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a law student working as a waiter, but it's a lively, wisecracking film with a good cast and a pleasant romantic flavor. With a very young Red Skelton (billed as Richard Skelton) as the camp's desperate-to-please director of entertainment, Lee Bowman, Lucille Ball, Eve Arden, Ann Miller, Jack Carson, Donald Meek, Grady Sutton, Inez Courtney, and Dean Jagger. Alfred Santell directed, from Kober's own adaptation. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-3.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Regency; starting Aug. 4.)

Intermezzo (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Selznick even retained the same slurpy "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to buoy up the cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention was Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) seemed revolutionary. Gregory Ratoff directed; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. With John Halliday. (This drippy thing was remade again just a few years ago.) (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 4.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2.)

The Last Hurrah (1958)—John Ford turned into a sentimental faker whenever he got near the Blarney Stone, and Edwin O'Connor's novel about the final campaign and last days of Frank Skeffington, an old-style Boston mayor (Spencer Tracy), gave him an opportunity he couldn't resist. The subject is richly comic, and the picture has its moments despite the sprightly foolery, but Skeffington is so full of the milk of human kindness that he almost moos. The extraordinary cast includes James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Lowe, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Hunter, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, and Jane Darwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—A quartet of stories, with Nino Manfredi. Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Loews Tower East; starting Aug. 4.)

Lifeguard—With Sam Elliott, Anne Archer, and Stephen Young; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Loews Tower East; through Aug. 3.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Trans-Lux East, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through July 29. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Aug. 4.)

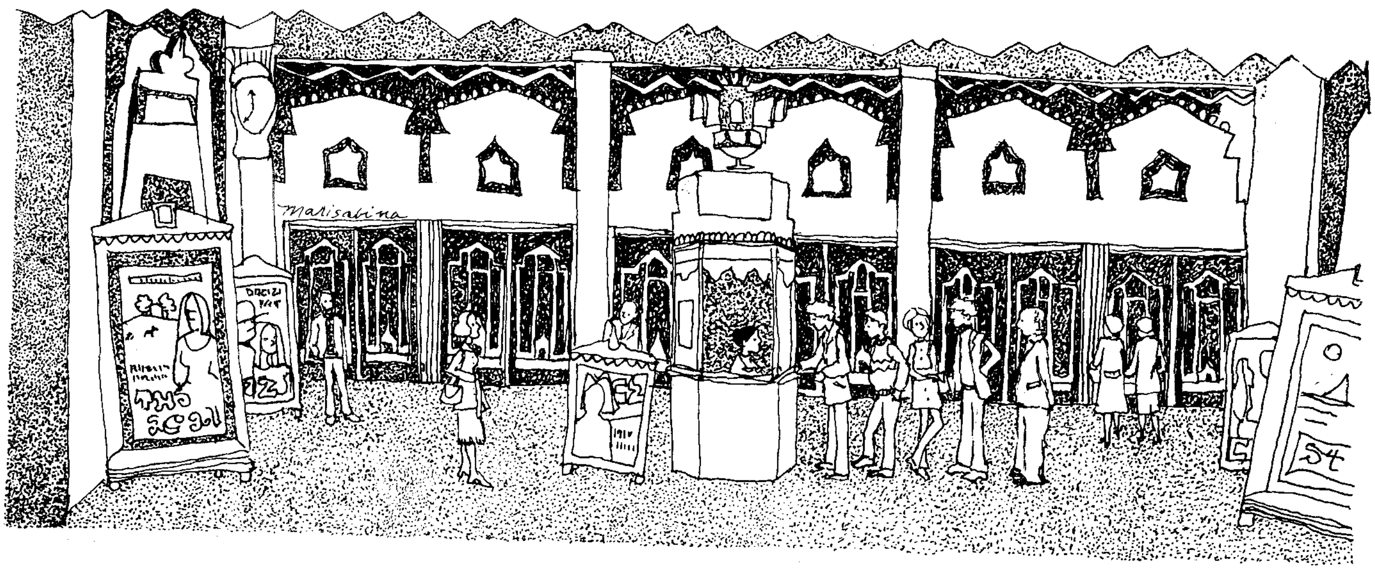
Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 4.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Playboy; starting Aug. 4.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles



Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 4.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship, which is one of the things that Italians are as good at as they are bad at—thank the Lord—military prowess. The film is a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. The film was conceived by Pietro Germi, fully planned by him, and directed by him for a week before his death, in December, 1974. It was completed with great affection by Mario Monicelli. A toast to alliance. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933)—Marvellously grisly chiller, directed by Michael Curtiz and shot in an early Technicolor process, with the color contributing heavily to the general creepiness. Lionel Atwill is the murderous curator who pours hot wax over his manacled, still-living victims and then exhibits them as sculpture. With Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray, Gavin Gordon, Frank McHugh, Edwin Maxwell, and Arthur Edmund Carewe. From a play by Charles S. Belden. (Remade in 1953 in 3-D as "House of Wax," and probably the source of the 1959 "A Bucket of Blood.") (Regency; Aug. 1-3.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets of this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Quad Cinema; Aug. 1-3.)

Obsession—With Cliff Robertson and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Aug. 1.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 29. . . . ¶ Coronet; through July 31. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Aug. 3.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (U.A. East, and Symphony; starting Aug. 4.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Quad Cinema; through July 31.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Aug. 2.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems

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to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 29.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 30.)

Rape of Innocence—With Jean Carmet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Quad Cinema; through July 31.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—With Richard Harris, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Ziegfeld.)

The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—With Pierre Richard, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Regency; starting Aug. 4.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Cinema Village; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 4-5.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother nods approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, and Spring Byington, as a sob sister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron, Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-3.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 4-5.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Aug. 4, tentative.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this leisurely, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Senso (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

Squirm—With Don Scardino and Patricia Pearcy, directed by Jeff Lieberman. (34th St. East, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 30.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is coming. There have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 1-3.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Elgin; Aug. 5.)

THE STORY OF ADÈLE H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema Village; through Aug. 3.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

SURVIVE!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team that crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Loews Ciné; starting Aug. 4.)

SWASHBUCKLER—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall; starting July 29.)

SWEPT AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

LA TERRA TREMA (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 4.)

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (1942)—Raoul Walsh directed Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Arthur Kennedy, and Sydney Greenstreet. Flynn plays Custer. Well, the climactic massacre is lavish, as they say. (Regency; Aug. 1-3.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE—With Pierre Richard and Jane Birkin, directed by Claude Zidi. In French. (Columbia II.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 3.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30.)

it happens to the best of us.

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Ice cream cone in chocolate, vanilla, Boysenberry . . .

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHILE waiting for the Third Avenue bus one sweltering day last week, we tipped back our head to look up at the sky. On terraces high on the apartment houses that line up back of Bloomingdale's—the sort of buildings that look like multi-story refrigerators—flimsy trees were bending themselves in silhouette before a sullen, thundery breeze. Their potted stab at tropical drama could not alter our long-held opinion that nature must surely be more subdued and self-effacing in this part of town than anywhere else on the planet; leaf and branch always wear a vaguely neurotic air when they show up here, as though they were prey to anxiety about whether they can sustain themselves in any meaningful relationship with the elements, or were smarting at being ordered sight unseen and lovelessly by fashionable decorators. Then, out of the corner of our eye, we caught an impression of swooping and spiralling flight. We lowered our gaze to a horizontal pipe fixed high on the lamppost at the intersection—one of those pipes, about two inches across, to which the wire stays of the traffic lights are fastened—and were in time to catch the purposeful disappearing dart of a clearly nest-bound bird. The bird and its mate came and went several times before the bus arrived, and we had time to wonder at the thoroughly urban-ghetto quality of their nesting place. The inside of the metal shelter must have heated up horribly in this year's quick summer, and scarcely any environment could have been less congenial than the environment outside the tube to the current demented forayings of the parents or the eventual excursions of their not yet streetwise chicks. The occupants of this ornithological tenement must have been tormented by the rhythmic mechanical clickings of the WALK-DONT WALK sign that shared the pole below them, and mystified by the unchanging moon of the street lamp that arched out above. All through relentless nights, the nursery must have been lit up by a sodium glow and subjected to a never-ending stream of instructions to pedestrians who were home and comfortably asleep in the air-conditioned dark. WALK would follow DONT WALK forever, piercing the nest like so many flashing sixty-second sunsets and chilling green fifty-second dawns. How, in a life beyond Third Avenue, could graduating fledglings know when to launch into a real dawn chorus or recognize the proper moment for the evening serenade?

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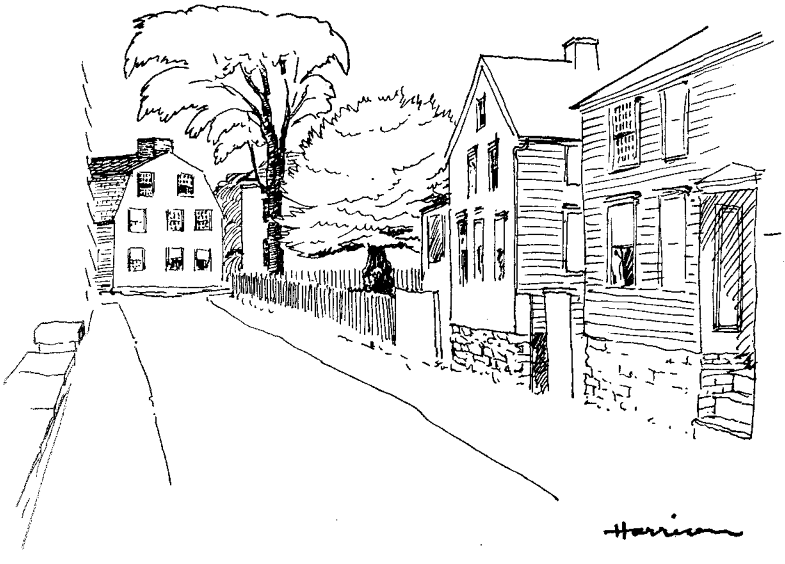
Ntozake Shange

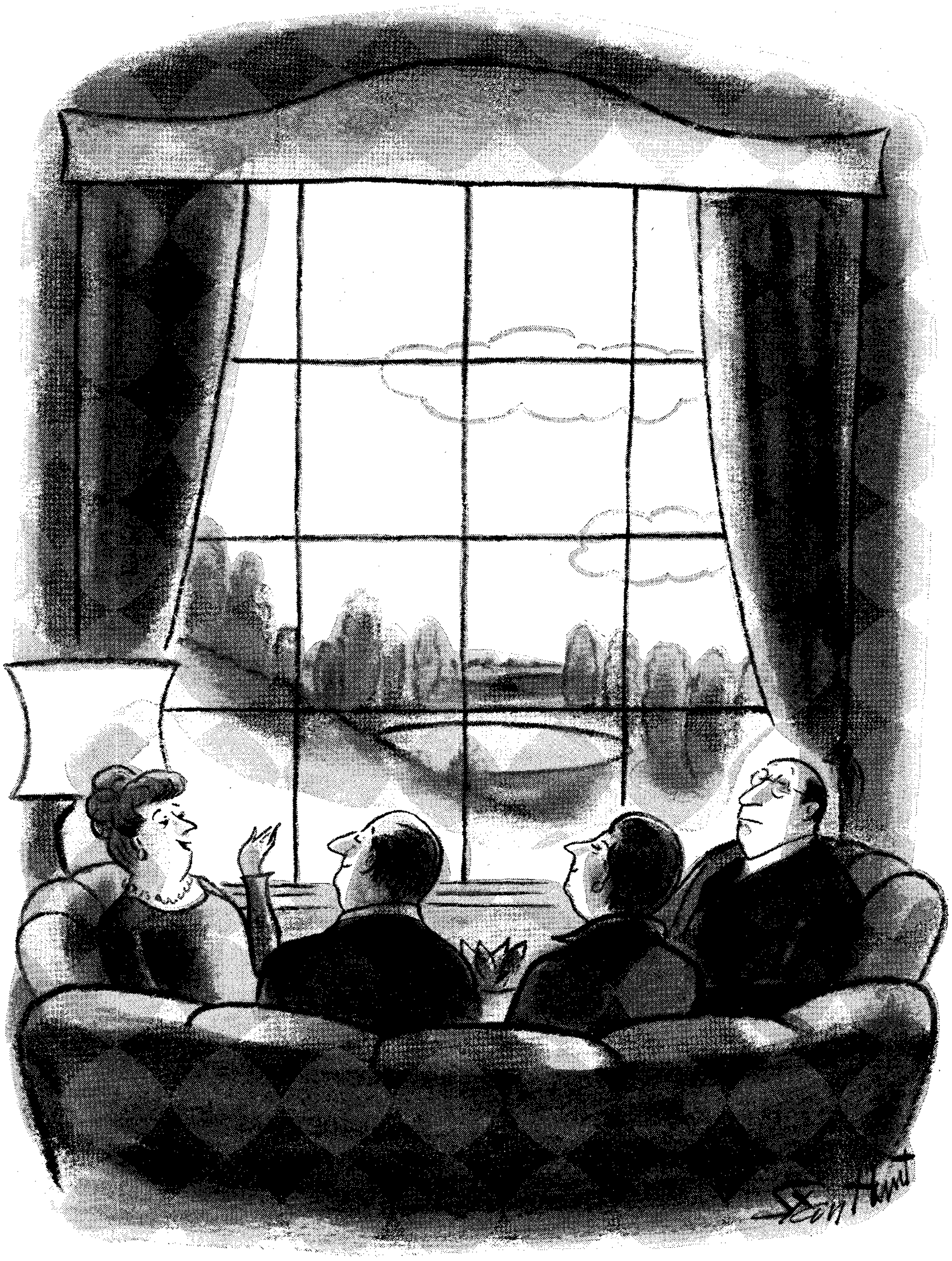
WE have had a talk with Ntozake Shange, the twenty-seven-year-old poet whose unclassifiable creation "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf"—made up of poetry, music, dancing, and light—is playing to somewhat stunned audiences at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street. Ntozake Shange's poetry is mordantly witty, unpredictable, and disciplined. It has to do with love and death and the deepest feelings of young women—in particular, black young women. We met her last week in a restaurant near the theatre, on whose stage she herself appears as one of the seven members of the all-black cast.

We ordered coffee. "In New York, ordinary human chores tend to interfere with living," she told us. "I want to explicate my reality, to live here with some grace, to avoid as much emotional turbulence as I can. I spent seven months in Harlem last year, toward the end of the year, and I was very depressed. Mostly, I remember not the staircase or the sofa or the toilet down the hall but the three locks on my door. Three locks! My mind drifts back to other places—happier places. St. Louis has a hold on me. I lived there from about age eight to age thirteen, and it has great meaning—the jumping-off place to the West, the place from which runaway slaves might reach freedom and Canada via the Underground Railroad, the place where Jesse James and his men hid out in the same caves used by the runaway slaves. And the river. The Mississippi River. I am deeply affected by that mighty river. The St. Louis Municipal Opera would perform 'Tom Sawyer,' and I was there, entranced, and can see it even today. I also used to see, in my mind's eye,

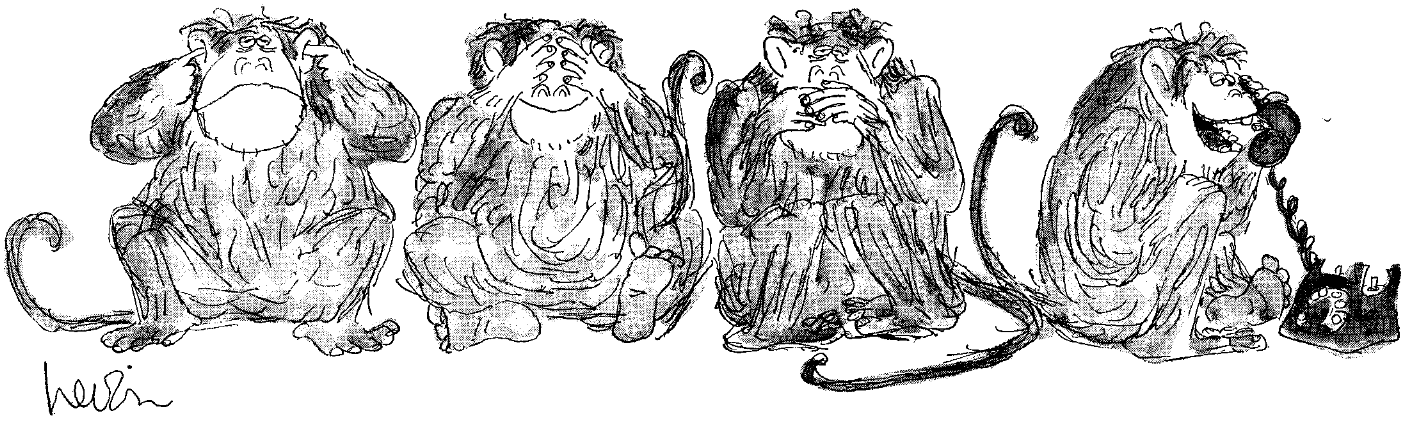


Mark Twain as a river pilot, and places like Natchez. I've never been to Natchez, but I can picture the carny shows there. Above all, I wanted to be a Mississippi River gambler like Tyrone Power, done up with his fancy frock coat and his ruffled sleeves and his big hat—and, especially, that fan of his lady's, the *white* fan, the one she snapped open with a swift gesture, and then snapped shut."

She continued, "The sense of connection is missing in New York. For one thing, I have only about one-tenth of the writers and painters and poets to nourish me here in New York that I had when I lived around San Francisco and Oakland. I really lived in Oakland—a sort of fairyland, where I loved the three-story wooden houses, the picket fences, the man who sold fish from a truck, the man who sold vegetables from a horse-drawn wagon, the man who sold crabs, live crabs, in buckets, for six dollars a bucket, and the old ladies coming forth each day to pick their flowers in their front yards. Everything was unconstrained, uncongested. I could think. I could put things together. Most of the poems we're doing these nights were written during the last three years, and I would read them in bars and bookstores in San Francisco. Just the other night, someone came backstage and said he missed the intimacy of his first encounter with them, at a San Francisco bar. Trenton, where I was born, seems pretty far behind. But I love my daddy—after all, he is my daddy. He is a surgeon, and my mother was a psychiatric social worker and now teaches early-childhood development at Trenton State College, and I have an artist sister and a sister who just graduated from Yale and a brother at Columbia Law. And I've been to Barnard, and taken American Studies at the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, and here and there. Growing up was all right—skipping rope, kissing boys, adolescence—but it was a double life, and the reading was the real life. I read all the Russians in English (my goal in life was to free Raskolnikov from his guilts) and the French in French and the Spaniards with the aid of dictionaries. Simone de Beauvoir, Melville, Carson McCullers, and Edna Millay. And Jean Genet. I would say to my mother that I didn't understand a word he was saying but I liked him. Faulkner has always been a trial—I have to pretend to be white to understand what he's saying about blacks. At Barnard, I was alienated, and had only four black friends, but I went back up there last year and told the black students to hold fast, to stick—that they wouldn't find anything more libertarian outside. I guess I've been in every black-nationalist movement in the country, and I found that the flaw in the nationalists' dream was that they didn't treat women right. Five years ago, I took an African name; my father is Dr. Paul T. Williams, and I was Paulette Williams—a slave name, really. I am filled with rhythm and blues. My daddy plays some percussion, knows Miles Davis, knows Dizzy Gillespie, knew Charlie Parker. I like to watch dancing, and have studied dancing for three years. And I like to wear silver jewelry, and look at peo-



"Of course, money does have its advantages. When we first bought this place, that hill was on the right, but Morton didn't like it there, so he had it moved over to the left."



"Hello? Jack Anderson?"

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ple. It's the faces I like to watch. And I like to listen to the words. I've watched people being beat up, and people putting up fifty thousand dollars bail, and this movement and that movement. Black poets are always having to prove the right to their emancipation, but I approach poetry with a sense of discovery. In San Francisco, I gave out and I got back. I felt this need to keep on giving, because I was getting so much. I have loving friends, and we call each other up and read to one another—read poems—and talk."

Ntozake Shange wanted another cup of coffee. "I find that I have an attachment to people in New York, but I have really no tactile or sensuous connection to the city," she said. "I walk the city, and watch the faces, and try to remove the mask. My poems are deeply personal. Take the poem that begins 'Somebody almost walked off wid alla my stuff.' I like that poem: 'My stuff is the anonymous ripped-off treasure of this year/ did you know somebody almost got away wif me/ in plastic bag under their arm/ me danglin on a string of personal carelessness.' I wanted to be very clear and very honest in these poems. That's why I used the words '*Colored* Girls' in the title. That's a word my grandmother would understand. It wouldn't put her off and turn her away. I wanted to get back to the brass tacks of myself as a child; I was a regular colored girl, with a family that was good to me."

Ntozake Shange finished her second cup of coffee. "By the way, I'm not living in Harlem these days," she said. "I'm in Chelsea, with *one* lock. I know that poetry must be refined over and over, be honed, get stronger. I listen to words, and when people can't say what they mean they are in trouble. I remember telling classes I taught at Sonoma State College, in Rohnert Park, California, that when they read a poem with the word 'cry' they mustn't rush through but try to understand that the word had depth, and implication, and that someone was *crying*—that it wasn't just a plot outline or a scenario. I'm relatively happy now, but I am impatient when I'm not writing. Just before the opening downtown, I was working on a story I had to finish. Everybody was excited and running around, and I just went across the street to this restaurant and sealed myself off at this table and finished my story, and then the play opened. I'm writing a novel, and in the book the options for a woman are to stay with one man, stay alone, or go to a free country. In this world, I have to know who has suffered; I write about pain. Apathy stops me up. I think I write choppy prose, but the very choppiness of the prose releases my poetry. I am relatively stable at the moment, but I know how shaky the foundation is, how fragile the path I'm walking." A grim look came over her face. "You know, one of these days I am going to go up to Saks Fifth Avenue and walk right through that store, door to door," she said. Then she looked away. "Just this morning," she said, "I saw a group of women going into a bar downtown at nine-thirty, and I studied those faces and I knew those faces would be there tomorrow morning at nine-thirty and the day after tomorrow at nine-thirty, and I thought about a poem."

Fifty Per Cent

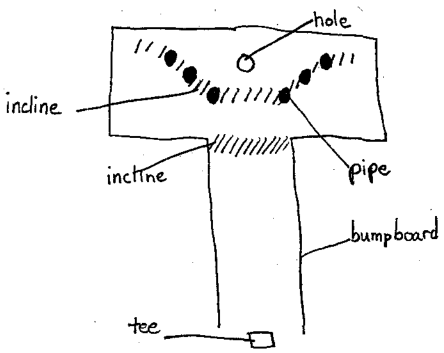
MANY Presidents have been golfers; Jimmy Carter plays Putt-Putt. We have a report on this little-known but fast-growing sport from a sportswriter friend named Roger Director:

Putt-Putt is the CB radio of the sports world. At last count, there were about thirteen hundred courses, on seven hundred franchised sites, in the continental United States, Canada, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, South-West Africa, Rhodesia, and Port Louis, Mauritius. In this country, the courses are principally in Georgia, the Carolinas, Florida, Alabama, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan—the Midwest and much of the New South. On any given evening, a quarter of a million people are bent over playing Putt-Putt, a type of miniature golf that disdains the more colorful obstacles (the windmills, stovepipes, lighthouses, wagon wheels, and loop-the-loops) and other elements of chance in miniature golf to focus on the skill of putting.

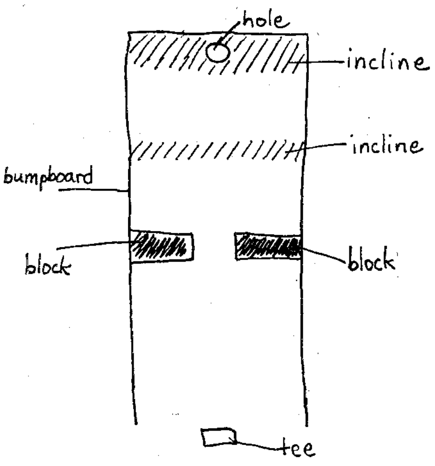
"Miniature golf is a game of beautiful, idle amusement," Don Clayton, the founder of Putt-Putt and the chairman of the board of Putt-Putt Golf Courses of America, Inc., told me when I caught up with him recently at the World Putting Championship, which was being held this year in Columbus, Ohio. Clayton, a former high-school and college athlete in his home state of North Carolina, built the first course, in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in 1954, when he was twenty-nine and his doctor told him he was working too hard in the insurance business. Today, Putt-Putt grosses thirty million annually, and it has a pro tour and organized rankings for amateurs and juniors.

"We've done everything possible to make Putt-Putt competitive, because Americans love competition—it's their nature," Clayton said. "The game of golf is perhaps the most universal, international sport that is played by the kings of our society today. The bankers, the lawyers, the doctors, the Prime Ministers, the Presidents, the senators, the congressmen, the governors, the chairmen of the board—the people who run the world—play golf. Whatever the hierarchy does in any society or culture, the peasant aspires to do, but for the average mass of humanity in America there's not enough money and time to play the game of golf. We Putt-Putt people are the Middle Americans' country club. We belong to the mass, we belong to the common man, the people."

Clayton offers his franchise owners a hundred and twenty-six specially designed or standardized holes to choose from for an eighteen-hole course, and each course costs from thirty-five to forty-two thousand dollars to construct—depending on whether you get the Suburban or the Standard model. Whichever model it is, Holes One, Two, Nine, and Eighteen are always the same, on any Putt-Putt course. Every Hole Nine, for instance, looks very much like this:



Among the optional holes there's the tricky hole that turned up as Hole Fourteen on the World Championship Course this year:



"We are the McDonald's of minigolf" is how one of the pros at the World Championship summed up Putt-Putt. The Putt-Putt putting surface is a smooth green poly-base, tight-weave carpet fibre spread over poured concrete. It is slow enough so that Putt-Putt offers the unusual golfing experience of being able to nudge a deft tee shot toward the cup, then leg it to the green in time to comfortably crouch and watch the ball plop in for an "ace"—a Putt-Putt hole-in-one. Each of the "fairways" is enclosed by a fence called a bumpboard and made of orange (the official color) aluminum two-by-fours, which are held to the concrete by metal anchor pins. The tee is a blue rubber mat twelve inches square, with seven indentations, for a variety of placements. The negotiable obstacles between the putter and his par 36 are aluminum blocks, posts, foot-high fairway mounds, and six-inch inclines—which invariably, I found, make the ball break away from the hole, leaving a tricky followup putt for the "deuce."

To play well, you need the concentration and smooth stroke of a championship golfer, plus the touch and the ability to figure angles and caroms of a master billiards player. If you think not being able to get out of a bunker is infuriating, try taking an 8 to get down from three feet out while four obstreperous peewees line up at the tee and ask if they can play through. It's a game fraught with frustrations—even for the six hundred certified pros of the Professional Putters Association, Putt-Putt's version of the big-time P.G.A. There are about sixty tournaments on the Putt-Putt pro tour, and over three hundred thousand dollars in prize money is awarded annually to the professionals, who range in age from seventeen to forty-seven. The main events are the National Championship (to be held this year on September 4th and 5th in Hialeah, Florida), which is a 144-hole medal-play event (lowest number of total strokes takes the trophy), offering two thousand dollars to the winner; and the World Championship, a match-play affair (lowest number of strokes on any hole cops that hole and "honors," the right to shoot first off the next tee), which offers ten thousand dollars first prize money and had a field of two hundred and fifty-six this year.

Most of the pros at the World Championship were staying at the nearby Lincoln Lodge, which, in addition to a pool table, a swimming pool, a bar, and a pinball machine, offers a real grass putting green out front, where putters could often be seen as late as midnight during the tournament, sharpening up their strokes for the next day's combat. They are serious sportsmen, who patiently await the spring of each year to dust off their one trusty club, their P.P.A.-insignia shirts with their names sewn on the front, and their white Hush Puppies, and travel to weekend tournaments in places like Montgomery, Alabama; Waco, Texas; Springfield, Missouri; Chattanooga, Tennessee; Aurora, Colorado; and Erie, Pennsylvania. These contests offer more camaraderie than monetary recompense, many of the players assured me. But if you stand among them in a foursome while a fellow bends low over a twenty-five-foot tee putt in a round of doubles and listen to the friendly gibes delivered in a five-knot country drawl, you might for a moment believe you were treading the fairways of the seven-thousand-and-thirty-yard Augusta National rather than the two-hundred-foot miniversion that Clayton calls "fifty per cent of the game of golf."

Clayton joined about a hundred and fifty other aficionados in the gallery to watch the final match of the World, between the sensational seventeen-year-old Australian champion, Manuel Serrano, the Bjorn Borg of minigolf, and veteran Dick Florin, an assistant vice-president of the National Bank of Georgia and the 1970 World Champeen. The final—like the quarter-finals and semifinals—was being videotaped for syndication to some eighty television markets and seventy million estimated viewers at home and around the globe. Florin had attained the final earlier in the day with a stirring sudden-death-playoff victory over twenty-two-year-old Bobby Gilmore, a club pro from Burlington, North Carolina. But Serrano, on the strength of devastating triumphs over Orlando, Florida's, Mike Pfeiffer and the reigning National champ, Ray Browning, a twenty-seven-year-old C.P.A. from Euclid, Ohio, seemed to be the pre-match pick of most of the pros on hand. Serrano had sunk aces on twenty-two of twenty-eight successive holes. Also in attendance: Kazuaki Oda, executive director of the Japanese P.P.A., which was represented at the World by two pros. Speaking through an interpreter, Mr. Oda touted the Aussie's chances. "Manuel's putting average is always great," he said. "No other foreign player has ever come this far. It will take a lot of time for one of the Japanese to win, because our tour is just one year old. But we have learned many things here which we will carry back to Japan."

After being introduced to the TV audience, Florin and Serrano began the match. Florin, wearing a blue shirt that had brought him luck in 1970, took the lead with an ace on the first hole, while Serrano seemed to be nerv-

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ous, for the first time in the tourney. The Australian's concentration faltered, his tee shots went awry, and Florin emerged two-up at the halfway mark after shooting a torrid eleven on the front nine. With honors on the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth holes—this last one dubbed The Monster by Pro Putter of the Decade Vance Randall—the unflappable Florin tightened the screws with a string of aces. And when Serrano succumbed to a deuce on The Monster he was three holes down with just four holes to play. Florin finished off what the pros call a Black & Decker job by drilling in an ace on Hole Sixteen, and his wife, Evelyn, and local newsmen and scores of galleryites swarmed out of the concrete stands to offer congratulations. The first well-wisher was Serrano, who was consoled with a five-thousand-dollar check and the prospect of a visit to Disney World, in Orlando.

Florin's win upped his career earnings to $45,638.91 in thirteen years of play—fifth-highest on the all-time list. "Being there before had something to do with it," Florin said later, over a Coke and a Winston. "I knew what it took. I know what it's like to play in front of the cameras." Florin added that garnering this major title put him just fourteen major titles behind Jack Nicklaus, whom he immediately challenged to a putting contest to be held "at reasonable distances—up to thirty-five feet."

"Sportsmanship, fairness in play, good, wholesome, and clean competition—that's what we're trying to present about America," said David Lloyd, Putt-Putt's twenty-nine-year-old president, who serves as commentator on the telecasts, and who says he talks on the phone at least once every two weeks with his good friend Jody Powell, Jimmy Carter's press secretary. Carter made his first appearance on a Putt-Putt course one night in 1966, during his first try for governor in Georgia. He wanted to show the voters he was a family man, so he came with his family and they all played a round. "Clean competition," Lloyd told me. "That's the image of America that I have in my mind and that Don Clayton has in his mind. America had that reputation, and I think it still does in certain places: that it is good; it's the best; it's the No. 1 country; it does everything aboveboard; it's fair and it's square. And that's basically what we're trying to portray with this sport."

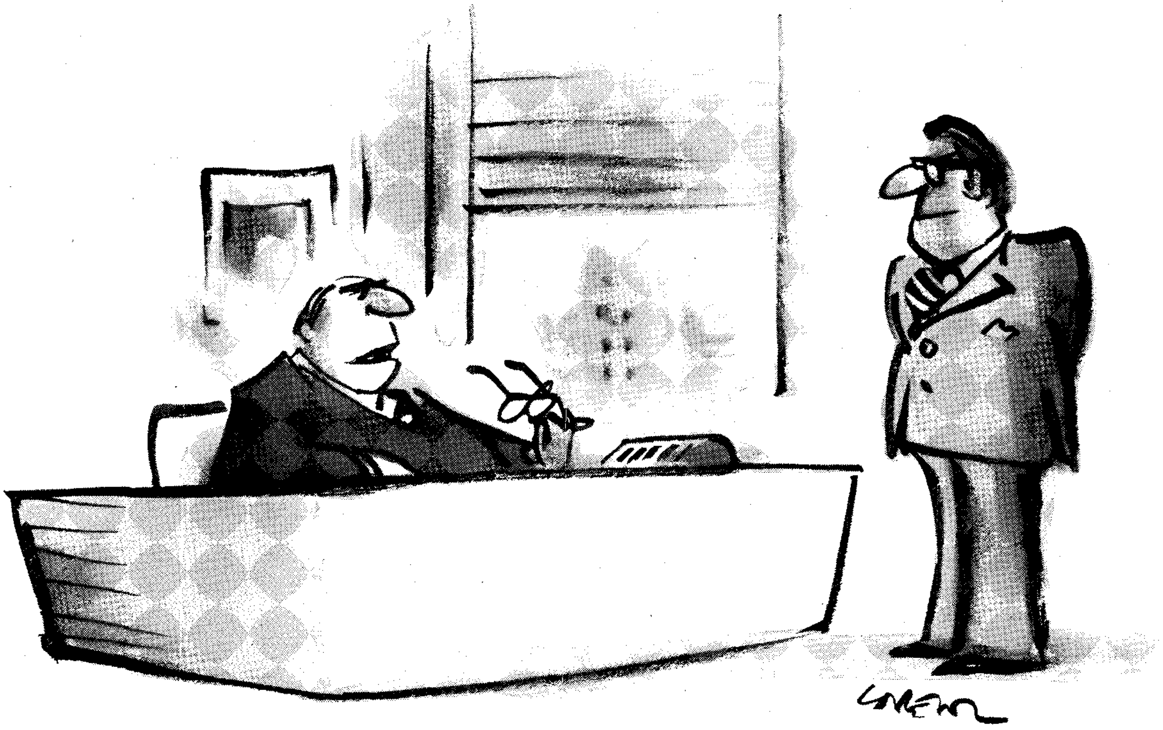
Roses

A VISITING English friend, a garden connoisseur, popped her head round the office door one afternoon a couple of weeks ago. She was wearing a flower-trimmed straw hat of the sort prized by ladies who doze discreetly in deck chairs through languid afternoons of cricket.

"Leave all that," she said, waving airily at a sandwich we were polishing off and at a desk groaning with trivia, which, as it happened, we *had* left, undisturbed, for years. "We're off to the Botanic Garden, in Brooklyn, to see the rose garden in bloom. I rather thought we'd go by tube."

As we passed through Times Square bound for the IRT, a digital thermometer informed us with a twinkle that it was ninety degrees. Youths on street corners touted massage parlors with a lack of conviction that bordered on somnolence. The heat in the subway car was so infernally oppressive that our friend picked up a *News* abandoned on the seat beside her and fanned herself with a splashy front-page photograph of Elizabeth Taylor's smile.

"Of course," our companion began brightly, erecting a little hedge of stoicism—in a manner peculiarly British—against the possibility of disappointment, "one can't expect these roses to be at their very best. Today is a bit too much of a scorcher for that, and this is latish in the season, too. Most of the big, old-fashioned bush roses and species roses will have finished flowering by now, although they will make a different sort of show with their splendid hips, later in the summer. These early



"We still feel you have star quality, Barton, but perhaps Krone, Teller, Gresham & Dirkes is not the best vehicle for you."

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flowerers include some of the oldest varieties of rose—the sort the Romans liked to strew about for feasts and festivals—such as *Rosa canina*, *Rosa gallica*, and *Rosa alba*. We English call that last one Great Maiden's Blush; the French, in their inimitable fashion, render it as Cuisse de Nymphe Émue, or Thigh of an Agitated Nymph."

Our friend's remarks, launched in a civilized tone when the train was standing still, had ended in a forceful bellow as the train rattled deafeningly down the track and beneath the river to Brooklyn. She leaned closer to our ear, addressing us with articulation so emphatic that it set the silk bouquets on her hat nodding wildly. A young black man sitting opposite us observed this millinery commotion from over the top of his book. He wore steel-rimmed, Russian-revolutionary spectacles, and he was reading "Ho Chi Minh: A Political Biography." Our friend, lost in fancy at Lucullan banquets among drifts of ancient rose petals, was oblivious. "Yes, I really believe I like the old single-flowered roses best," she was saying now. "Those are the roses you see in the carving in Gothic cathedrals and in the designs of heraldry. And those were the roses that poets adored for their exquisite fleetingness, when Corydon lived in Arcadia and English verse was very young. Roses have been on earth longer than mankind, you know, and they have always been part of human history. There's a bush in Germany that's over a thousand years old and still going strong."

She paused, as if to make sure that her audience was trustworthy, and then confided that her "absolutely top-favorite roses" were "the sort with striped petals, which date from the sixteenth century." She elaborated. "Roses like York and Lancaster and Rosa Mundi," she said, adding, "Rose of the World"—and it was an incantation. "Don't you think that's *the* most *perfect* name?"

There was something very like a breeze aboveground on Eastern Parkway, and, in the Botanic Garden, a soothing play of shadow. We tarried beside the herb garden for a while, inhaling the fragrance of lemon balm, mint, and scented-geranium leaves that were freshly dampened by the rhythmically sweeping arc of a sprinkler. We then pressed deeper into the garden, passing a young mother who sat in the semi-darkness beneath the rustling leaves of a cherry tree. A perambulator stood beside her, and her head drooped dreamily over heads of clover in the grass around her. A toddler trotted after a group of pigeons. A blackbird wheeled up from a sun-dappled stream, scattering bright drops of an afternoon bath from the outstretched fan of its wings.

"Do reconcile yourself to finding little in the way of old moss roses, or the damasks and Bourbons beloved of the Empress Eugénie and of the artist Redouté," said our friend as a last-minute insurance against false hopes for the rose garden, whose trellised bounds we were now approaching. "You must be prepared to see heaps of modern hybrid teas and floribundas, probably in rather *vulgar* colors, like Shocking pink and tangerine."

Inside the rose garden, though, our friend's regrets over what wasn't to be found there seemed to vanish before enthusiasm for what was. She darted down brick paths between dazzling beds, calling our attention to the barely flushed petals of a half-open bud; encouraging us to peer at the saffron-dusted stamens inside a full-blown cup; and pointing out the scene before us with a proprietary flick of the wrist, as though she were solely responsible for its utter satisfactoriness. The vista was framed for us by an arch constructed like a crossed pair of giant croquet hoops and ribboned with a dense pink fluff of ramblers. In the background was a formal pergola of breezy white trellis, draped with trailing roses. In the middle ground, harmoniously balancing symmetrical beds, was the timeless figure of a gardener, bent over the unceasing rose-garden task of cutting off dead heads.

"A figure out of Bruegel, don't you think?" murmured our friend, with a nod toward the man's broad back and sun-ripened straw hat. "Or perhaps a Book of Hours?"

He straightened and waved his pruning shears in amiable greeting as we passed. At the gate, we turned to look back. The rose garden was a mass of pointillist dots of color—a foaming, waist-high sea of brilliance netted behind a lacy fretwork of white-painted wood. We knew very well that the sea included modern forms and popular colors whose chapter in rose evolution a real rose snob might choose to criticize. But we were not surprised to find, when we glanced beneath the brim of our English rosarian's hat, that her face wore a look of rapture.

KIKIMORA

THE bell rang. When Elsa opened the door, a small, fair, plump young man advanced, bowed, and said, "Baron Mumtael."

"Oh yes, please come in," said Elsa. She was aware that her smile was shy, her manner lacking in poise, for she had found his quick downward and upward glance intimidating. She led the way and asked him to sit down.

"What a very elegant dinner suit you are wearing," said Baron Mumtael mockingly.

"Yes, isn't it? . . . Oh, I don't think it is really," said Elsa distractedly. "I hate myself in suits," she went on, plunging deep into the scorn of his pale blue eyes.

"The large armchair is of course your husband's and the smaller one yours," said the Baron, quirking his mouth upward. "What a typical interior! Where shall I sit?"

"Sit wherever you like," said Elsa. "The interior is all yours. Choose your favorite bit." But his cold glance quelled her, and she added, twittering, "Will you . . . Do have a drink."

Bottles of whiskey, vermouth, and soda water stood on a red lacquered tray. "I'll have vermouth," said Baron Mumtael firmly. "No soda, thank you. And you?"

"A whiskey I think," Elsa said, annoyed that her hands had begun to shake with nervousness.

"How nice is ice on a hot afternoon in London. Are you . . . Have you lived in America?"

"No. Oh, no." She gulped her whiskey-and-soda quickly.

"Charming," said Baron Mumtael, watching her maliciously. "Charming. I'm so glad you're not an American. I think some American women are a menace, don't you? The spoilt female is invariably a menace."

"And what about the spoilt male?"

"Oh the spoilt male can be charming. No spoiling, no charm."

"That's what I always say," said Elsa eagerly. "No spoiling, no charm."

"No," said Baron Mumtael. "None. None at all. Will your husband be long, do you think?"

"I think not. I think here he is."

After Stephen came in, the tension lessened. Baron Mumtael stopped fidgeting and settled down to a serious discussion of the politics of his native land, his love of England, and his joy at having at last become a naturalized Englishman.

Elsa went out of the room to put the finishing touches to the meal. It was good, she thought. He would have to appreciate it. And indeed, the first time he addressed her, after they sat down, he said, "What delicious food. I congratulate you."

"It all came from various shops in Soho," Elsa lied.

"Really delicious. And that picture fascinates me. What is it supposed to be?"

"Paradise."

A naked man was riding into a dark-blue sea. There was a sky to match, palm trees, a whale in one corner, and a butterfly in the other. "Don't you like it?" she asked.

"Well," said Baron Mumtael, "I think it's colorful. It was painted by a woman, I feel sure."

"No, it was painted by a man," said Elsa. "He said he put in the whale and the butterfly because everything has its place in Paradise."

"Really," said Baron Mumtael. "I shouldn't have thought so. One can only hope not. Please tell me which shop in Soho supplied the guinea fowl and really delicious sautéed potatoes."

"I've forgotten," said Elsa vaguely. "Somewhere around Wardour Street or Greek Street. I'm so bad at remembering where places are. Of course you have to fry the potatoes up with onions and then you get something like *pommes lyonnaises.*"

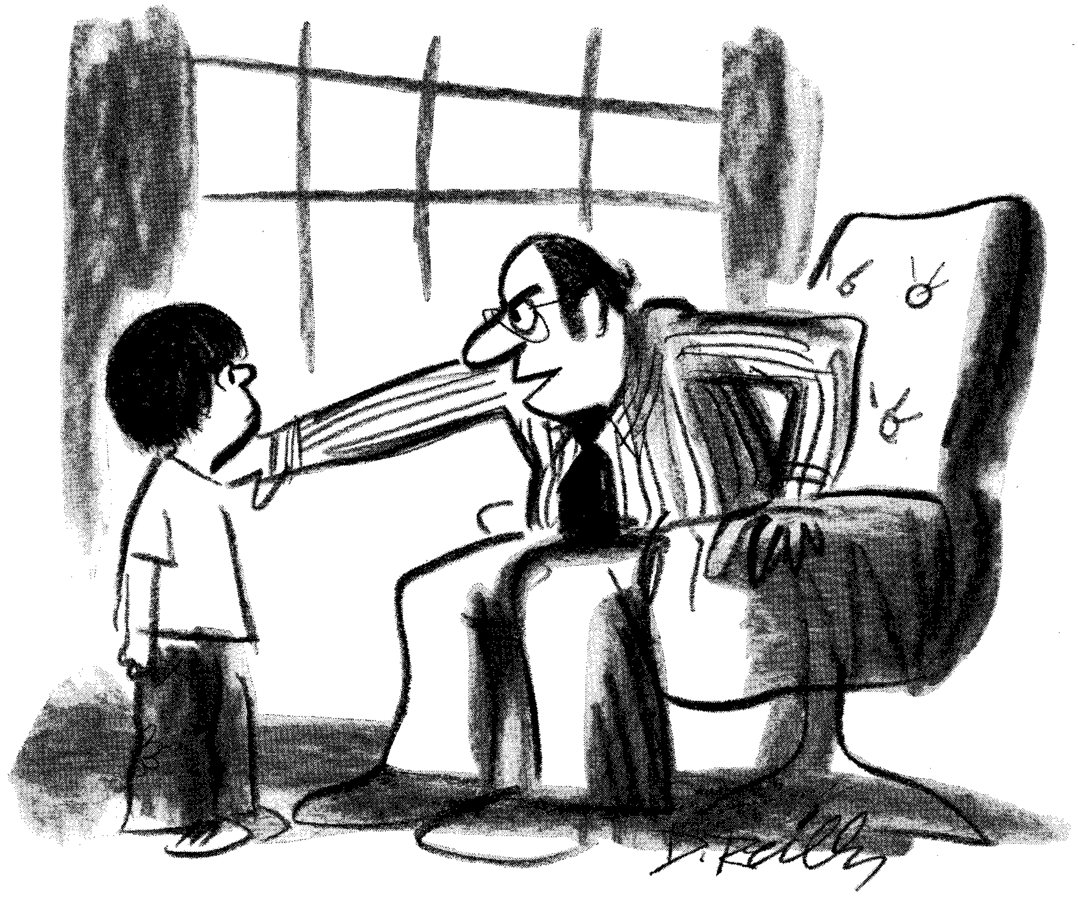
But Baron Mumtael had already turned away and was continuing his conversation with Stephen about the next war. He gave it three months. (It was 1938 and he wasn't far wrong.)

The black cat, Kikimora, who had been sitting quietly in the corner of the room, sprang onto his lap. The Baron looked surprised, stroked the animal cautiously, then sprang up and said, "My God! She's scratched me, quite badly." And indeed there was blood on the finger he was holding up.

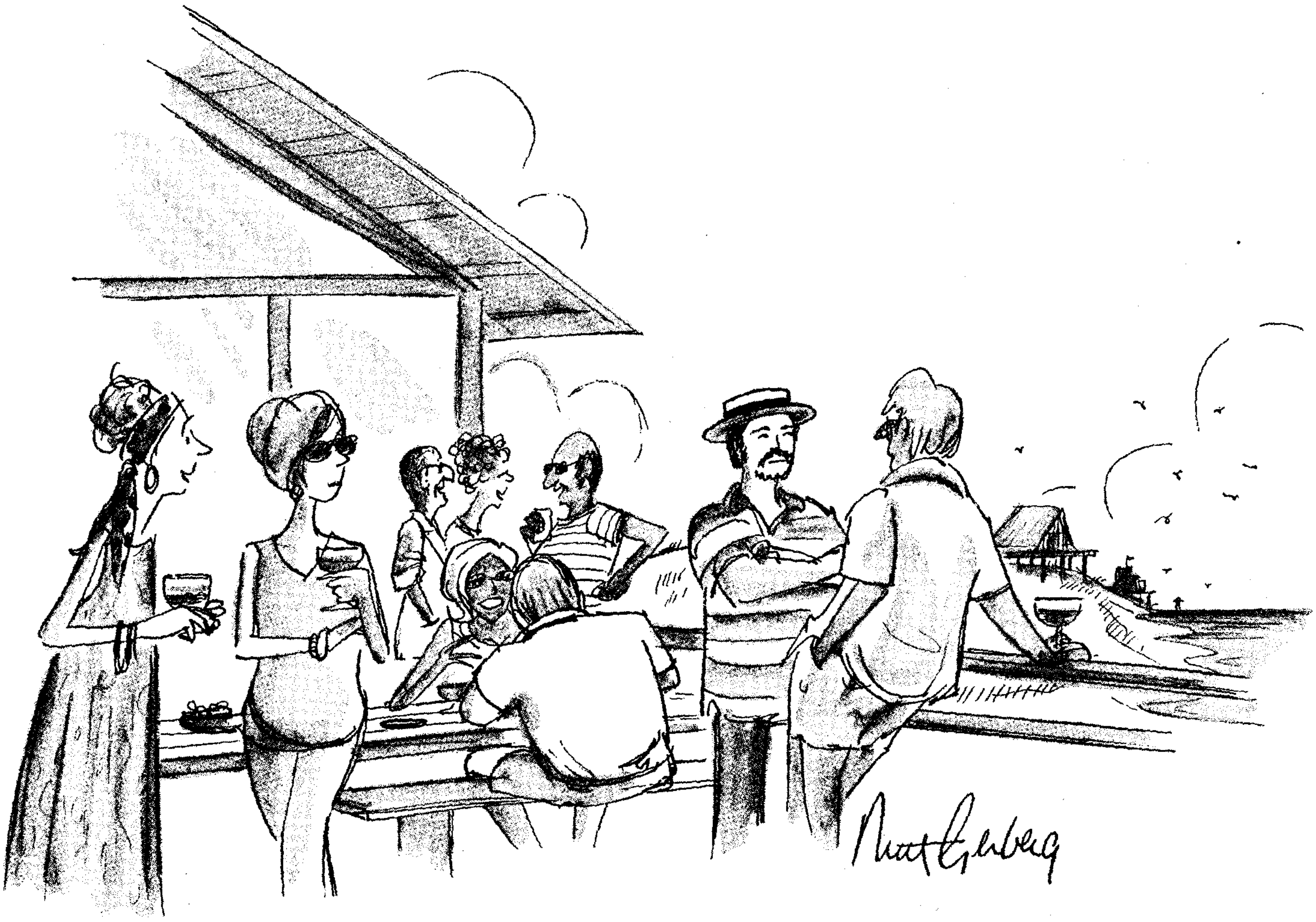
"I can't think what's come over him," Elsa said. "I've never known him do such a thing before. He's so staid as a rule. You naughty, bad cat." She snatched him up and flung him outside the door. "I'm so very sorry."

"Elsa spoils that cat," Stephen said.

"I think," said Baron Mumtael, "that something ought to be done about



"And above all, son, in whatever you do, try to avoid jail."



"David looks positively Manet-ish in that boater. Or is it Monet-ish?"

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my finger. You can't be too careful about the scratches of a she-cat. If you'd be so kind as to let me have some disinfectant?"

"He's not a she-cat, he's a he-cat," said Elsa.

"Really," said Baron Mumtael. "Can you let me have some disinfectant? That is, if you have any," he added.

"I've got Lysol and peroxide of hydrogen," said Elsa belligerently, repeated whiskeys having given her courage. "Which will you have?"

"My *dear* Elsa . . ." said Stephen.

She left them and locked herself in the bathroom. When she came back, Baron Mumtael was still holding his finger up, talking politics.

"I haven't forgotten the cotton wool," she said.

At last the finger was disinfected and a spotless white handkerchief wrapped round it. "One can't be too careful with a she-cat," Baron Mumtael kept repeating. And Elsa, breathing deeply, would always answer, "He's not a she-cat, he's a he-cat."

"Goodbye," said Baron Mumtael as he left. "I shall never forget your charming evening's entertainment. Or your so very elegant dinner suit. It's been quite an experience. All so typical."

As soon as he was out of the door Elsa said, "What a horrible man!"

"I didn't think so," Stephen said. "I thought he was rather a nice chap. It's a relief to meet somebody who doesn't abuse the English."

"Abuse the English?" said Elsa. "He'd never abuse the English. It must be comforting to be able to take out naturalization papers when you find your spiritual home."

"You hardly shone," Stephen said.

"Of course I shone. He brought out all my sparkle. He was so nice, wasn't he?"

"I didn't notice that he wasn't nice," said Stephen.

"No. You wouldn't," Elsa muttered.

She went into the kitchen, caught up the cat and began to kiss it. "My darling cat. My darling black velvet cat with the sharp claws. My angel, my little gamecock. . . ."

Kikimora purred and even licked a tear off her face with his rough tongue. But when he struggled and she put him down he yawned elaborately and walked away.

Elsa went to the bedroom, took off the suit she had been wearing, and with the help of a pair of scissors began to tear it up. Stephen heard the rending noise and called out, "What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm destroying my feminine charm," Elsa said. "I thought I'd make a nice quick clean job of it."

—JEAN RHYS

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lafayette (La.) Advertiser]

DOUGLASVILLE, GA. (AP)—Douglas County Commission Chairman R.L. Smith once received a "gift" of a nine-foot rattlesnake in an ice chest, so his employes took no chances when they returned from lunch to find an ominous metal box on a filing cabinet.

They called the sheriff's office.

Sheriff Earl Lee and a deputy were about to shoot the lock off the box in the back of the courthouse Friday when the janitor ran up yelling, "Don't shoot!"

ELM VALLEY VALERIE

MY Uncle Owen, who lived up in the mountains and lilted, said that if Brigid came home from Philadelphia he would raise the roof. She had been almost fifty years in the United States. Owen meant that to celebrate her return he would add another story to his long white farmhouse, a meeting place for musicians in that part of the country. His own lilting, or mouth music, was part of the entertainment that went on there, and it was told that when he was a young fellow and going to the country dances he had once, because the fiddler fell ill, lilted all night to keep the dancers going.

My mother, who sang ballads, was very proud of that achievement of her brother's youth, and told the story any time she had a chance. He was a tall man with a red mustache and a long, bouncing stride. With a sharp knife and an old broken branch, he could carve you nearly anything you'd mention, from a primitive statue to a whistle that would play tunes. Aunt Brigid did come home from Philadelphia, and my uncle did raise the roof—or he got two fiddlers, a melodeon player, a journeyman carpenter who played the flute, and a plasterer who was a piper to help him do it. Music, we are told, built the towers of Troy.

Aunt Brigid was sixty-eight. She taught a lot of us to play euchre, which was her favorite card game. Her favorite delicacy was a sort of gray soup frozen to semi-solidity and archipelagoed with slivers of butchered chickens. When she had her own house in our town for a while, every visitor calling to see her had to take a spoonful or two of the stuff, which was supposed to do something for you. It made most people queasy. As for myself, I grew to like it, because I liked her.

For her first three months in Ireland, she lived with us. That's how I know that, like the best generals on long-ago battlefields, she owned a portable toilet, which she delicately called a commode—an object of polished wood that I thought was a cabinet gramophone until, sneaking around one day when the house was empty, I opened it. When the news got around the neighborhood, as it did, though not through me, the commode's existence caused some comment, and neighbors visiting the house were always anxious, though they were too polite to say so, to sneak up and have a peep when the owner was out. In our world in Ulster in those days, nobody locked doors, or needed to.

ONE Saturday morning, Aunt Brigid said to me that she doubted if Valerie would ever marry that horrid Mr. Craig from London. We didn't know any Mr. Craig from London, but we knew who Valerie was—the beautiful daughter of a colonel in the British Army, who lived somewhat remote from our town in a fine house at the end of a long avenue and across the winding river from the military barracks. A Mr. Craig from London—or a Mr. Man from the Moon—could come and go from that house and very few of us, least of all the boys in high school, would have observed his passing. "Valerie's aunt," Aunt Brigid said to me, "doesn't approve of the cinema."

My eyes were on Allen's Latin Grammar: *ad adversus adversum ante apud circa circum circiter cis citra.* My mind was in the murderous swamp with the Master of Ballantrae, about whom I had been reading the night before. My heart was in the highlands ten miles from the town, chasing the wild deer and following the roe—and chatting up the gray-eyed, sylphlike American cousin of a school friend of mine. The cousin and her gold-toothed father were vacationing. It was the season for romance.

It was a sunny Saturday morning and three hours' school were ahead of me, like a smoky, hazardous tunnel. Aunt Brigid's voice came to me, as it always did on Saturday mornings, from the heart of some numinous cloud. But I had developed a knack of hearing and answering without really listening: what she said I more or less heard, but I was always thinking of something else. She talked at speed, and didn't much bother about responses.

I said, "That's a bit old-fashioned, isn't it—even for them?"

"They're old-fashioned people. Of Huguenot origin, the father's people, weavers who came to Ireland from France more than two hundred years ago. Her mother was 'real' French and very beautiful, it was said. She met Valerie's father when she was a nurse at the Western Front and he was a young officer in the Irish Guards. They say that she had grace and charm, transmitted down the decades by women of her family."

Decades of the holy Rosary I had heard about and, when the family knelt together for prayers, participated in. Decades of women was an idea that needed some grappling with. But what the hell and *ad adversus adversum ante apud*.

Like a statue set in motion, Valerie's father, now retired, would go through the town on his high green bicycle, three-speed gear on the crossbar salmon gear on his back. His knees went up and down like parts of machinery. He looked neither right nor left. He seldom spoke. He nodded to the occasional person, but made no distinction in religion or social rank: he nodded just when he happened to notice somebody was there, and he seldom noticed anybody. He looked much too old to be his daughter's father. Valerie must then have been in her middle twenties, and to men approaching or a little past the crisis of eighteen she looked like all the world was lovely.

"She was reared in a château—Valerie's mother, that is."

Château, *circa*, *circum*, *circiter*, *cis*, *citra*, didn't convey a lot to me. Yet it was accepted that people who were reared in châteaux couldn't look or feel too easily at home in either of the town's two cinemas. One of them was a corrugated-iron shed, painted red and called the Galaxy Kinema. To get into the other one you had to pass through the back yard of a hotel—the back yard being, in that transitional period, half stable yard and half garage, so that above the music of "Tip Toe Thru the Tulips" and "Sonny Boy" you could hear the stamping of hooves and the thunderous backfiring of primitive engines. In the Galaxy Kinema,

the projector broke down every twenty minutes or so with such interesting regularity that a blank white screen was accepted as part of the program and no longer even inspired obscenities from the wits who sat on hard wooden benches in what was aptly called the pit. Once, though, the machine clogged and the screen didn't go blank. Harry Carey, as the man with the badge, was left, gun in each hand, in the act of leaping from a two-story hotel to crash, guns blazing, through the roof of a one-story bank and so to interrupt a robbery. There he was, like Muhammad's tomb, for a good ten minutes or so before gravity resumed her reign, and I can still remember some of the advice proffered to him from the pit.

In the picture palace behind the stable-garage, breakdowns were less to be relied on, and when they did happen a fat fiddler in a leather motoring coat played music to while away the time. In the days of the silent film, the same fat fiddler stood behind the screen and made noises that were called effects—like rattling thin sheets of tin to simulate the guns at the battle of Mons.

No—châteaux on the splendid Loire or anywhere else had nothing to do with all that, and I had never seen Valerie in either of those places. But I saw her that Saturday morning on my way to school, and she smiled as she passed me by. She smiled much as her father nodded—as if vaguely aware that the world was out there somewhere. Except that, unlike her father, she was beautiful. She was a rather large woman, blond hair down her back, eyes like lakes where regiments of Guardsmen could drown, complexion all peaches and roses and cream—as God is my judge, no other way to describe it. Like her father, she went on a bicycle. Her bicycle always seemed to be too low for her, and the thought of her thighs moving up and down under her navy pleated skirt used to send us all into frenzies of lust. A wickerwork basket on the handlebars overflowed with magazines. A wickerwork basket at the back of the saddle was all groceries and things. She smiled at all, perhaps she smiled perpetually. A chemist in our town who had once won a prize for looking like Rudolph Valentino said she was the most beautiful woman in the world. An Irish setter trotted behind her, tongue out like the rest of us. The chemist said, " 'She walks in beauty like the night.' "

Surely to God a man who looked like Rudolph Valentino should know what he was talking about. But not like the night, like the sun dancing on Easter Sunday morning. Oh, those secret thighs, that pleated skirt, those adorable flat-heeled yellow brogues.

That morning, still shaken, I said to my pal Alec, "Valerie smiled at me."

He said, "Don't worry. There are funnier-looking men in the town than you."

That annoyed me so much that I never told him a word of all that Aunt Brigid had told me—that Valerie's mother had been a reputed beauty in the most aristocratic circles in Paris and that, like many French women, she made her own clothes. That pleated skirt. That sky-blue jacket. Oh, to be her Irish setter scenting forever her fragrance down the wind: a big girl, but beautiful.

WE are by no means a mercenary people. Aunt Brigid, a small, dainty woman with glass beads on the ruched bosom of her dark modest dress, had a lot of dollars with her when she came home from the States. She was, as I said, sixty-eight. We hoped she would be with us for years, moving restlessly as she did from one relative's house to that of another, lodging with people who were no relations, retiring for a while into a home for old ladies—they were all too old or ill or tiresome for her—and finally setting up house on her own in the village of Drumgoole, about ten miles from the town. She had been for so long among strangers in a faraway land that she found it difficult to settle. We understood this and wished her joy and, I repeat, hoped that she would be with us for years to come. Yet if the Almighty in His infinite goodness deigned to call her to Himself, well, then the dollars were always there and wouldn't go to waste.

The Almighty deigned to do nothing of the sort. She lived to see ninety-plus and to dispose elegantly of ninety-nine per cent of her dollars. One frosty Christmas morning when she was over eighty, she broke both legs on the ice while walking to Mass. The bones knit again as if she had been eighteen. To her last hour, she could sip and enjoy a glass of whiskey as large as herself—

LAKE POEM

Afternoons when the metal dock
burns and flashes like
a gun barrel, unbearable
till splashed, and lake and sky,
different blues, both beautiful,
each has a sun in it,
and the wet dock another
like an egg frying,
you and a few good friends
lug air mattresses over
and lie out on the brilliant
lake. Every so often somebody
flops off into that shocking
cold, and swims
a long way. In a little while
you take the plunge.
You heave out chilled through,
gasping, yet in no time
have drifted dry
save for random drops and warm
clear puddles trapped
in your own clefts and
hollows and your rubber
raft's. Nobody talks
much. No clammy
elasticized fabric clutches
you. Floating, you flush
evenly all over; soak up sun
like a drug; expand. Groggily
turn over. Grow drowsier,
sun-logged,
logy . . . . Yelp and overturn.

Midnights when mist
billows thick as fog
off the lake, you and your
same friends whose bodies
you know so well have lit
the antique automobile headlamp
and shawled in towels
followed it the quarter mile
to the invisible
dock. Its furry beacon
alone marks the earth's edge.
Damp clothes clump there,
waiting. You cannot
see them or each other
through opaque air marginally
thinner, paler, chillier
than the dense black
water. Above the headlamp's
hissing cut shrill
sourceless voices. Borne up
into one cold element
by thrusting into another, you
feel the places where
beam diffuses into then becomes
mist, misty sky
lake, and lake land
indefinite. You feel
not drowsy at all.
One night like this—deep, deep—
something will roil
the inky waters, will begin
to rise. Some other swimmer.

—Judith Moffett

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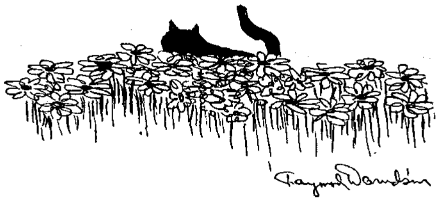
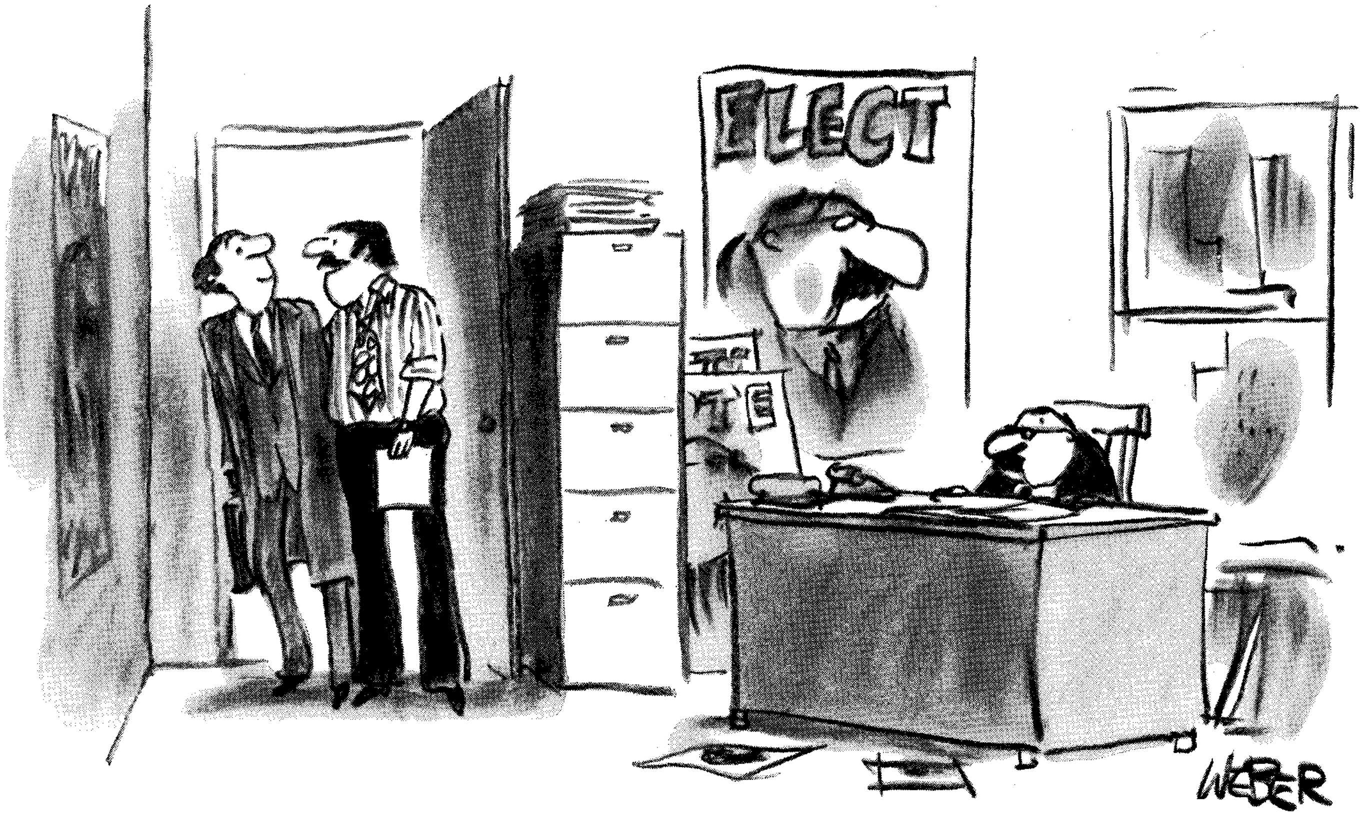




"Your job, you see, will be to supply him with quips."

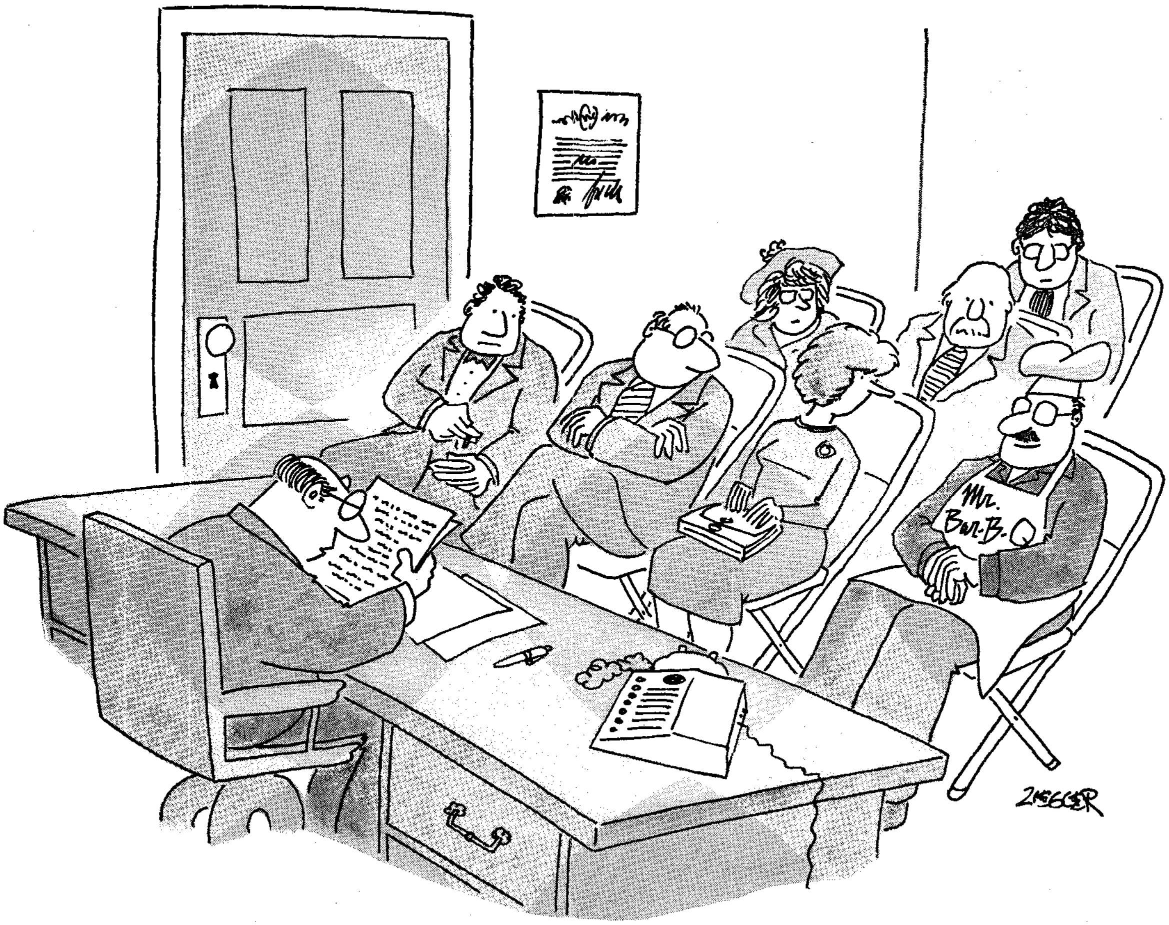
for she became smaller with age—and devil the effect the whiskey ever had on her except to give her eyes a sparkle and to set spots of girlish blushes on her cheeks. She was a lovable lady and with great last in her.

One Saturday morning, she said rather sharply to no one in particular, "Oh, Mr. Craig, I hate you. Of course, I can see that you have your disappointments and scruples. You're deeply in love with a young woman who has grown very dear to you. You see perfectly well that she doesn't care for you. She likes you just the way she should—like a distant cousin, which you are. But marriage is a different matter. Then there's the house and the land, so much more spacious than what you're used to in London."

There was nobody to be seen in the room except Aunt Brigid and myself. Out in the scullery, my mother was singing and rattling, taps flowing. Perhaps Craig was—like James Durie, the Master of Ballantrae—here when he was there, dead and alive at the same time. If he had suddenly materialized, then slowly faded until nothing was left but his smile or scowl or look of perplexity or agonized love, then at least I'd have known what he looked like. By sight, I knew the Colonel's nod and Valerie's smile, but nothing at all about Craig, although his living most of the time in London and the rest of the time in the large, remote, park-surrounded house that, shell for the pearl, contained the perfections, clothed and, ah God, unclothed, of Valerie would rationally account for that.

AT the far end of the town from the place where we lived, you came to the crossroads called the Gusset. Why the Gusset, God knew; the place had nothing to do with tailoring or dressmaking, and I remember it only for two things. Once, by the light of a street lamp, I saw a tiny bewildered lizard there—the sort we called man-eaters, which were found only in bogs and marshes. Precocious zoologists commonly held that if one of them caught you with your mouth open it would jump down your throat and refuse to come out again. But that little lizard was lost, had crawled up a drain and through a grating or something, and was clearly wondering how he had got there, how he was going to get back to where he came from. Three or four ragamuffins, mouths defensively closed, were on hands and knees poking him with twigs. Their silence added to the oddity of the scene. Alec and I rescued him, dropped him down the grating, and hoped for the best. We never saw him again, and a lizard lost by lamplight has stayed in my memory as a symbol of loneliness and bewilderment.

The other thing about the Gusset was that one of the four roads that went out from the cross was a private road which led to the house Valerie lived in. Groups of young aspiring men used to gather at the Gusset to see her cycling past. That road, surfaced with a rare sort of red gravel, served three big houses in all, Valerie's house being the biggest and the most remote from the ordinary ways of men. The red gravel added an extra touch of fairyland enchantment. At least three stern notices reminded you that the place was private. The house stood on a slope, dark trees behind it, lawns in front running down to a bend of the river. Across the water, bugles sounded from behind the gray walls of the barracks. It was a fitting place for an enchantress to live in and, naturally and alas, we knew it only from a distance. Like Valerie's smile and her father's nod, it was remote. Anything could be going on in that fastness: Craig's despicable, semi-senile infatuation, the tyranny of a martinet of an aunt. In a way, we knew little about her beyond her smile, and the young women who went to the Loreto convent or the Protestant academy couldn't have helped us with information even if we had humiliated ourselves to the point of asking them. She hadn't ever been to convent or academy but to a finishing school in France and to another finishing school



"And to Harold I leave my briquettes, my adjustable grill, and my hamburgers."

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in the Isle of Wight. Twice finished, we thought, and, oh God, who had had the pleasure? We were vague about what went on in finishing schools.

Bugles sounded across the river. Troops marched to Aldershot and India, and returned. Pipes played "The Inniskilling Dragoons" and "Adieu to Belashanny." It was to be expected that Valerie might fall in love with an officer. Yet it was not a good Saturday morning, with autumn coming on and heavy rains, when Aunt Brigid said, "The young officer has gone to see Miss Meredith, Valerie's aunt, you know."

I hadn't known, but I knew now, as the Lord God more or less said, according to the kirk preacher, to the sinners pleading previous ignorance from the pit of hellfire. Very poorly I felt as I listened. Felt even sorry for Craig as against the unnamed officer. Craig was old and stiff and far down the field, but what hell chance had any of us against a man who, pipes playing, could lead men all the way to India?

"Miss Meredith, of course, is an awful snob. She hardly speaks to Lady Cromlin, because, although Lady Cromlin married a lord, she was a vulgar person to begin with. The captain . . ."

So he was a full captain!

". . . will need to have his credentials in order. He regards Valerie as a being from another and higher planet suddenly descended upon this weary and desolate world."

So did we all: he was no better than the rest of us.

"Miss Meredith is very stern. Her only true love was killed in the hunting field. She was never in a bus."

ONE Saturday morning, I read out loud to my Aunt Brigid about Yeats' wild swans at Coole:

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry.

And read the poem all the way to the end:

By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake
some day
To find they have flown away?

Aunt Brigid listened to me with more attention than I had ever given to her, and I had the decency to feel a little ashamed. With the tiniest of white lace handkerchiefs and the tip of the forefinger of her right hand, she picked little drops of moisture from the corners of her eyes. For the first time, I noticed that her face, though unwrinkled and bright as a pippin, was very small. On the wall above her there was a favorite picture of mine: seven highland cattle by a mountain river and, in the background, a great blue shoulder of mountain. My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here.

"That's a beautiful poem," she said, "and you read it very well. It would be lovely to see the lake where the swans were. You see, I saw so much of America and so little of Ireland. I never even saw Dublin."

She sipped at another cup of tea. My mother had gone out to somebody's funeral, and from the high steeple the dead bell was tolling over the town. I closed the book of poems and went on reading to myself what J. B. Priestley had written about "Angel Pavement." Aunt Brigid's voice was high up and faraway, as if she had taken wings and flown, a tiny black bird glistening with beads, to the top of that blue mountain.

"Dr. Haughton," she said, or seemed to me to say, "has always congratulated Valerie on the roses in her cheeks. But the roses, I fear, may soon be faded. Miss Meredith didn't take to the captain, and he thought Miss Meredith was like something out of Charles Dickens or Mrs. Henry Wood."

Dickens I knew all about, and as for Mrs. Henry Wood, a travelling company had once brought "East Lynne" to the drinking and gambling den known as the Hall of the Irish National Foresters, a friendly and benevolent society.

"Valerie's trouble for a while has been to get away from old Craig so as to be able to see the captain in secret.

One thundery evening, she even went to bed with her nightdress on over her clothes, and later slipped out to meet him and got caught in a downpour and drenched . . . All the ladies," Aunt Brigid assured me, "love a uniform, because it makes a man look more like a man."

Insofar as J. B. Priestley would allow me, I thought, The hell with Valerie and the gallant captain; their world is not for me, not for us, not for decrepit Craig, whoever or wherever he is.

That morning, anyway, my heart was not so much in the highlands as far out on the heaving billow. Vacationing was ended, and the cousin of my school friend had taken ship with her father at Cobh and by that moment must be far beyond the reach of those southwestern Irish headlands that reach out to welcome or to say farewell. In those days of reverie, it wasn't all that easy to know exactly who or what one was in love with.

"But love at first sight," said Aunt Brigid, "is lightning, as the French say. The captain squared up his shoulders in a gesture well known to his fellow-officers and faced up to Miss Meredith. But to no avail. Unalterable hostility. And the inevitable has happened."

At that dramatic moment, my eyes and some portion of my mind turned from "Angel Pavement" to Aunt Brigid and the wild river, the highland cattle, the blue mountain.

"Valerie," she said, "has turned her back on the lot of them and flown to Belgium to distant relatives of her mother."

Well, that was that, and it wasn't likely or possible that Alec or myself or the throng who waited with little hope at the crossroads of the Gusset would follow her to brave the opposition of every smiling, scented, bowing-and-scraping man among the Belgians. She was farther away than the girl tossing on the Atlantic billow. It never occurred to me that in Belgium or anywhere else there could be a woman the equal of Valerie, that Belgian men might have eyes for other visions. We had lost her forever: the way you see a beautiful girl in a city bus, and you look at her and she looks at you and your eyes meet for a moment, and you know you will never see her again. Allen's Latin Grammar told me that "pity, remember, and forget govern the genitive set." The last word, I suppose, was stuck in to make an easily memorizable rhyme. Allen worked that way.

Sunset Watchers

ALL very wise for my age, except that as I walked to school for a new term one blessed morning she rode her bicycle right under my bows when I was crossing John Street and nerving my thighs and lungs for the steep ascent, under high spires, of Church Hill. She was as large as life, as large and beautiful as herself. No less than three red setters, one of them little more than a pup, tongues out, enjoying the morning as dogs do, trotted behind her. The basket before her overflowed with magazines. The basket behind her was a bright mound of oranges and grapefruit held in place by a sort of netting. She smiled as she passed me by, but I doubt if she saw me. She wore a tweed suit and flat, sensible, expensive brown shoes. The saddle as always was too low for her. Her splendid knees, one of them quite bare, made the same motion the knees of her father, or of any cyclist, made. But it never *seemed* the same.

One thing was certain: she had not flown to Belgium. Aunt Brigid was wrong. Could it be that Aunt Brigid was doting or just plain crazy? She talked too much about euchre and boardwalks in Atlantic City. She was old. All that whiskey. That queasy frozen soup with the bits of chicken in it. That commode might be all very well on a battlefield, but in a civilized house in a town in Ulster, Ireland? Then another returned American had told my Uncle Owen that there was no part of the States that at some time of the year didn't get too hot, and the sun could have affected Aunt Brigid's brain.

Then it dawned on me—so simply that I didn't speak about the matter for a considerable time. The shock of seeing Valerie, followed by the steep slope of Church Hill, where the housewives then used to throw the dishwater out the front door into what we called the vennel (and it behooved a man to walk warily)—all these may have helped to rouse me from a long dream. I saw a Chinese junk, sail spread over a still blue pool! It was on the cover of one of the missionary magazines that Aunt Brigid read and kept carefully stacked upon a low wide windowsill in her house in Drumgoole. Of course, it should have occurred to me to wonder how Aunt Brigid knew so much about Valerie and her people. My mother never mentioned them. But then Aunt Brigid was a travelled woman who would know about such exotics, and she could have heard it all from some knowing person in Drumgoole. And anyway I hadn't genuinely been listening, I had been thinking of Valerie on her bicycle: the maiden on her throne, basket fore, basket aft, red setters trotting behind her, their tongues lolling. I had been thinking of and having my dream of fair women, including the American vacationer in the mountains, and she and Valerie had been, in that bemused season, all the women in the world.

So one free day Alec and myself cycled to

"Oh, for God's sake, Pickford, everybody has problem areas!"

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Drumgoole, and while Alec in the orchard behind the house made talk with Aunt Brigid—he was always a great man for chatting up the ladies, young and old—I had my secret consultation with the files of the magazine. There they all were in the serial story by a gentle sentimental lady novelist: old Craig and the stern Miss Meredith and even a governess called Miss Dundone, and the Army officer and his friends who knew him in the squaring of his shoulders, and quite another Valerie who was known as Valerie of Elm Valley, which was where she lived—somewhere in the County Cork. It was even another army. And in the latest installment but one Valerie had run away to Belgium.

All there, and all about somebody else who had never existed except in the imagination of the novelist, and for Aunt Brigid and a thousand other readers. But then never had my Valerie existed except in my imagination. And to this day I am never certain as to the degree in which Aunt Brigid's mind and my own had mingled. Some of the time, we may have been thinking of the same woman. There was that lost lizard blinded by a light high up, faraway and false.

In a mission shop, or Catholic repository, beside our parish church I took to buying the magazine, and followed the story to its happy ending. And so we may leave Valerie. In a few days, she will have changed her name. But she will always be Valerie of Elm Valley to her husband and to all those who love her.

By which time one Valerie was to me as real as the other. Once only did I speak to either of them. One day, fishing along the Drumragh, I came on a parked bicycle with two baskets, three barking but friendly red setters, and a beauty seated before an easel and painting. She asked me the name of the place. She wasn't, since she was of the garrison, too familiar with the countryside and the local names. We didn't have a lot to say to each other. She did ask me if I'd had any luck on the river, and, as it happened, I hadn't. She seemed to be a practical sort of person and, insofar as I knew the difference, she painted well and she really was, as the man who looked like Rudolph Valentino said, the most beautiful woman in the world, even if she was big.

It was the man who looked like Valentino who years later told me that she had married into the Guards. He had kept his hair and the Valentino hairstyle. He was more courageous than another man I knew, who won a prize for looking like Charles Laughton—in a prank that began as a dare in a pub—but afterward panicked and for the rest of his life took refuge behind a huge bushranger's beard.

"A high-ranking officer in the Coldstreams," Valentino told me. *Cor ad cor loquitur.* But then the Guards are not what they used to be, the Empire's gone, pharmacy is in a decline, and even the Catholic Church is weak at the knees. But I saw her a year ago walking in the Haymarket in London, and she's lovelier now than she was *then*. She's *not* even so big. Women with style like that improve with the years.

AS for Aunt Brigid, she finished her whiskey and dollars and did in the end die. She was buried in a graveyard on a mountain slope three miles from Drumgoole, in the parish where she and my mother and Owen the lilter and the rest of them came from. And buried on the worst day God ever sent: low clouds, drizzle, and a northeast wind that would skin an otter. There was a second cousin of mine at the funeral who, when Aunt Brigid died, had been on a tanker in the Persian Gulf. The company flew him back to pay his respects, which was decent of the company. But he neglected to dress for the occasion, and there he stood in a tropical suit, shuddering, in a church porch that was as cold as a dungeon.

We took him from the churchyard gate and across the road to the public house and bought him hot whiskey and borrowed a topcoat for him and did our best to keep the life in him. He was the coldest man I ever saw at an Irish funeral. —BENEDICT KIELY

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Q: I haven't seen Raymond Burr recently, except in some old Perry Mason reruns. Has he retired?—Nellie F., St. Louis.

A: Before the running of the Wanamaker Milrose Games indoor track meet back in 1914, in New York City—to inspire cozestants in the mile run. It wasn't until 17 years later (1931) that the "Star Spangled Banner" was officially designated as our national anthem.—*Peoria (Ill.) Journal Star.*

Next question.

REFLECTIONS

SURVIVING

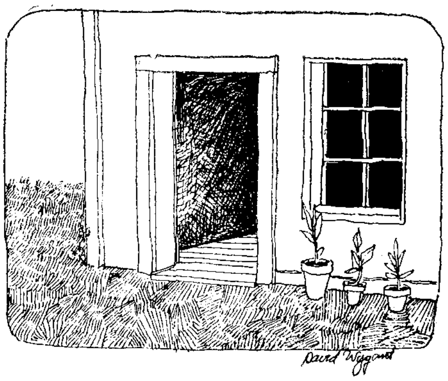
WHAT meaning can we find in the new motion picture "Seven Beauties" and in the critical response to it? Each generation must cope with its own history. The most difficult part of this is coming to terms with traumatic events; for the present generation, these events are the Vietnam war and all that has followed. But in some fashion the members of each generation must also master the crucial problems in the lives of their parents; and for the older generation the traumatic events were the Second World War and the universe of the concentration camps. (Not that the latter is not still present history in important parts of the world.) Although the attempt never works, the easiest way to try to cope with the world of one's parents is to practice indifference to it—to adopt the attitude that one must live one's own life and cannot relive that of one's parents. Thus, Israeli youth do not want to hear about the Holocaust; they feel that they cannot bear the burdens of their parents in addition to their own.

Thirty years makes a difference, but does that mean that the unimaginable abomination—the unspeakable horror of yesteryear—has today become a suitable topic for a farce? And, if so, what does this tell about us, the observers and onetime participants, who accept it? Not to want to know about concentration camps is one thing, but to turn one into the setting for "death-house comedy" (*Time's* apposite description) is something different. Just because the comedy in "Seven Beauties" is macabre, grotesque black comedy, it succeeds in neutralizing the horror that, although clearly shown, becomes through this juxtaposition the *frisson* that makes the comedy more effective.

A survivor of the camps is hardly the right person to appreciate the "raucous" humor (as one reviewer described the mood of the film) of seeing prisoners who have been hanged or have hanged themselves in desperation, who suffocate in the mire of feces in an open latrine, who are slaughtered in other ways; or the "winning . . . shabby, transparent charm" (same reviewer) of the rapist whose pretended love for the murderous camp commander, a woman, is rewarded by promotion to *Kapo*, or prison foreman, and who, with only the slightest hesitation, selects six prisoners at random to be killed to fulfill the terms of the deal he has made with her. Old men should not invoke their by now ancient concerns and try to impose them on the different perspectives of those in a new generation, who feel they must interpret the past not in its own terms but in theirs. Why spoil the enjoyment of those for whom the gas chambers are a hoary tale, vaguely remembered, best forgotten? Out of such considerations, I would have kept silent but for my conviction that this film and, more important, most of the public reaction to it interpret survivorship falsely, in terms both of the past and of the present.

In its own way, "Seven Beauties" is a work of art, and an artist has every right—in fact, it is his artistic obligation—to give body to his vision of the world in which we live, so as to enrich our understanding of and refine our sensitivity to the human condition, which is, of course, our own. If the artist uses irony to achieve his goal, he presents his vision as if seen in a mirror that distorts, to make us aware of what would otherwise escape us, to force us to respond to that which we would rather avoid. Is "Seven Beauties," then, a film using mocking irony to enrich us? Or is it entertainment using horrible props to take us more effectively on a ride so engrossing and emotionally exhausting that we are fooled into believing, because of the strength of our feelings, that we have gained in consciousness?

If the film is to be taken for mere entertainment, I must state my disgust that the abomination of genocide and the tortures and degradations of the concentration camp are used as a special, uniquely macabre titillation to enhance its effectiveness. But I believe that Lina Wertmüller, the director, had more in mind, even though at certain moments the opportunities her story offered for sophisticated death-house comedy may have carried her away. On the basis of this film as well as her others, I believe she is serious about her art and about her views of life, politics, human beings, and the relation between sex and politics.



I also believe that "Seven Beauties" is a somewhat uneasy, indirect, camouflaged—and therefore more dangerous, because more easily accepted and hence more effective—justification for accepting the world that produced concentration camps; it is a self-justification for those who readily accepted that world under these conditions and profited from it. But it is also a self-justification for those who today do not wish to consider the problems that that world posed, and instead settle for the easy solution of a completely empty survivorship; it is a self-justification for those who try to evade the predicaments of the world of the present, of which concentration camps in their Russian form are still very much a part, and who do not wish to struggle with the difficult issue of finding alternatives to such a world.

Strong objections were raised to "Seven Beauties" by Pauline Kael, in *The New Yorker*, and also by Russell Baker, in the *Times*. Baker correctly said that "it has been ecstatically reviewed by New York movie critics" (including Vincent Canby, of the *Times*). John Simon called it "a masterpiece" in a long evaluation in *New York*, and it received rave reviews in *Time* and *Newsweek*. This was not the reaction of reviewers only; in my experience, the vast majority of those who saw the film were deeply impressed by it. More important, it seemed to shape their views about matters they had been little familiar with before, including the all-important issue of survivorship.

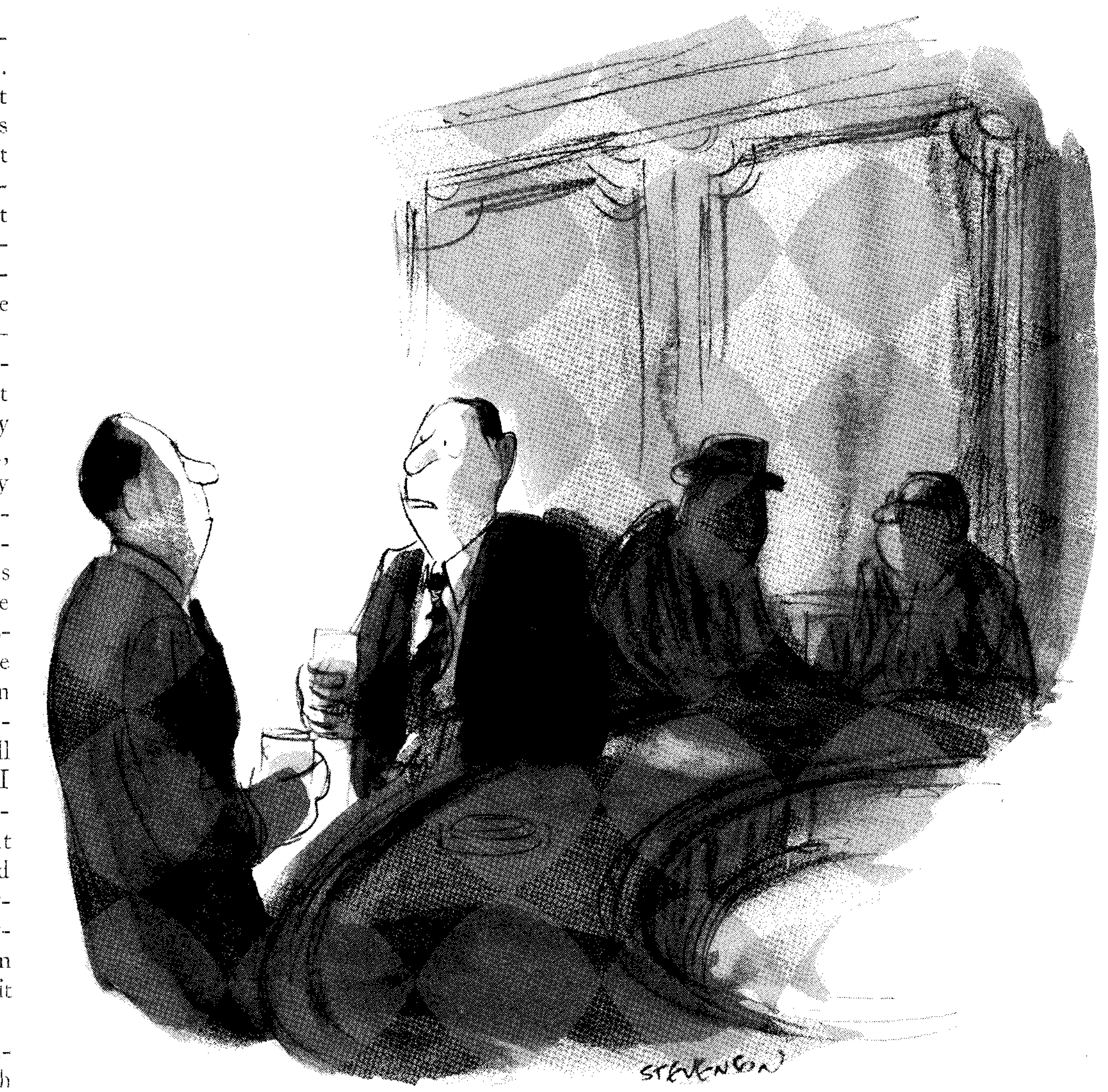
This is sufficient reason to take the film seriously, whatever Wertmüller's motives in making it may have been—offering questionable entertainment, justifying the acceptance of Fascism, or rousing us to deeper consideration of the world we live in. The generally positive response to "Seven Beauties" suggests to me that one generation after the Nuremberg trials any justification of survivorship under Fascism seems to have become acceptable, and not just in Italy—where such acceptance can be easily understood—but also in the United States. However, I am discouraged equally by the overwhelmingly uncritical acceptance of this film and by the much rarer rejection of it by those who, in my opinion, did not take it and the reaction to it seriously enough. In a review of Wertmüller's recent films titled "All Mixed Up," in *The New York Review of Books*, Michael Wood refers to her as having "a stunning visual intelligence accompanied by a great confusion of mind." And "Seven Beauties" is confused—or, at least, confusing. How, then, is one to explain the critical acclaim it received, and the audience reaction to it? Should one assume that those who respond positively to it suffer from a parallel confusion? This may very well be the case.

It is risky to assess the director's state of mind from her film and that of its viewers from their reaction to it. But my impression is that the confusion might well be the consequence of Wertmüller's consciously holding and wishing to express certain values, ideas, and attitudes while simultaneously giving body to opposite ones—owing to overriding unconscious desires. For example, I believe that consciously Wertmüller rejects Fascism, machismo, and the world of the concentration camps but that unconsciously she is fascinated by their power, brutality, amorality—their rape of man. In "Seven Beauties," the horror of the concentration camp—and all it stands for—is very much a part of this fascination. Consciously Wertmüller wishes to believe in the goodness of man, symbolized in the anarchist Pedro, the unpolitical Francesco, and the Socialist whom we encounter on his way to spend twenty-eight years in prison for believing in the freedom and dignity of man, but unconsciously she ridicules all three for their inefficiency. Goodness is weak, and fails; only evil triumphs.

Wertmüller's fascination with the rape of man is most clearly shown in the two scenes that are essentially rape scenes—her protagonist, Pasqualino, in an asylum with a bound patient, and the loathsome female commander demanding that Pasqualino perform sexually or die. Nobody who is not fascinated by rape would dwell on these scenes, much less make one of them the centerpiece of the film. Both Pasqualino's act of rape and his being raped impress on us that this is what makes for survival. If survival justifies rape in both its active and its passive forms, then it justifies practically any other evil.

It is not the film's unconscious fascination with the concentration-camp world that concerns me mainly but the fact that the film fascinates many members of the American cultural élite. This fascination also has its expression in the fact that accounts of Nazism written by one of the Nuremberg criminals—Albert Speer—are best-sellers not only in Germany but in the United States. Nothing could be more dangerous than if disappointment with the obvious shortcomings of the free world and life in it should lead to an unconscious fascination with the world of totalitarianism—a fascination that could easily change into a conscious acceptance.

Thinking about "Seven Beauties" brought back memories of audience reactions to Rolf Hochhuth's play "The Deputy," which deals seriously with the world of the concentration camps and the moral problems it poses—problems that "Seven Beauties" mocks. I saw "The Deputy" both in the United States and in Germany. In the United States, the audience was deeply moved, and left the theatre with the conviction that the only moral position possible was that of the hero: to take a firm stand against evil, even if it means risking one's life, although, out of anxiety, most people, including oneself, may not act in accordance with such a demanding moral obligation. Americans were profoundly disgusted or depressed and disheartened by a Pope's shirking his responsibility to speak out against genocide. In Germany, I met with an entirely different reaction to this play: the theatregoers were pleased with it and relieved by what they experienced as its message. They felt fully justified by the play. It showed that those who tried to fight evil perished, and that even the Pope acquiesced, and this proved to the members of the audience that they had been right not to pay any attention to the concentration camps that existed in their midst. The reaction of the German theatregoers was easy to determine, because their interpretation of the play was important to them, and so they loudly reassured one another. The gist of what they said was "The play proves that it would have been pointless to worry about the camps, because worrying would not have helped; even the Pope could do nothing. One would only have risked one's life stupidly." This was their reaction despite the fact that the play's message was that the Pope—and others—should have and could have done something to stop the evil. It concerns me deeply to note that "Seven Beauties" left American audiences with a reaction all too similar to the Germans' reaction to "The Deputy." These audiences seem to accept the completely erroneous implication that to survive in the camps one had to act as if one were vermin, as Pasqualino does in the film, but in fact the exact opposite was true: while moral convictions and acting on them did not guarantee survival—nothing did, and most prisoners perished—these things were nevertheless important ingredients of survival.



"Carter must be winning me over. I can no longer remember exactly what issues I used to feel so strongly about."

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Thus, what is crucial about this film is not Wertmüller's intentions in making it—not even the welcome demonstration to her fellow-Italians that to oppose Fascism, while virtuous, would have been pointless, because it would have been completely ineffective—but that it justifies evil by implanting a smug conviction that nothing could have made any difference and, by implication, that nothing would make any difference today. Most disturbing are the reactions of the audiences—how the film shapes their views of the world of the concentration camps, of Fascism, of the survivors of the Holocaust. Having been an inmate of German concentration camps and one of the all too few fortunate survivors, I cannot claim disinterested objectivity in the questions that the film poses. Having wrestled with the problems of survivorship, I cannot remain indifferent to the views that this film presents, particularly since it presents them so effectively.

Whatever Wertmüller's intentions, her film deals with the most important problems of our time, of all times: survival; good and evil; and man's attitudes toward a life in which good and evil coexist side by side, when religion no longer offers guidance for dealing with this duality. The late Hannah Arendt, in her book on the Eichmann trial and, with it, the concentration camps, stressed the utter banality of evil. I agree with her thesis. But what must concern us primarily is that evil is evil; we must not permit its banality to detract from this fact, as "Seven Beauties" does, for the film's central figure is banality personified.

Not that in this film evil as such is denied; far from it. It could not be denied in concentration-camp scenes. If it were, we would be revolted, and the film would lose its effectiveness. But in this film the senseless banality of evil is so forcibly impressed on us, and is so inextricably interwoven with the comic, that evil loses nearly all its impact. While the horrors of war, Fascism, and the concentration camp are clearly and overtly presented, covertly they are much more effectively denied, because what we watch is a farce played in a charnel house, and, furthermore, because survival despite evil and survival through doing evil seem to be in the end all important, regardless of the form that either the evil or the survival takes.

All those in "Seven Beauties" who are good, who have human dignity, perish. This in itself would not invalidate the questions the film raises. We know that in real life those who prevail, like Pasqualino, often do not hesitate to take ruthless advantage of others—that they care only about their petty selfishness, and not at all about good and evil. And we are well aware that the good often fail, are taken advantage of, perish. But in this film we are made to feel that human dignity is a sham, because when we encounter its assertion in the concentration camp we are first much taken by it, but then are given to understand that it is senseless. This is not because those who act with dignity are destroyed or destroy themselves but because their destruction happens in a ridiculous way.

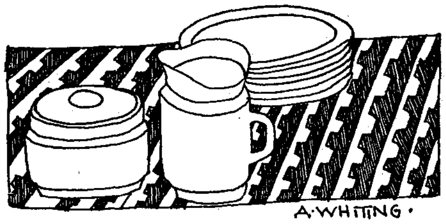
From its start, the film presents good and evil to us, but makes it as nearly impossible for us to truly embrace goodness as to fully reject evil. Before the film's story begins, we are shown a series of newsreels of Fascism: demonstrations, marches, Mussolini exhorting the masses, Mussolini shaking Hitler's hand; war, the bombing and destruction of cities, the killing and maiming of people. Though all this is presented as horrible, we are entertained by an amusing, mocking cabaret song accompanying the newsreel scenes. And Mussolini and Hitler are also presented partly as comic figures—an approach that is supported by the song, in which all the contradictions of life are accepted at the same time. The song says "Oh yeah" equally to "the ones who have never had a fatal accident" and to "the ones who have had one." And though most of the lyrics and the singing bitingly reject the world of Fascism we see on the screen, they are also funny, and this quality simultaneously adds to the rejection and takes the sting of true seriousness out of it.

We see Mussolini in all his bombast and Hitler with his funny mustache as we hear the words of the song: "The ones who should have been shot in the cradle, pow! Oh yeah." Then, "The ones who say follow me to success, but kill me if I fail, so to speak, oh yeah. . . . The ones who say we Italians are the greatest he-men on earth, oh yeah." The song is mockingly comic rather than tragic, and so robs the scenes of war and destruction of much of their impact. And Mussolini and Hitler are so pompous that we cannot take them seriously.

Hitler is shown here as the man with the funny mustache, as he was in Chaplin's film "The Great Dictator." But that film antedated Auschwitz and Treblinka. Chaplin made us laugh at what we should have taken dead seriously. To laugh at Hitler was one way to live with him, but the most dangerous, the most destructive way. Because so many people thought they did not have to take seriously the ideas Hitler presented in his grandiose speeches, he was able to make our world a shambles. Because they laughed at this silly man with his funny mustache, they were caught utterly unprepared for their fate; if they had taken him seriously they might have saved themselves. Laughter can be freeing, but it can also induce a false sense of security when one is in greatest danger. The newsreels and the song accompanying them in "Seven Beauties" take us back to the period when we thought that we did not need to take Hitler and Mussolini seriously. But the war scenes show us at the same time what happened because we didn't take these men seriously. This is a contradiction that runs all through the film. Has the time really come when we should feel that the men responsible for the murder of millions are figures to be laughed at?

The film's irony, its farcical scenes, its contradictions prevent us from taking seriously the concentration-camp world it so gruesomely presents. *Time* says that the film is "liberating." By making us laugh at Fascism, the concentration camp, the Holocaust, it does show us one way to become liberated from this burden—something that many people desire, particularly those who lived contentedly under Fascism and those others who do not wish to be haunted by its memories. But is this a liberation that enhances our life or one that debases it? Wertmüller's film suggests the latter, just as at its end her hero, *the* survivor, remains an empty shell. Pasqualino is not a person whose experiences have added to his depth; understanding, compassion, the ability to feel guilty, all of which were lacking in him before, continue to be lacking in him, despite world-shaking experiences that one feels should have changed him completely. It is this depiction of the survivor that robs survivorship of all meaning. It makes seeing *the film an experience that degrades.*

AS the story begins, we see two Italian soldiers, Pasqualino and Francesco, who have deserted from the Italian Army. They meet by chance in a German forest. Pasqualino, concerned only with what is personally advantageous, has robbed a dead soldier of his bandages and put them on himself, enabling him to pretend that he is seriously wounded and thus to make his escape. Francesco, having previously saved his men from being sent to Stalingrad by getting them trucks to escape in, is now himself fleeing from being court-martialled. From a distance, the two watch a group of Jews being lined up and shot by German soldiers. This sight makes Francesco speak of feeling guilt over having played along with Fascism when he should have fought it. Pasqualino's response is that to have fought it would have been pointless suicide. Francesco denies this, asserting that it would not have been useless—that he should have taken the risks involved. He accuses himself of having killed, without reason, innocent people he did not even know during the war. Pasqualino replies



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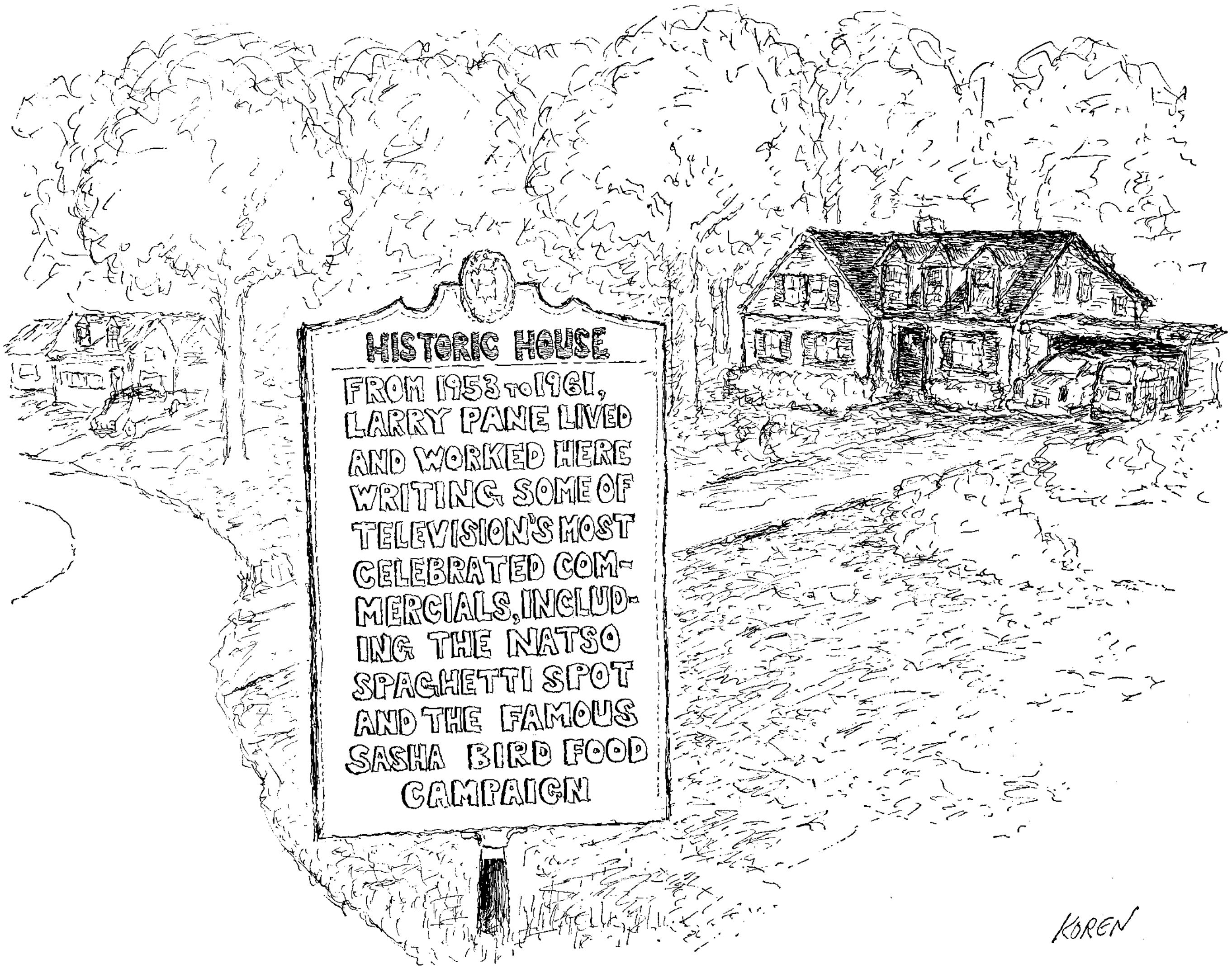
DOLLS

They are so like
Us, frozen in a bald passion
Or absent
Gaze, like the cows whose lashes
Sag beneath their frail sacks of ice.
Your eyes are white with fever, a long
Sickness. When you are asleep,
Dreaming of another country, the wheat's
Pale surface sliding
In the wind, you are walking in every breath
Away from me. I gave you a stone doll,
Its face a dry apple, wizened, yet untroubled.
It taught us the arrogance of silence,
How stone and God reward us, how dolls give us
Nothing. Look at your cane,
Look how even the touch that wears it away
Draws up a shine, as the handle
Gives to the hand. As a girl, you boiled
Your dolls, to keep them clean, presentable;
You'd stir them in enormous pots,
As the arms and legs bent to those incredible
Postures you preferred, not that ordinary, human
Pose. How would you like me?—
Leaning back, reading aloud from a delirious
Book? Or sprawled across your bed,
As if I'd been tossed off a high building
Into the street,
A lesson from a young government to its people?
When you are asleep, walking the fields of another
Country, a series of shadows slowly falling
Away, marking a way,
The sky leaning like a curious girl above a new
Sister, your face a doll's deliberate
Ache of white, you walk along that grove of madness,
Where your mother waits. Hungry, very still.
When you are asleep, dreaming of another country,
This is the country.

—David St. John


HISTORIC HOUSE
FROM 1953 TO 1961, LARRY PANE LIVED AND WORKED HERE WRITING SOME OF TELEVISION'S MOST CELEBRATED COMMERCIALS, INCLUDING THE NATSO SPAGHETTI SPOT AND THE FAMOUS SASHA BIRD FOOD CAMPAIGN
KOREN

that he himself has killed for a reason.

With this remark, the scene shifts to prewar Naples, and we see the killing. We watch Concettina, Pasqualino's ridiculously fat sister, make a fool of herself as the cheapest type of vaudeville singer—as he will soon make a fool of himself, first in bungling the murder of Totonno, the pimp who made Concettina into a whore and promised to marry her (or so she claims, to pacify her vociferously outraged brother), and then in disposing of the corpse. In reality, Concettina was eager to exchange her life of squalor in a mattress factory for the life of a whore. Pasqualino browbeats his sister, then shoots Totonno while the pimp is half asleep. He commits the murder supposedly to save his honor and that of his family but actually to gain the respect of Don Raffaele, his gangster boss—who, however, knows how useless Pasqualino is. He orders Pasqualino to dispose of the body, and Pasqualino does so most clumsily. All this Pasqualino undertakes in order to be able to continue his easy life under the protection of the Mafioso boss—a life based on the exploitation of his hardworking mother, who adores him, her only son, and of his seven fat, ugly sisters, the film's "seven beauties."

In Francesco and Pasqualino, not only good and evil are contrasted but also guilt resulting from indecision and absence of guilt even in the face of brutal murder. Francesco's guilt over having acquiesced in Fascism stands in stark contrast to Pasqualino's acceptance of it. By grandiloquently asserting—like Mussolini—that it is right to kill to gain respect, Pasqualino denies that he has any cause to feel guilty. Yet to be able to choose good over evil and to feel guilty if one has failed to do so is decisive both for preserving our humanity and for giving meaning to survival, and in the movie these problems of guilt and choice are presented repeatedly, mainly in the contrast between Francesco and Pasqualino. In the crucial last scene between them, in the concentration camp, Francesco objects to Pasqualino's sending others to their death to save himself, but Pasqualino nevertheless does so. Francesco revolts, although he knows that in doing so he risks his life. Then Pasqualino, to save himself, fatally shoots Francesco. Francesco demonstrates the crucial problem of the survivor: guilt, arising from the ability to know that one must not acquiesce in the evils of a concentration-camp world, must not buy one's own life at the expense of the lives of others—even though fear may force one to act against this knowledge. Pasqualino does not suffer guilt, although he kills to gain prestige, sends others to their death, and acquiesces in his own rape to save his skin. At least, we are led to believe that this is how he manages to survive.

The dangerous seductiveness of "Seven Beauties" lies in its presenting this problem of the survivor clearly but denying its validity. By means of the movie's clever artistry, the problem is made to seem immaterial, because survival alone counts—nothing else. It is not just that "Seven Beauties" denies the crucial importance of coping with one's guilt in achieving survival but that it falsely asserts the overweening importance of survival as such, no matter what—as if the problem and survival were not inextricably connected.

AT the same time that "Seven Beauties" opened in New York and was widely acclaimed, long excerpts from "The Survivor"—a new

"The Schoonover sisters' cotton batting is loose."

book on the concentration camps, by Terrence Des Pres, a professor of English at Colgate University—were published in such different magazines as *Harper's*, *Dissent*, and *Moment*. This is another indication that a new generation is trying to come to terms in its own way with what used to be called the concentration-camp world. For many people, the millions who were murdered no longer arouse much interest; they seem to have been forgotten; they no longer count. Maybe this attitude is inevitable; our business is with the living, not the dead. But I believe that it is another matter when the horrors of the camps are used and their history is misconstrued to propagate a questionable message: Survival is all, it does not matter how, why, what for. This questionable approach also implies that it is both wrong and silly to feel guilty about anything one may have done to survive such an experience. By quite different routes, Professor Des Pres, in his book, and Wertmüller, in "Seven Beauties," arrive at parallel conclusions about what is required for survival in a world dominated by the concentration camp or standing under its spectre. According to them, the main lesson of survivorship is: All that matters, the only thing that is really important, is life in its crudest, merely biological form.

Presenting a small segment of truth and claiming that it is the entire spectrum can be a much greater distortion than an outright lie. A lie is much easier to recognize as a distortion, since our critical abilities have not been put to sleep by having been fed some small segment of truth. The filmmaker and the writer, to make palatable their wrongful distortions of what is entailed in survivorship, weave misleading myths around the truism that one must remain alive. Saying what everybody knows and nobody has ever doubted hardly justifies a film or a book about survival in the concentration-camp world. If a presentation of what is involved in survival is to have any meaning, it cannot restrict itself to stating simply that unless one remains alive one does not survive. It must tell what else is needed: what one must be, do, feel; what attitudes, what conditions are required for achieving survival under concentration-camp conditions.

The kernel of significant truth in the truism that survival is based on staying alive is that in the concentration camp staying alive required a powerful determination. Once one lost it—gave in to the omnipresent despair and let it dominate the wish to live—one was doomed. But Professor Des Pres and Lina Wertmüller go way beyond this. Des Pres states that the lesson to be learned from survivorship is that man's true obligation is "to embrace life without reserve," which must, by definition, entail doing so in all ways, even those which up to now have been unacceptable.

Des Pres leads up to this dictum by saying that we must "live beyond the compulsions of culture" and "by the body's crude claims." Wertmüller's film gives these principles visible form and symbolic expression. Pasqualino embraces life without reserve as he accepts without compunction Fascism, murder, rape. He lives beyond the compulsions of culture as he rapes a mental patient who is helplessly tied down, and as he hands over other prisoners to be deprived of their lives to secure his. By voluntarily managing an erection in intercourse with a ruthless killer, he survives by the body's crudest claims. All this is made more obvious because

Mexico City
Guatemala City
San Salvador
Aruba
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Lima
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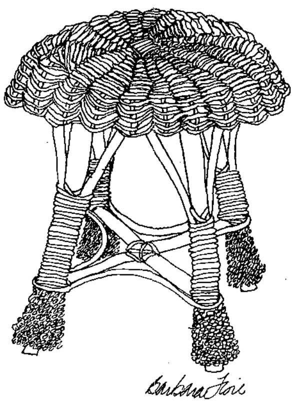
we watch it in direct connection with seeing Pedro and Francesco perish just because they transcend the body's crude claims to keep on living, at no matter what price; just because they adhere to basic moral principles—which can be viewed as mere "compulsions of culture" if one wishes to deny the importance of morality.

The facts of the concentration camp are exactly the opposite of what Professor Des Pres says and what "Seven Beauties" depicts. Those who had the best chance for survival in the concentration camps—minimal as it was—were like Pedro and Francesco: they tried as much as was feasible to continue to live by what Professor Des Pres calls the compulsions of culture, and, despite the omnipresent crude claims of the body in a situation of utter physical exhaustion and starvation, nevertheless tried to exercise some small moral restraint over the body's cruder demands. Those who, like Pasqualino, made common cause with the enemy, the camp commander, thus sacrificing the lives of others to gain advantages for themselves, were not likely to remain alive.

The prisoners, to survive, had to help one another. While this is not shown in the film, it was so obviously the reality of the camps that Professor Des Pres cites many examples of prisoners' helping others, in line with what they viewed as their moral obligation—sharing some morsel of food, performing some extra hard labor that others were incapable of, protecting others at the risk of their own lives. But Des Pres then misrepresents the motives of this behavior. It is true that some prisoners lived by the principles he formulates, and to which "Seven Beauties" gives visual expression. That is why, in reference to them, there was a camp saying—"The prisoners are the prisoner's worst enemy." Not because such prisoners were more cruel and vicious than the S.S.—although a very few were, to gain favor with the S.S.—but because if one received help from other prisoners one had a chance to survive, while without it one did not. Therefore, fellow-prisoners or prison foremen who did not give help where this was possible seemed to be the worst enemies, because something could rightly be expected of them.



Thus, while it does not accord with the reality of what was likely to happen in the camps, there is some psychological validity to Pedro's act of suicide in direct consequence of Pasqualino's betrayal of his fellow-prisoners. Francesco is reacting to the same betrayal when he provokes the S.S. by calling to the prisoners to revolt. Emotionally, disappointment in fellow-prisoners was extremely hard to take, because one expected more and better of them than of the guards, whose vileness one learned to take for granted, much as one hated them for it. In reality, nearly all prisoners made common cause against the S.S. most of the time. Many times, prisoners supported one another in small ways that, given the desperate conditions under which they lived, took on large dimensions. In supporting one another, the prisoners did not live "by the body's crude claims," nor did they "live beyond the compulsions of culture," nor did they "embrace life without reserve." On the contrary, such behavior, far from facilitating survival, actually endangered it.

The principles that Wertmüller and Des Pres present to us as guidelines for survival were in fact those by which the Nazis, and particularly the S.S., lived, or at least tried to live. They subscribed to the philosophy that one must "live beyond the compulsions of culture"—witness Goebbels' infamous statement "When I hear the word 'culture,' I draw my gun." With their racist doctrines, such as the overriding importance of "pure Aryan blood," and in many other ways, they glorified living "by the body's crude claims."

In theory, it might just be possible to claim that the validity of Nazi doctrine is what survivorship proves—so many Nazis and Fascists did manage to survive the war rather well. But I am convinced that survivorship, if it proves anything at all, proves nothing like the validity of Fascism. When a large and significant segment of those who speak for the American intellectual establishment seems ready to accept the most basic principles of Nazi doctrine and to believe the suggestion—presented in carefully camouflaged but convincing forms in "Seven Beauties" and Des Pres' critically celebrated book—that survivorship supports the validity of those principles, then a survivor must speak up to say that this is an outrageous distortion.

The harsh and unpleasant fact of the concentration camp is that survival has little to do with what the prisoner does or does not do. For the overwhelming majority of victims, survival depends on being set free either by the powers who rule the camps or—what is much more reliable and desirable—by outside forces that destroy the concentration-camp world by defeating those who rule it. Even Solzhenitsyn, who demonstrated the greatest moral courage, the most remarkable ability to survive under unspeakably horrible conditions—to the extent that he has rightly come to stand for all survivors—would not have survived if he had not been set free by those who rule the Gulag Archipelago. He could not have spoken up if there had not been an outside world, independent of the world of the concentration camps, that exerted the powerful pressure that permitted him to do so.

The completely misleading distortion in "Seven Beauties" and the articles excerpted from Des Pres' book is the pretense that what the survivors *did* made their survival possible. For the fictional Pasqualino as much as for the real prisoners Professor Des Pres discusses in his writings it was the Allied victory (or, in some instances, its imminence) that permitted survival. Until the Nazi governmental and war machinery were thrown into nearly complete disarray by Allied bombings and by defeat in the field (notably after Stalingrad) not more than a dozen or so of the many millions of concentration-camp prisoners managed to survive by their own efforts—that is, to escape from the camps and get away with it before the Allied forces triumphed. All others, including me, survived because the S.S. chose to set them free, and for no other reason.

If one wishes to speak in a sensible way about survival, one has to divide it into two aspects that have little to do with each other. The first aspect is liberation, and this depends not at all on the prisoner but on the arbitrary decisions of the jailers, or on what seems politically expedient to them, or on their being defeated by outside forces. The second is what the prisoner can do to remain alive until the moment when, by chance or luck, he is liberated. But whatever he does is of no avail if he is not set free.

Important and fascinating as the problem is of what the prisoner can do even under the unbelievably oppressive conditions of the concentration camp, much as it can teach us about the human condition, it has little relevance to the question of survivorship unless we always keep in mind that survival demands first and foremost the destruction of the concentration-camp world and the arrangement of things so that no new concentration-camp world can come into being. Any discussion of survivorship is dangerously misleading if it gives the impression that the main question is what the prisoner can do, for this is insignificant compared to the need to defeat politically or militarily those who maintain the camps—something that the prisoners, of course, cannot do.

This unpleasant truth about the prisoners' helplessness to survive unless they are liberated is ignored by the film and the articles, which try to replace it with the comfortable belief that the prisoners managed to survive on their own. It is what people seem to wish to believe thirty years later about the German camps, if one can trust the response to the film and the articles. Moreover, it can permit us to forget about Russian and other concentration camps of today—and the wish to do this may have fathered the film and the articles, and may explain their ready acceptance.

"Seven Beauties" does permit the thoughtful viewer at least a tiny glimpse of this truth, for Pasqualino reappears in freedom only after Naples has been occupied by Allied soldiers. But the film denies the truth about the causes of Pasqualino's liberation by impressing on us that it was his managing an erection and his killing other prisoners—including his friend Francesco—that secured his survival. The film further denies reality by indicating that there is no worthwhile difference between the world of the concentration camp and that which Pasqualino enters after leaving the camp. Survival in the camp, we are shown, depended on whoring, and liberated Naples is shown in the film to be nothing but a huge whorehouse, with the Allied soldiers as the whoremasters.

That this is the impression Wertmüller's film gives is attested to by what John Simon writes about it. Pasqualino pleads insanity to escape death for the murder of Totonno and is placed in an insane asylum, where he commits the rape. Speaking about Pasqualino's having got his release from the madhouse by volunteering to join the Italian Army, Simon writes that from this "madhouse full of tragicomic adventures"—referring to rape as a tragicomic adventure—"one can be rescued only by transfer into a worse madhouse: the army."

The army as madhouse seems to

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The secret of superior flavor: A special blend of barleys.

Most brewers use six-row barley in the brewing process. Schlitz believes that superior beer flavor results when you combine the more costly Firlbeck III and Klages barleys with the standard six-row varieties. Just the right amount of each.

We're very picky about the quality of our barley. From the time our master brewers go into the barley fields until the time for brewing, the barley is repeatedly tested for quality factors such as moisture, texture, and uniformity. We accept only bright, clean, sound barley.

Our hops stay harvest fresh.

At Schlitz, we don't stop at selecting the finest hops. Every brewer uses hops all year around. But we know you've got to keep them so fresh and green that one sniff lets you imagine them growing in the fields.

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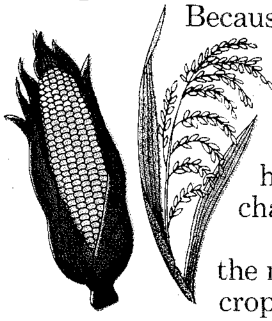
The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company wants the whole, original goodness of the hops every day of the year. So you can enjoy their flavor in every ounce of beer we brew.

Only the finest grains lighten the brew.

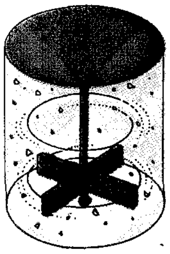


Because Americans like a light beer, American brewers use rice or corn to lighten the flavor of their brews.

But at Schlitz, we know how to use either grain, interchangeably.

That means we're never at the mercy of an unfavorable crop. And neither is the flavor of our brew. That's something you can count on.

Accurate Balanced Fermentation guarantees consistent quality. It's ours alone.



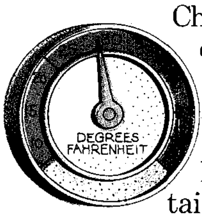
Beer is produced by yeast fermentation. For centuries brewmasters have simply added yeast to the vat, and assumed it would distribute itself evenly. It doesn't.

In fact, this fermentation-by-gravity method sometimes results in "off" tastes. It just isn't totally reliable.

So after years of studying the problem, our brewmasters developed a way to keep the yeast distributed evenly. The brew is now gently agitated, allowing the yeast to work evenly throughout.

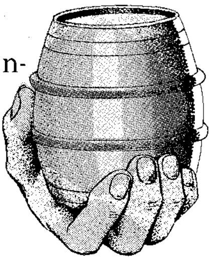
We're the only brewer in America with Accurate Balanced Fermentation. And it gives our brews a consistent quality just not found in other beers.

Schlitz brews are Chill-Lagered for clarity.



After fermentation, we age our brews in our Chill-Lagering cellars. This process creates the brilliancy and sparkle in all Schlitz beers. The key is in cooling the brew to 29.5 degrees Fahrenheit and maintaining cold temperatures throughout, because even slight variances can affect the clarity and sparkle of our beers.

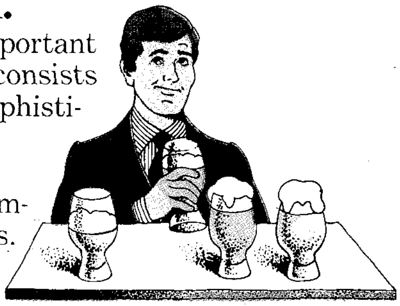
The Mini-Brewery points the way to better quality.



Schlitz has constructed and maintains a "mini-brewery" which duplicates the processes of our larger breweries. And that lets us pre-test the ingredients that go into Schlitz brews.

For instance, we brew a "test batch" before we accept any new variety of barley. If that test batch isn't perfect, we won't use the ingredients.

The final test for perfect flavor: our professional taste-test panel.



Perhaps our most important quality control step consists of a group of very sophisticated palates.

The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company employs 54 taste testers. To qualify for the job, each must pass a difficult taste test. Then re-qualify each year. None of these testers, including our vice-president for brewing, may skip the test.

This panel of experts is a vital link to our beer drinkers everywhere. Their evaluations of our beer, and comparisons with our competitors, are our most important check on quality. Because whatever pains we take, however much we care, it's the flavor of our brews alone that carries our strongest claim of quality.

That's why we've never stopped trying to improve our beers. We want to continue brewing up to our name. Brewing beer with a flavor we can take a pride in. A taste you can savor. Because we know you never lose your taste for quality.

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have become a fashionable cliché. In a film about life under Fascism, about the concentration camp, about survival, one might rightly ask: Which army? The all too efficient Nazi army, which we have seen killing prisoners, exterminating Jews, and which as long as it existed maintained a world of concentration camps? Or the army whose victory the prisoners prayed for and dreamed about, since they knew that it was their only hope for survival? This army without whose victory Hitler and Mussolini and their successors would now rule most of the world, making the German concentration camps part of the present—is this army a worse madhouse?

But in terms of "Seven Beauties" what Simon writes is not far off the mark. In this film, we are given to understand that under Mussolini only a few Neapolitans were whores—hence Pasqualino's outrage when his sister Concettina became one. We are shown that all Pasqualino's sisters have become whores because of the Allied Army. So Fascism is evil, but in this film the Allied victory has not liberated the camps that play such a central role in it; instead, it has turned the whole world into a bordello. One can understand why the many millions of Italians who were quite satisfied with Fascism would like to view the Second World War this way, since it would justify their acceptance of Fascism and its evils. But one cannot help wondering for what strange reasons American intellectuals have embraced this view of things.

Professor Des Pres, as an American speaking to Americans, uses other methods to obfuscate the fact that only the Allied victory liberated the concentration-camp prisoners and hence permitted the survival of so many. He does so, first, by not mentioning this basic fact of survival, and, second, by giving the impression that the prisoners, entirely on their own, were able to defeat those who kept them imprisoned. Political reality seems to count for little in a supposedly scholarly discussion of what is involved in survival. Professor Des Pres, particularly in his *Dissent* article, also uses other props to buttress his theories. Among them are a claim that those driven to their death are accused of going "to their death like sheep," and that those who survived are accused of being "tainted with something called 'survival guilt.' " Yet he fails to present evidence that these claims were ever made in a critical manner. I believe that Des Pres erects straw men in order to knock them down, and in

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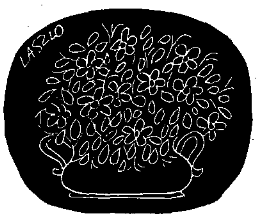
this way to convince us of the validity of his spurious conclusions. That the victims of the gas chambers "went to their death like sheep" is a scandalous use of a cliché, not only incredibly callous but utterly false. Nobody who knew the camps and thought about them could possibly give credence to it. As early as 1943—long before the liberation of the camps, long before their existence was officially acknowledged in this country or was at all widely known—I wrote about the temporary personality changes that occurred in the prisoners and the far-reaching adjustments they made. Sheep cannot produce personality changes in themselves; these can be effected only by thinking and feeling human beings, and adjustments can be so far-reaching only because the people involved feel so deeply.

It is also untrue that the S.S. drove the prisoners as if they were sheep to their death—or, if they let them live for a time, to their barracks, to work, or, as we see in the film, to the deadly roll calls. The analogy is false, because prisoners were of no value to the S.S., while sheep are of considerable economic value to those who herd them. Sheep do not know that they are being driven to the slaughter. The prisoners, after their transport, after parents had been separated from children, husbands from wives, knew how desperate their fate was, although many who were taken directly to the gas chambers did not know exactly what was in store, for the S.S. wished to keep them in the dark, and they were given to understand that the gas chambers were shower rooms. But the vast majority of prisoners nevertheless walked passively as they were directed, knowing more or less what was going on—and this raises more serious problems about man's behavior when his will to resist has been completely broken. This is a problem that Professor Des Pres does not discuss. He can afford to neglect it by paying attention only to the survivors. But I believe that the survivors' problems and the problems of those who did not survive are most intricately interwoven. So is the problem of the prisoners who knew that these newcomers were being driven to their death and did not shout out to them not to permit it—to resist. However, those who would have given the warning and those who would have heeded it would all have been immediately killed.

We see Pedro and Francesco call out such warnings in "Seven Beauties," and also see them die because of it. It is one of the innumerable contradictions of "Seven Beauties" that it shows the prisoners as utterly passive, permitting themselves to be herded to the roll call—an impression that is reinforced by the guards' using dogs to help herd them—yet shows Pedro and Francesco heroically resisting such degradation and trying to rouse all the other prisoners to do the same. The picture that the film renders of the prisoners is wrong, because it shows only heroic resistance that fails to benefit anybody; helpless passivity; and, in Pasqualino, the saving of oneself by siding with the enemy.

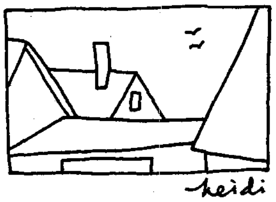


The reality of the camps was entirely different. To stay alive, prisoners had to try at all times to be active in their own behalf, and this is something that Professor Des Pres rightly stresses; as a matter of fact, it is what his whole argument is about. In "Seven Beauties" we see prisoners, whether in the barracks or during the roll call, helplessly and passively awaiting their fate. Yet in reality, even while seemingly standing passively at attention, prisoners, to survive, had to engage in protective behavior. Those endless roll calls were physically and morally so destructive that one could survive them only by responding with determination to their destructive impact, through action when this was possible and, when it was not, then at least in one's mind—and this was true for practically everything else that made up the prisoners' lives. Like the many thousands of others who experienced it and survived, I remember vividly a bitter-cold winter night at Buchenwald when the prisoners had to stand at attention for almost the entire night as punishment because some prisoners had tried to escape. (They did not make it, and were publicly hanged; from the beginning of the German concentration camps, in 1933, until the forties, only three prisoners managed to escape and survive, and they only because they were helped by S.S. friends.) Roll call was taken with the prisoners standing ten rows deep. Those in the front row were doubly exposed—to the ice-cold wind and to the mistreatment of the guards—while those in the other rows were somewhat protected from both. Soon the prisoners, with the connivance of indifferent prisoner foremen, or under the direction of responsible foremen, took turns standing in the front row, so that this extra hardship was shared by all but the extremely weak and old, who were exempted.

The S.S. soon observed what went on, but most—though not all, some S.S. men being more vicious than the average—pretended not to see, as long as the prisoners changed places only when the S.S. men did not seem to be looking in their direction. The reason was that among the values of the S.S. was an appreciation not of mutual help but of an esprit de corps, at least up to the time Germany's defeat became clear to them. While they tried overtly to break such a spirit in the prisoners, covertly they had some grudging admiration for it, and utterly despised the prisoners who did not act in accordance with it. Thus, the total passivity of the prisoners in "Seven Beauties" is one of the many devices that the film uses to indicate that in order to survive one had to play entirely along with the oppressors, when actually the opposite was true.

To survive, one had to want to survive for a purpose. One of the simplest ideas that prisoners hung on to—for life, because the thought gave them the strength to endure—was revenge. This was an idea not available to Pasqualino, because a little murderer like him could hardly believe that one day he would take revenge on the big murderers. An idea that sustained many, even in the worst moments, was that of bearing witness—telling the world of the abomination, so that it could be prevented from ever happening again. Some wanted to stay alive for those whom they loved. Some were sustained by thoughts of the better world they would create, their eyes having been opened to what was really important by the infernal experiences they had lived through. Only active thought could prevent a prisoner from becoming one of the walking dead (*Muselmänner*) whom he saw all around him—one of those who were doomed because they had given up thought and hope. By showing the prisoner who had thoughts of a better world committing suicide, like Pedro, and having Pasqualino, who had no thought whatever of creating a better world, survive, "Seven Beauties" falsifies what survival was all about.

In order to further convince the reader of what the prisoners could accomplish in defeating the rulers of the camp, Des Pres refers to the prisoners' having been likened not only to sheep but to monsters—a simile entirely of his invention. In the vast literature on the camps, nobody else has referred to the prisoners as monsters. Des Pres writes, in his *Dissent* article, "But they were neither sheep nor monsters who burned down Treblinka and Sobibor, who blew up the crematorium at Auschwitz, who succeeded in taking command of Buchenwald during the war's last days." Here the impression is created that the prisoners, all by themselves, were able to achieve their survival, and this is completely untrue. Whatever little open resistance there was in any camp, it led to survival only when the Allied Armies had already reached the immediate vicinity; otherwise, the result was always death. The few instances of active fighting back—incredibly few, given the millions of prisoners involved—are therefore immaterial to the question of survivorship; witness the absence of active fighting back among the millions who went through the Russian camps and those who died there.



The statement about the "taking command of Buchenwald" by prisoners "during the war's last days" is partly correct, because the event referred to did occur—on April 11, 1945, which was indeed one of the last days of the war in Germany. But as far as the prisoners' taking command is concerned, it was a non-event that Des Pres has made to appear an event of the greatest import. What actually happened has often been described accurately, but it has more often been turned into a myth, given permanent form by the Buchenwald plaque, which through fictional stories glorifies Ernst Thälmann, the leader of the German Communists, as having provided the impetus for resistance with which he had nothing whatever to do. What happened was that when two American tank columns had reached the immediate vicinity of Buchenwald, the camp commander, to save his life, turned the camp over to the S.S.-appointed top prisoner of the camp and ran away with the rest of the S.S. Only then did the prisoners "take command." Within three hours of the commander's departure, the first American motorized vehicles entered the camp.

Christopher Burney has given a completely trustworthy account in "The Dungeon Democracy." It is a report with which Professor Des Pres should be familiar, because we are told, in an introductory note to the *Harper's* article, that he "studied the entire record compiled by those people who survived the camps"—a formidable achievement, because the literature is vast and exists in many languages, most of it not translated and much of it not yet printed but available only in manuscript or on microfilm. In any event, "The Dungeon Democracy" was written in English and printed in 1946, almost immediately after the liberation. Burney, who was an English prisoner at Buchenwald, writes, "April 11th. Pister [the camp commander] called the *Lagerälteste I* [the chief prison trusty, appointed to this post by the S.S.] and Fritz Edelmann and said: 'I am leaving now. You will be Commandants of this camp and will hand it over to the Americans for me.'... Throughout the morning there was machine-gun and artillery fire quite close, and we saw groups of German artillery and infantry withdrawing along the plain. At about midday the S.S. sentries left their posts and disappeared. Two hours later, when the coast was well clear, daring prisoners hoisted the white flag . . . and [we] . . . saw them taking the hidden weapons from the 'secret' dump. They were very childish, forming bands of different nationalities and marching about looking as if they had defeated the entire Wehrmacht." This, years later, has been turned into the myth that the prisoners took command of the camp by defeating the S.S.

C.-J. Odic, as prisoner-physician, was in an excellent position to observe all that went on. In "Demain Buchenwald," published in France in 1972, he deflates the myths of Buchenwald's liberation. After stressing the fact that plans and some serious preparations by the prisoners for action were made only after the S.S. men operating the camp had been thrown into nearly complete disarray by the devastating Allied air raid on August 24, 1944, he says that these plans were never executed. The camps were liberated by two tank columns, he writes, and he continues (my translation):

> This was all. The Battle of Buchenwald had been won. We were free. Soldiers had crossed the Atlantic to achieve it. All that remained was to create the myth. The camp suddenly crawled with ancient heroes.... They demonstrated that they had not lost their keen sense of opportunity: it was they who had conquered Buchenwald. The newspapers believed this story.... Our fate deserves to be treated more seriously.
>
> There is the myth of the eight hundred guns; there is the myth of a camp that liberated itself, and did it before the arrival of American columns. In front of them marched a hero.... In Paris he is French, in Warsaw he is Polish, in Germany a member of the future Reichstag....
>
> What gives the claims [that the prisoners liberated the camp] the lie is that there were neither killed nor wounded prisoners. [Dr. Odic knew, because on liberation he was immediately made physician in charge of the hospital services.] The mass that rushed to the tower [from which the S.S. had controlled the camp] ahead of the Americans did not have to fight; the tower was deserted, and so were the other positions of the S.S. The S.S. suffered no attack, whether from the rear or the flanks.... Is it necessary to ascribe to us a role that we have not played? Was our elation at being liberated not sufficient?... The American Army conducts a raid across Thuringia. It advances. It occupies Buchenwald. It restores to the thousands of patriots that it delivers the right to be human.

THE issue of guilt is closely connected with that of morality. In a world that has no place for morality, no guilt can exist. According to Professor Des Pres, "the survivor's special importance" is that "he is the first of civilized men to live beyond the compulsions of culture," and thus "is evidence that men and women are now strong enough, mature enough, awake enough, to face death without mediation, and therefore to embrace life without reserve." It is hard to know exactly what is meant by the phrases "face death without mediation" and "embrace life without reserve." But it is a well-known fact of the concentration camps that those who had strong religious and moral convictions managed life there much better than the rest. Their beliefs, including belief in an afterlife, gave them a strength to endure which was far above that of most others. Deeply religious persons often helped others, and some voluntarily sacrificed themselves—many more of them than of the average prisoners. For example, the Franciscan priest Maximilian Kolbe, the original of the hero of "The Deputy," asked for and took the place of a prisoner who was to be killed. The prisoner survived.

It will be startling news to most survivors that they are "strong enough, mature enough, awake enough . . . to embrace life without reserve," since only a pitifully small number of those who entered the German camps survived. What about the many millions who perished? Were they "awake enough . . . to embrace life without reserve" as they were driven into the gas chambers? Would they not have much preferred some mediation if it could have stood between them and death, or could even have taken some of the horror out of their dying? What about the many survivors who were completely broken by their experience, so that years of the best psychiatric care could not help them cope with their memories, which continued to haunt them in their deep and often suicidal depression? Do they "embrace life without reserve"? Do the psychotic breakdowns and severe neuroses of many survivors deserve no attention? What of the horrible nightmares about the camps which every so often awaken me today, thirty-five years later, despite a most rewarding life, and which every survivor I have asked has also experienced.

Hermann Langbein, in "Menschen in Auschwitz," published in 1972, which is the most complete account of Auschwitz that has been published, sums it up by saying (my translation), "Even if the life of many former Auschwitz prisoners proceeds normally during the day, theirs is different from that of all others: there remains the night, the dreams." Langbein presents example after example of survivors who continue to be deeply disturbed. One can only wonder at the audacity of Professor Des Pres in speaking about survivors' embracing life without reserve when one recalls the many who, because of what happened to them or their parents or children in the camps, have never been able to live anything like a normal life. And what of those survivors who were maimed, castrated, sterilized? Those who immediately begin to cry helplessly when they are reminded of the camps? The children who, having spent time in the camps, needed psychiatric treatment for years before at least some of them were ready to try to cope with life?

Des Pres' conclusions about survivors' embracing life without reserve and having learned to live by the body's crude claims are particularly startling, because he writes at length about prisoners who helped others—that is, who acted normally, although in doing so they risked their lives. Despite his insistence on the unselfish behavior of many survivors, he objects to the idea of guilt, the pangs of which are a most powerful motivation for moral behavior—much stronger than any fear of disapproval by others. Des Pres writes that the average survivor should not and does not feel guilty, since guilt is one of the most significant "compulsions of culture," of which Professor Des Pres claims that the survivor has freed himself. By asserting that the average survivor is not guilty—and nobody in his senses has ever claimed he *was* guilty—Des Pres obfuscates the real issue, which is that the survivor as a thinking being knows very well that he is not guilty, as I, for one, know about myself, but that this does not change the fact that the humanity of such a person, as a feeling being, requires that he feel guilty, and he does. This is a most significant aspect of survivorship.

One cannot survive the concentration camp without feeling guilty that one was so incredibly lucky when millions perished, many of them in front of one's eyes. Professor Robert Jay Lifton, of Yale, has demonstrated that the same phenomenon exists for the survivors of Hiroshima, and there the catastrophe was short-lived—although its consequences will last a lifetime. But in the camps one was forced, day after day, for years, to watch the destruction of others, feeling—against one's better judgment—that one should have intervened, feeling guilty for not having done so, and, most of all, feeling guilty for having often felt glad that it was not oneself who perished, since one knew that one had no right to expect that one would be the person spared. Langbein presents abundant evidence for the guilt feelings of survivors, as can every psychiatrist who has worked with them. Elie Wiesel, whom Professor Des Pres quotes with approval in other contexts, wrote "I live and therefore I am guilty. I am still here, because a friend, a comrade, an unknown died in my place." Wertmüller, by showing Pasqualino—who had no guilt feelings even before his concentration-camp experience—as being completely free of them after his liberation, deprives his experience and his survivorship of all meaning. At the same time, this makes her image of the survivor untrue.

Professor Des Pres states explicitly that survivorship teaches us to live by the body's crude claims, beyond the compulsions of culture. "Seven Beauties," through the events we watch, implicitly tries to convince us of the validity of this statement. Just after the first encounter between Pasqualino and Francesco, they see Jews being murdered, and their conversation about guilt or its absence is followed by flashbacks showing Pasqualino's murder of Totonno. From this, we return to Pasqualino in Germany, where neither the Jews' murder nor the memory of Totonno's spoils his appetite or his humor. In a hilarious scene, he enters an isolated German house in the forest and steals food as he banters with a speech-

Dana Fradon

"We love you."

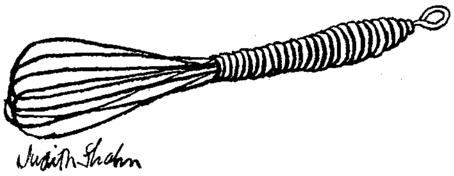
less old woman. He is hungry, and he does not allow his memories to diminish his enjoyment—not just of the food but of how he again has managed to put something over on someone else for his own benefit.

When he brings some of the stolen food to Francesco, they are caught by a German patrol. Next, we see images of the horrors of the concentration camp: prisoners hanged, stacks of corpses, prisoners dragged away to the gas chambers, the vicious guards directed by the even more vicious female camp commander. Pasqualino and Francesco are befriended by Pedro, the anarchist, who failed in attempts to kill Mussolini, Hitler, and Salazar because he made dud bombs; one guesses that this, in turn, was because a man who loves men is not good at killing them, for even in the camp Pedro believes in man—in the new man, who will discover harmony within himself. When Pasqualino sees all around him prisoners mistreated and murdered, he decides to seduce the camp commander to save himself—obviously a ridiculous idea.

Another flashback now occurs—from the horrors of the concentration camp to Naples again, when the Mafia boss Don Raffaele tells Pasqualino he must get rid of the body of Totonno. In a macabre but comic scene, Pasqualino cuts the body into pieces and, in a whole series of funny scenes, disposes of the three suitcases into which he has packed parts of the body. Thereafter, comic and macabre scenes follow each other in quick succession, including a hilarious trial, in which Pasqualino gets off the murder charge and is sent to the insane asylum. There he rapes the woman who is tied down, possibly for or after shock treatment. He is discovered, himself put in restraints, and given shock treatment, and then is offered the chance to volunteer for the Army. He gladly accepts. The scene moves back to the concentration camp and to the central event of the film, to which everything else has led up: the sexual encounter between Pasqualino and the camp commander—a convincing demonstration of how far he is ready to go to survive. The suicide of Pedro and Pasqualino's shooting of Francesco are the direct consequences of what happens between the commander and Pasqualino.

The movie is full of vague references that tease us by arousing our curiosity about their meaning: allusions to real and fictional characters and situations which hold out the promise of helping us understand better, to give greater depth to what we see on the screen, and which arouse deep feelings in us—but we never find out what these really mean. For example, the camp commander seems modelled on Ilse Koch, the infamous wife of the equally infamous commander of Buchenwald—a couple whose nefarious deeds were too much even for the Nazis, who brought them to trial. Of course, there could really be no female camp commanders, given the Nazi view of the male and female roles in society. Ilse Koch's power to destroy was based entirely on her husband's unlimited power as commander of the camp.

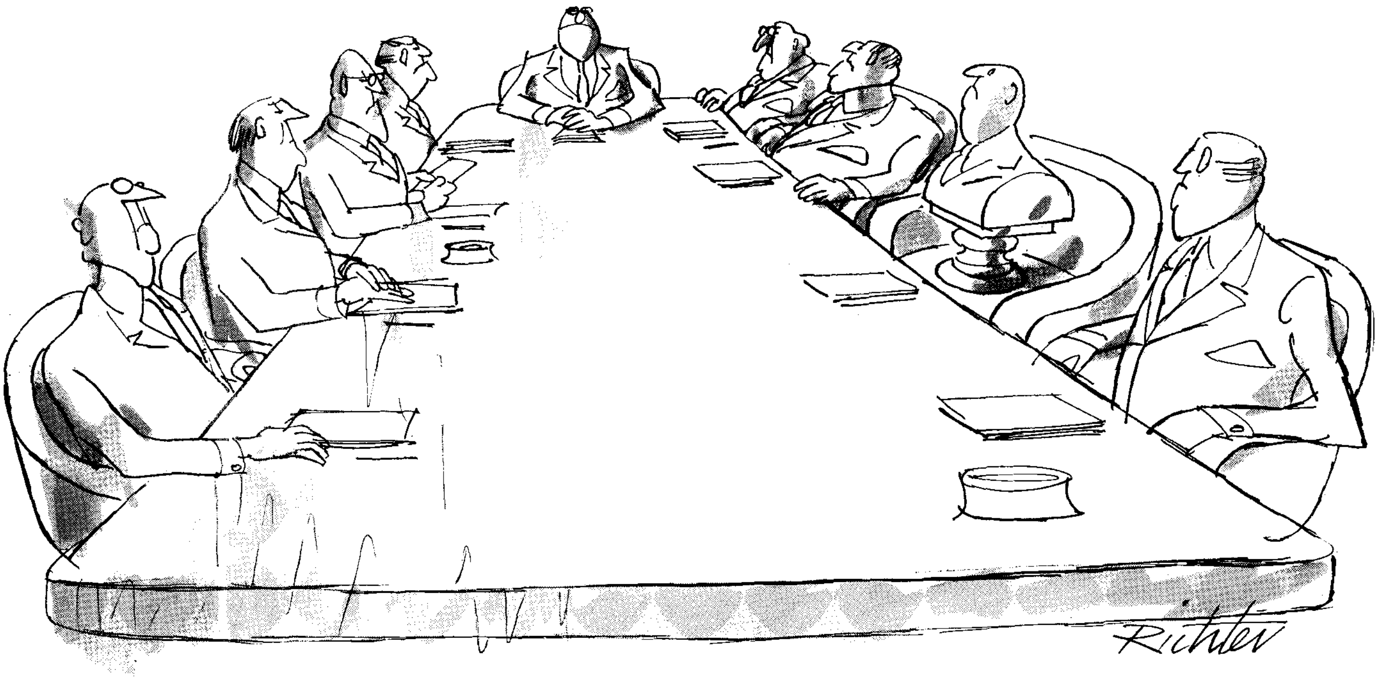
Unlike Ilse Koch, the commander in "Seven Beauties" is apparently a very unhappy woman of considerable depth, who is a connoisseur of the finer things of life: several times we see a famous picture in a prominent place in her room. Is the purpose of presenting her this way to make us realize that even so vile a Nazi could be, under all the incredible brutality, a good person, with fine aesthetic appreciation, just doing with disgust her hated duties when she would much rather attend to better things—as Rudolf Franz Hoess, the commander of Auschwitz, wished us to believe? Is the purpose of repeatedly showing this painting to demonstrate that the Fascists had as much in their favor as we are shown was to be held against them? Or is it to demonstrate that in them, as in the rest of us, good and bad were equally mixed, and that we have no cause to see them as more vile than those they murdered? Or is the purpose to remind us that the Nazis raped art as they did people, despoiling the great museums of the world? But if that is it, then the choice of the painting—Bronzino's "Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time"—is wrong, since that painting remained in the possession of the National Gallery, in London, throughout the war. The painting has rightly been called a haunting work of art and a picture of singular beauty. It shows Venus seducing her son Cupid, so that out of love for her he will destroy Psyche, the soul—as the commander destroys Pasqualino's soul by forcing him to kill at her bidding. Is the picture given such prominent place, then, to remind us that the pleasures of love are futile while the evil of it is real? In one of the figures of the painting, we see what Erwin Panofsky, the German art historian, called "the most sophisticated symbol of perverted duplicity ever devised by an artist." In many ways, the Bronzino picture is one of treacherous duplicity, as is what we watch happening between Pasqualino and the commander. Is that its meaning? There is no doubt in our mind that Pasqualino, as much as the commander, acts with duplicity; we do not need the picture to tell us this. Is its purpose, then, simply to underline the idea that survival requires not only raping, whoring, and killing but also extreme duplicity?



We detect another allusion in the movie when the camp commander strikes a pose well known as one of Marlene Dietrich's in "The Blue Angel." That German film, released in 1930, was, in a way, a forecast of Germany's disintegration. Is that what the commander's pose should make us think of? Or is it that in "The Blue Angel," too, a woman utterly destroys a man who supposedly believes in "honor" and in being "respected" but who is no good?

A female camp commander was needed in the film—and so, contrary to the facts, one was used—to make its essential point about survival. True, there can be no survival of the species without sex. But if sex is engaged in with a partner one loathes and for no other reason than survival, if it is also the worst possible degradation of oneself and the worst possible exploitation of the sexual partner, then such survival is not worth having. We have been well prepared for this conclusion in "Seven Beauties," because earlier in the film we have been shown sex as exploitation and in no other form. Pasqualino's sister was sexually exploited by the pimp Totonno. Not interested at all in his sister but only in his "honor," Pasqualino exploits his sister's sexual misadventure to establish his reputation. His sister exploits sex to earn money to pay Pasqualino's lawyer. Pasqualino sexually exploits a mental patient while she is in restraints. Little wonder that in the camp he decides, in line with his past life, that his only chance for survival is to exploit sex. He pretends to love the camp commander he fears and hates.

The commander, for her part, realizes that by sexually exploiting a man whom she utterly loathes she can destroy him much more effectively as man and human being than she could by merely killing him. The men of



the S.S., though vile, were not stupid. They knew that the prisoners hated them and would have liked nothing better than to kill them. Not for a moment did an officer—to say nothing of a camp commander—believe that a prisoner could love him. The female commander says to Pasqualino, "Your thirst for life disgusts me. Your love is disgusting to me. In Paris, a Greek made love to a goose; he did this to eat, to live." And, moments later, "You found strength for an erection. That's why you'll survive, and win in the end." This erection, brought about solely by the wish to survive, becomes not only the means of survival in "Seven Beauties" but also the symbol of what survival is all about.

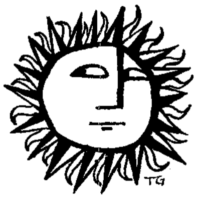
Living in accordance with the body's crude claims is what makes life worth living, or, at least, what makes survival possible—this is the lesson that Pasqualino's story teaches. He survives because he manages intercourse, and because he kills—both indirectly, by handing over six randomly chosen prisoners to be killed when he is ordered to do so, and directly, by shooting Francesco. He does survive by committing these acts, yet it is not the concentration-camp conditions that basically impel him to commit them: he has been living the same way all along—he killed Totonno without a thought in order to continue in Don Raffaele's good graces, and with relish raped a mental patient who resisted as strongly as she could. Thus, it was not just fear for his life that led him to do those evil deeds that the film suggests were necessary for survival; to satisfy the body's crude claims, at greatest expense to others—this principle has guided his actions all along.

Here, however, the film is true to the realities of the concentration camp in a certain way: prisoners did not suddenly begin to behave in the camps altogether differently from the way they had behaved in freedom. The extreme conditions of the camps brought out in often exaggerated form the values by which the prisoners had lived, but rarely changed them. One was forced to do things one would not normally do, but internally there were always limitations derived from previous behavior patterns. The amoral persons in most cases acted as amorally as before, or worse. Decent ones tried to remain decent—at least, as much as possible. That is why Pedro is shown continuing to fight for human dignity and freedom, even if it costs him his life, and why Francesco continues to say no, as he asserted before he came to the concentration camp that it is necessary for man to do, and so is killed by Pasqualino, who never says no, regardless of the consequences.

Pasqualino's experiences seem to teach that one lives only by or for sex. But this sex for which he lives all through the film is shown as utterly ugly—as giving, at best, the crudest bodily satisfaction. There is never any love, respect, tenderness for the partner. On the contrary, Concettina, who becomes a whore, is repellent in her ugliness; there is nothing appealing in her love for Totonno. We see Pasqualino twice using a woman for sex with total disregard for her feelings, and we see the camp commander showing utter contempt for his.

This film, by truthfully suggesting that people remain more or less the same even under concentration-camp conditions, but also by showing the camp in all its gruesomeness, in all its brutality and horror, and then showing life outside the camp as being equally gruesome, brutal, and horrible, posits the argument that there is not much reason to get excited about the concentration-camp world or the Nazis and Fascists; after all, there is little difference between genocide and everyday life. Murder and rape are shown as omnipresent; even if somebody is tried for murder, the trial is nothing but a farce, for this is how Pasqualino's trial is depicted. By condemning the concentration camp but also condemning life outside it, the film implies that there is no cause to condemn the world of concentration-camp totalitarianism: it appears as little (or as much) justified as life in general.

This disturbing debasement of life, inside and outside the concentration camp, is achieved in "Seven Beauties" through extremely clever and effective psychological play on our emotions. From the film's beginning, with the newsreels of Fascism and war, and the song accompanying them, scenes come in rapid succession, without any transition that would permit us to readjust emotionally. The most horrible aspects of reality are grippingly presented, to be followed immediately by an entirely different scene that, without at all denying what we just went through, loosens the grip in which the preceding scene has held us, and turns our emotional reaction into an opposite one. The series of flashbacks and returns to the present permits these many fluctuations. We experience horror, then something grotesquely comic or funny, then scenes of brutality, then farcical humor again. With this technique, the horror becomes background for the comic scene, and the comic scene wipes out not the fact of the horror but its emotional impact, with the result that the horror adds, by contrast, to the effectiveness of the comic experience. Such quick manipulation of our emotions makes it impossible for us to go on taking seriously our emotional reaction to what we see on the screen, even though we do go on responding to it; it all changes too often, too radically, too rapidly. The film induces us to commit ourselves to not taking any event or situation seriously—not even one that would ordinarily upset us greatly or move us deeply.



For example, Pasqualino is confronted with the problem of how to dispose of the corpse of the man he has killed. Don Raffaele gives him hints. Grandiloquently, he tells Pasqualino that Naples is the land of imagination—echoing Mussolini's statements about Italians. To emphasize the similarity to Mussolini, the film shows Don Raffaele against the background of an emptily heroic piece of sculpture. With exaggerated Mafioso pride, he tells Pasqualino that the Neapolitans invented cement shoes, and that those of Chicago and New York are but cheap imitations—that the Neapolitans invented the oversized coffin, so that at a funeral nobody knows how many corpses are being buried. Then we see in a comic scene a corpse put into a coffin that is already occupied. Don Raffaele tells Pasqualino that there used to be five hundred skeletons in an old bone house, and now there are more than five thousand—and we watch as new skeletons are added to old ones. All this is macabre and very funny, because of the comic-strip manner in which these grotesque ideas are presented.

The comic scene between Don Raffaele and Pasqualino dilutes the reaction we have when we watch a scene in the concentration camp where naked corpses of prisoners are stacked, and new ones added, like the skeletons in the bone house. And, having accepted the idea that this is farce, we cannot quite free ourselves of the merriment we experienced in watching the bone-house scene when, moments later, we see killings in the camps. We recognize that we have been induced to see one as leading to the other, but, having formulated a gallows-humor attitude toward stacked skeletons, we cannot easily switch to the utter revulsion that, without comic preparation, the concentration-camp corpses would normally evoke. If we do experience revulsion at this scene, we come to mistrust our emotions, as we now realize that our previous attitude of amusement was terribly wrong. But if so, how can we trust our present feeling of revulsion? Might it not turn out to be equally in error?

This technique of confusion would not work so well if it happened only once, but it happens many times in this film—probably more often than I can recall after having seen the movie only twice. The technique is used in all the crucial events of the film—in another instance, the killing of Totonno by Pasqualino. We have no sympathy for Totonno, who promised to make Concettina into an artist and to marry her but instead had her become an occupant of his whorehouse. His overbearing, arrogant manner has also turned us against him. His being murdered, therefore, leaves us indifferent, and the chopping up of his corpse and its disposal in three suitcases, their being sniffed and barked at by a blind man's dog, and their being taken to the railway station and dispatched as a "shipment of provolone" are all comic scenes. Thus, we have formed an attitude toward murder which we recognize as all wrong when we see murder in the concentration camp. But how can we change our feelings about murder so fast, and, if we can, which is the valid feeling?

WHAT is true for the most impressive events of the film also holds true for its most important figures. Although we know better, we cannot help having some liking for Pasqualino, because he is so well and charmingly portrayed by Giancarlo Giannini as the prototypical "little man," who will be a Fascist under Fascism, a Communist under Communism, and a democrat in a democracy. But this portrait of the little man, which the film makes us believe in, is a lie. The world's little men do not rape or kill—not under Fascism or Communism or in a democracy. These little men do not think of or manage an erection and intercourse with an absolutely abhorrent woman, even if their lives are at stake. The little man is banal, but he is not evil. Contrary to some popular notions, evil is neither romantic nor tragic; more often than not it is banal. But because evil is usually banal and so is the little man, the little man's banality does not make him evil, as the film wishes us to believe. This film views the average man with the arrogance of intellectual superiority.

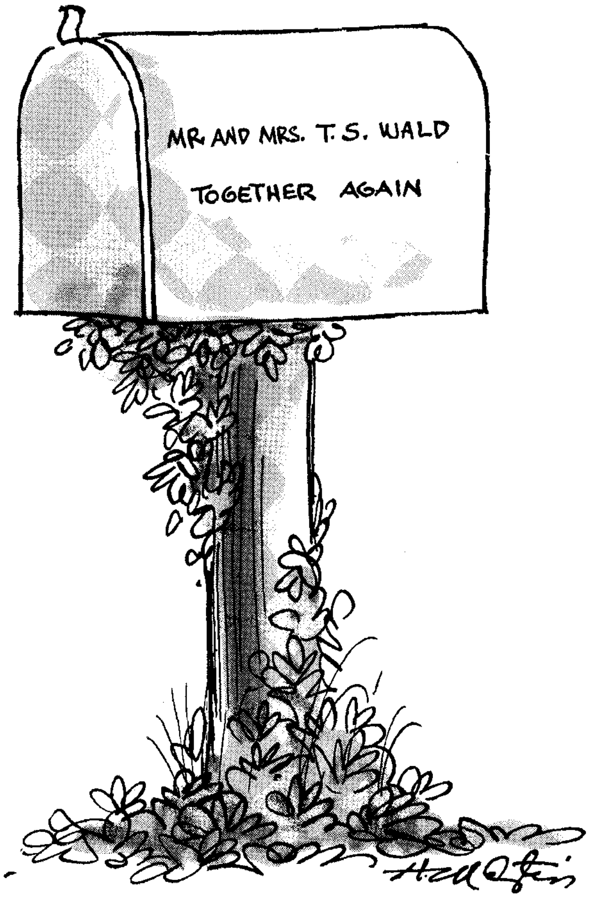
Shorn of the persuasiveness of Giannini's acting and the skillful *mise en scène*, Pasqualino is a bad person, and his villainy is by no means reduced by his banality and pettiness. His dullness is just barely hidden behind a suave verbosity; he is a smooth Neapolitan who speaks only platitudes. He has no idea in his head beyond how to exploit others and how to take advantage of the moment; the ultimate consequences of his actions for others, or even for himself, do not concern him. He is unable to love anybody but himself and does not love even himself very well. When he is confronted with evil of real magnitude, he lacks all comprehension of it; hence he views the camp commander as an ordinary petty villain like himself, whom his most elementary tricks will seduce. We are made to like this man at one moment and despise him the next; the result is that we again feel we cannot trust our reactions, and we therefore permit ourselves to be carried away by what the film wishes us to believe.

On first seeing Pasqualino on the screen, we rather like him, discovering only later what a mean scoundrel he is. We are immediately revolted by the commander, a ruthless and sadistic killer, apt boss of a pack of murderous guards and their man-eating dogs. The more we see of Pasqualino, the emptier he becomes as a person, while the opposite is true for the commander. The closer she gets to being a woman, the more grotesque this mass of flesh becomes, but also the more human, and the greater depth she reveals, not least because of the way she is acted by Shirley Stoler. She is not only shown imprisoned in her body but shown to feel it and to suffer from it. Her being disgusted by Pasqualino and his lie of loving her—which she, knowing how repulsive she is, does not believe for a moment—is but a small reflection of her disgust with herself. If she were a real person, one might think that her keeping constantly within her view Bronzino's painting, in which Venus is beauty incarnate, is to remind herself at all times of how ugly she is. We see her drinking champagne, and we feel that she drinks not to make herself forget what she does to the prisoners but, rather, to induce a stupor so that she will not feel her utter failure as a woman. When she compares Pasqualino to a man who, to earn money, had sex with a goose, she compares herself to this stupid animal. When she says that Pasqualino, because he managed an erection, will survive and win in the end, while she is doomed, her dreams unattainable, she implies that, unlike Pasqualino, she is unable to have sex without the appropriate feelings, and that since she knows that no man can have these in relation to her, she feels doubly doomed.

The result of all this is that, while the commander remains loathsome, there are moments when we cannot help feeling sympathy—if not for her, then for her misery—so imprisoned is she in her hated self, as she seems imprisoned in her uniform and her role of killer. We have come to sense that her being dead to the feelings of the prisoners is but a reflection of her being dead as a human being. She has made herself dead to all feelings to keep from being destroyed by the realization of how ugly and unlovable she is.

But this portrayal of a concentration-camp commander is no less a lie than the portrayal of Pasqualino as a sometimes charming but always utterly unimportant little man. If any one thing characterized the rulers of the concentration camps, it was their inability to reflect on themselves, to see themselves for what they were. Had they been able to recognize themselves as they really were—which the camp commander in this film is shown as being able to do—they could not have carried on for a moment. In reality, the concentration-camp commanders had strong convictions about the importance of the work they were doing—incredible though this may seem, given what the work consisted of. Least of all did they feel doomed—that is, not until the time Allied troops actually reached the camps. As a matter of fact, far from feeling doomed, they showed much greater determination to survive and ingenuity in doing so than Pasqualino does. How else could so many of them have managed to escape being caught and to establish themselves contentedly in some faraway Latin-American country, or even at home, in Germany or Austria? When it comes to staying alive no matter what, it is not the Pasqualinos of this world but the former S.S. members who win the prize.

Even if we knew nothing about the concentration camps except what "Seven Beauties" shows us, we would be sure to sense that the portrayal of the commander, convincing though it might seem, could not be true. Somebody with so much insight into herself could not behave toward the prisoners as we see her do. So in regard to her, too, we become confused in our feelings by the film. Overall, unless one comes to distrust the film's story completely—and, if one can believe the reviewers, few do—then one distrusts one's feelings and is swept into the film's version of truth.


MR. AND MRS. T. S. WALD
TOGETHER AGAIN

ON thinking about this film after having seen it, we may well have strong reservations about how our emotions have been manipulated. But we cannot help admiring the consummate artistry with which we have been made to ride with furious speed the roller coaster of our ambivalent emotions as our feelings for the main characters change, and as comic humor is extracted out of abomination. Pasqualino's being raped psychologically by the camp commander, for example, parallels his earlier physical raping of the patient, who, in her bonds, was as helpless in relation to him as he is in relation to the camp commander. Both scenes are horrid, but both have their definitely comic aspects, and these are so marked in the first rape scene that when we are watching the second scene we still feel the aftereffects of our reactions to the first. These two scenes of forced intercourse, outside and within the camp, are part of Wertmüller's statement about the close parallels between the normal world and what goes on in the camps—a parallelism that seduces us into thinking that the camps were not extraordinary. If they were not, we could have lived then with the concept of them, and could live comfortably with the memory of them now—and that would mean that we did not need to correct radically our view of ourselves and our world because the concentration camps existed and exist.

In the film, one rape scene negates the other, even as Wertmüller stresses their inherent identity. For example, before Pasqualino rapes the mental patient, he lifts her nightgown and looks at her genitals with sexual excitement, and these moments of the scene, though both horrible and comic, give us a sense of his vitality, of the strength of his sexual desires. Before the camp commandant has intercourse with Pasqualino—an act that, given their difference in size and power, is like linking a huge, impassive female animal to a tiny male who is destroyed by her—she lifts Pasqualino's jacket and looks at her victim's genitals, as he did with his victim. But she does so with disgust, with feelings of doom—exactly the opposite of vitality and sexual desire. This detail of lifting up the clothes and looking at the partner's genitals binds the two scenes together and at the same time makes them opposites. Thus, the scenes reinforce each other and also cancel each other out. What we experienced as comic before we now experience as depressing. Once more, we cannot trust our feelings; they have led us astray.

Even the deaths of Pedro and Francesco have their comic moments. Pedro, unable any longer to stand the degradation of the camp and the betrayal of his fellow-men (by Pasqualino's choosing which ones are to be killed), jumps into the open cesspool of the latrine while other prisoners are defecating into it. But his death, because of the way it is acted, has a liberating, almost a joyous feeling. And asserting one's human dignity by shouting, "Brothers, I go to jump into the shit!" and suffocating oneself in feces has a comic quality that is nearly as strong as its morbidity. This comic quality, however, does not exist for those who—like me—witnessed in the camps prisoners dying in this way not by committing suicide but by being pushed by the S.S. into the latrines, where they suffocated. One can only be revolted to see thirty years later the most horrid and degrading murder made to look as if it were a liberating act—the vilest death made to look comic. Suicides in the camps were easy and frequent. All one had to do to die was to give up trying hard to remain alive. Or one could run into the electrically charged fence; nearly always it killed immediately, and if it didn't the guards in the towers that overlooked the camp shot any prisoner who looked as if he were trying to escape.

Francesco, revolted by Pasqualino's sacrifice of the other prisoners to buy his survival and secure his promotion to prison foreman, or *Kapo*, and challenged by Pedro's assertion of his human dignity, also rebels. Pasqualino is handed a gun and is ordered to shoot Francesco. At first, he hesitates, but finally he does shoot when Francesco asks him to, saying that fear will make him defecate in his pants. Asking to be killed to prevent one from soiling one's pants, while it has some psychologically valid undertones, is nevertheless comic. The most tragic assertions of human dignity, even at the price of death, are thus reduced to jumping into feces and a comic avoidance of a pants accident.

This scene, like nearly everything else in the film, is completely untrue to the reality of the camps. No S.S. man would be so stupid as to hand a prisoner a loaded gun and order him to shoot another prisoner. The S.S. man would know that in doing so he was signing his own death warrant and probably that of a few other S.S. men. A prisoner who took a gun from the hands of the S.S. to kill a friend and did so would have known that he could not survive, and since he was sure to be killed, would have concluded he could at least take some S.S. men with him, and would have done so.

But this distortion of the reality of the camps is small compared to that which shows that Pasqualino was helped to survive by sacrificing other prisoners wantonly, and killing even his best friend. A Pasqualino would not have survived on the strength of managing an erection or being in cahoots with the commander. Such things would have done him no good—would, at best, have bought him a short reprieve, as it did for the many *Sonderkommandos*, or Special Detachments, of prisoners who did the bidding of the S.S. by working in the gas chambers and crematoriums and were all killed by the S.S. after about four months.

Pasqualino as we see him in the film after his encounter with the commander and his "promotion" would have survived but a few days at most in a real camp. If the S.S. had not seen to it, the prisoners would have: a *Kapo* who had no moral, human, or political convictions, who did not hesitate to hand over prisoners to be exterminated, and who killed one himself was far too dangerous to the rest of the prisoners to be permitted to live. To quote only one witness (Langbein): "When a prisoner became a collaborator of the S.S. he had to expect to be subjected to the merciless revenge of his fellow-prisoners." Nothing in the film gives the impression that this commander would have made special efforts to protect Pasqualino, whom she considered a "worm" against the rage and retribution of his fellow-prisoners. While it was practically impossible for prisoners to make sure that another prisoner would survive, it was incredibly easy to kill one. There were innumerable ways to get rid of him, of which denunciation to the S.S. was the simplest. Even a *Kapo* could not survive without breaking rules, and if he was denounced for this he was likely to be killed. Also, there was always jealousy within the S.S. If a prisoner was a favorite of one S.S. man, this fact did not endear him to the other S.S. men. So if a favored prisoner was denounced to an S.S. man who disliked the man who favored him, the prisoner would be, in the camp jargon, "finished off." There were also many other ways to do away with a prisoner who had betrayed his fellows. He could be killed during the night, when there were hundreds against one. Even if he had been a favorite of the S.S. men, they ignored the killing. One prisoner less did not matter.

I mentioned before that the S.S. men had a certain esprit de corps, deviant and even perverted as it often was, and that they admired esprit de corps. When they ordered one prisoner to kill another—for example, by burying him alive—they always threatened to kill him if he disobeyed the order, but they did not necessarily carry out this threat. There were instances in which a prisoner refused to kill another and both were let go for the time being. And there were instances in which a prisoner began to obey such an order and then the S.S. ordered the two to change places: the one who was originally to be killed became the murderer of the one who was to be the executioner. If a prisoner killed another as he had been ordered, the S.S. despised him for being a traitor to his comrade and usually finished him off soon. If Pasqualino had indeed survived, it would have been only because the camp was liberated within a short time after his encounter with the camp commander.

In one of the film's sudden changes of scene from the most grotesque to the most awesome, we are transported from the concentration camp and Pasqualino's killing of Francesco to liberated Naples—destroyed by war but teeming with life like one huge bordello. Not just Concettina but all her sisters, and all the women of Naples, have now become whores, and all American soldiers are but whoremasters. The whoring seven sisters now live in sleazy affluence, where before they had lived in "honest" poverty.

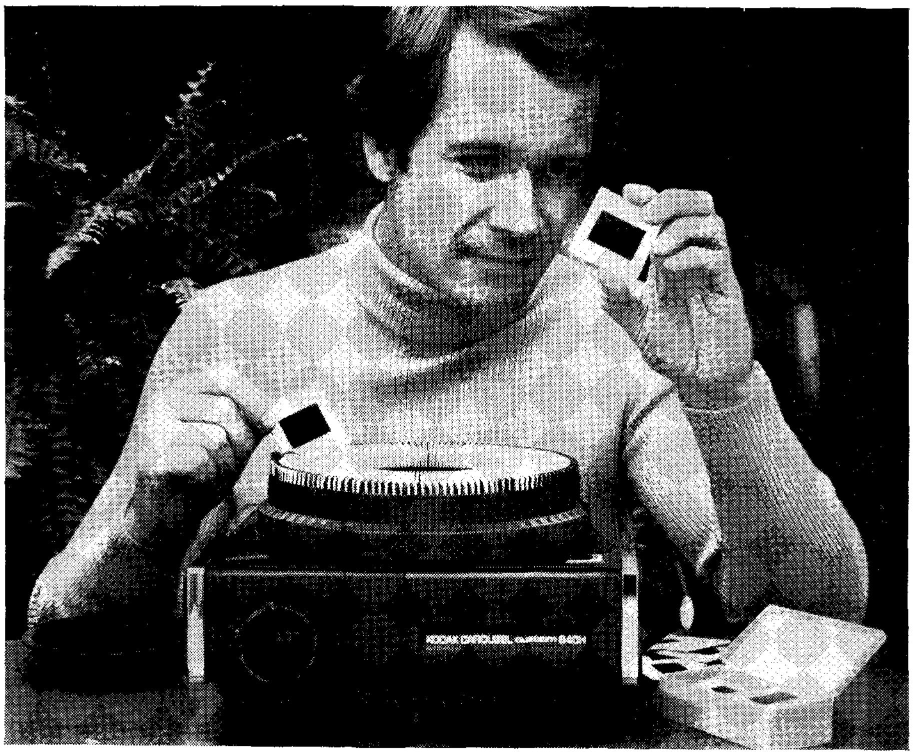
Then we hear the shout "Pasqualino's back!" A sweet little street singer whom he befriended before he murdered Totonno and who has been in love with Pasqualino all along comes to meet him. If this were a medieval morality play, she might save his soul because befriending her was his only decent, unselfish act. But "Seven Beauties" is not a morality play, and has nothing to do with man's possible salvation. So Pasqualino, without any special feeling, sees that she, too, has become a whore. The implied moral is that those who overcome Fascism—in this case, the Americans—degrade even good human beings like this girl as effectively as the S.S. degraded prisoners in the camps.

I asked a relatively small but random sample of intelligent viewers of the film—all of them under forty—who were deeply impressed by it how they thought Pasqualino had survived. They all said he survived because of his will to live—his vitality—as the film wishes us to believe. Not one of these highly intelligent, college-educated, otherwise well-informed people spontaneously said that Pasqualino survived because the camps were liberated by the Allied Armies. And it is difficult for someone seeing this film to realize that these "whoring soldiers" risked their lives and liberated Europe. Thus, the film, made by an Italian woman who says she is a Socialist, conveys the message that those Americans who fought Fascism were as bad as what they defeated. It also conveys the message of a Fascist machismo: managing an erection assures survival, even in the concentration camp.

Shall we then conclude that Fascism was not really bad, because under it—as we have seen earlier in the film—only a very few women were whores, whereas afterward all were? Before, Naples was an intact city; now we see it in ruins, like its women. Would it, then, not have been better if all these whoremongering soldiers had *not come to Europe—and had not* done away with the concentration camps, the horrors of which we have just been shown? Or does Wertmüller mean to say that nothing makes any difference—Hitler or the end of Hitler, concentration camps or the liberation of concentration camps? Did she shock us with the horrors of the camps only to tell us that nothing makes any difference? Or was it all done to entertain us? Then how disgusting it is to use genocide to amuse.

Maybe we can find an answer in the film's ending. Pasqualino asks the girl who loves him, "Did you make money?" She nods, and he says, "Good, now quit and we'll get married. No time to lose. I want kids, lots, twenty-five, thirty. We've got to defend ourselves. See all those people? Soon we'll be killing each other for an apple. There's got to be lots of us to defend ourselves. Do you understand?" To which she can only answer helplessly, "I've always loved you." Pasqualino, the survivor, is his old selfish, stupid self, untouched by his concentration-camp experience, ready to fight others for his advantage, intent on what he wants, with no thought for what she who has waited so patiently for him might want for herself or for the two of them. His plans for their future are the film's final, coarse irony, because he asks her, "Understand?" when he understands nothing.

I have questioned whether this film urges us to embrace life or tells us that life is meaningless. Pasqualino's nihilistic vision of a battle of all against all for the survival of the strongest is a Fascist vision, a complete perversion



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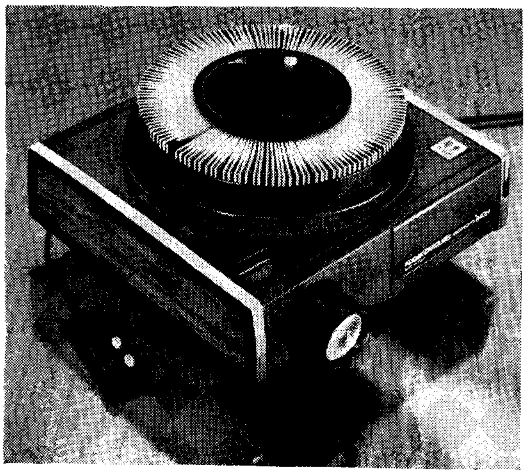

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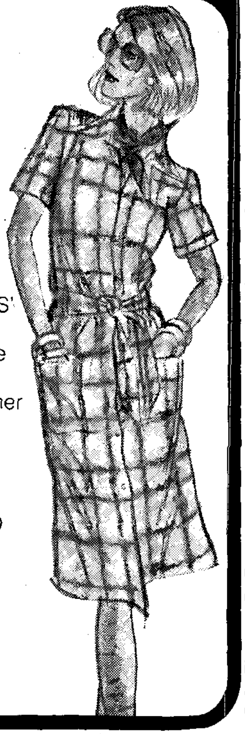

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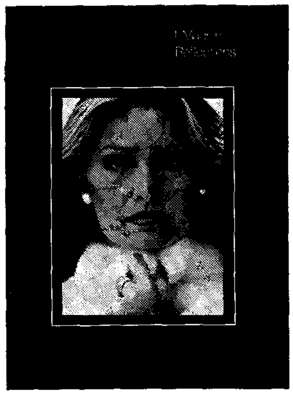

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of Pedro's deeply significant admonition to Pasqualino in the concentration camp. In that scene, Pasqualino spoke about wanting to live and have children. Pedro objected, warning him of the dangers of overpopulation, saying that soon the world would be as crowded as the prisoners were in the barracks, and that people would kill for a slice of bread. Maybe not to the uninformed viewer but to anybody who knew the camps, to the survivor, Pedro's warning is movingly significant and hopeful, as he makes clear when he adds that "a new man . . . must be born. A civilized man. A new man who can rediscover harmony within himself." A man who can live in harmony with others must come into being to restore rightness to the world.

The prisoner, cramped into an unimaginably small space, could not so much as lie down without taking away some of the space of the prisoners who lay next to him; still, they managed. Although they were starving, they did not fight each other for the slice of bread they so desperately needed to stay alive; some even shared it. (The greatest crime in the camps was stealing another prisoner's piece of bread; for this the other prisoners exacted the most severe punishment, as they had to if they wanted to live. But it hardly ever happened.) Thus, Pedro's message contains the true lesson of the concentration camp: from having not enough space to lie down at night, from living in starvation, the survivor ought to have learned that even under such conditions, or particularly under such conditions, one can discover a life of harmony which permits one to make do, to get along with others, and to live in harmony also with oneself.

The last exchange in the film is between Pasqualino and his mother, who, happy that he is back, tells him not to think about what has happened to him: what's past is past; all that counts is that he is alive. His reply, at the very end of the film, is his nonchalant "Yes. I'm alive." Pedro's warning about a world where man eats man and only the strongest and most aggressive survive—as Fascism has taught—is taken for a prediction; his hopes for a better future of true humanity, for which he lived and died, are forgotten. Pasqualino survives, but without feeling, and without any purpose other than propagating himself. He does not feel guilty for Pedro's death, which he brought about; or for having said yes to Fascism; or for having killed Francesco and butchered Totonno. What more impressive demonstration could there be that only the ability to feel guilty makes us human, particularly if, objectively seen, one is not. It is the true survivor's feeling of guilt that separates him from those who applaud the film. Those who see survival as a mere staying alive wash their hands of the true survivor.

In a recent article on current attitudes toward the Holocaust, Elie Wiesel wrote:

> Novelists made free use of it in their work, scholars used it to prove their theories [and filmmakers to entertain and to gain public acclaim]. In so doing they cheapened the Holocaust; they drained it of its substance. The Holocaust was now a hot topic, fashionable, guaranteed to gain attention and to achieve instant success. . . .
>
> The survivors don't count; they never did. They are best forgotten. Don't you see? They are an embarrassment. If only they weren't there, it would be so much easier.

From the beginning of time, those who have borne witness have been an embarrassment. To those who have been carried away by Wertmüller's film, or by Des Pres' writings, what I have written here has perhaps caused embarrassment. Survivors won't be around much longer, but while they are, they cannot help objecting—not to their being forgotten, not to the world's going on as usual, but to their being used to bear witness to the opposite of the truth.

Our experience did not teach us that life is meaningless, that the world of the living is but a whorehouse, that one ought to live by the body's crude claims, disregarding the compulsions of culture. It taught us that, miserable though the world in which we live may be, the difference between it and the world of the concentration camps is as great as that between night and day, hell and salvation, death and life. It taught us that there is meaning to life, difficult though that meaning may be to fathom—a much deeper meaning than we had thought possible before we became survivors. And our feeling of guilt for having been so lucky as to survive the hell of the concentration camp is a most significant part of this meaning—testimony to a humanity that not even the abomination of the concentration camp can destroy.

—BRUNO BETTELHEIM

•

This sturdy home, one acre fenced yard, private, yet in town. 9 lonely rooms, 4 Bedrooms, 1½ baths, fire alarm system. . . . Price $26,500.00.—*Adv. in the Brattleboro (Vt.) Town Crier.*

Perfect for a chain-smoking writer.

THE THEATRE

NOO YAWK

THE most commanding presence on the stage of the Broadway Theatre, where a new production of "Guys and Dolls" opened last week and is sure to be running well into 1977, is that of the late Frank Loesser, who wrote the music and lyrics for the show. What one senses in every note and syllable of Loesser's handiwork is a formidably high intelligence, akin to Porter's and Sondheim's in the acuteness with which it applies itself to the seeming mere playfulness of popular song. "Guys and Dolls" is a classic American musical comedy—if one gives extra points for indigenous subject matter, it is arguably *the* classic American musical comedy—and it wears its twenty-six years lightly, in part because it is so well made. The book, by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, is drawn from stories by Damon Runyon, and its plotting may be a little more nuttily complex than suits our contemporary taste, but how splendidly self-confident it is! The show carries us along at an unfaltering quickstep from start to finish, and despite its length it is without longueurs. Loesser plainly took the writing of the music and lyrics as seriously as if he had been Tolstoy settling down to the composition of "War and Peace," and his respect for his task is equalled by the generosity with which he displays his gifts; there is nothing miserly about a man who dares to begin a musical with the enchanting "Fugue for Tinhorns" and, for a climax, provides the seismic caterwauling of "Sit Down, Sit Down, Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat."

Damon Runyon's Noo Yawk is a never-never land, peopled with symbolic cutouts bearing preposterous names (Nicely-Nicely, Harry the Horse, Nathan Detroit, and the like); he makes of our city something as fanciful as Wodehouse's Edwardian English countryside, and it is tempting in the case of both writers to try and bend reality to match the products of their audacious imaginations. I still hope to overhear Runyonisms in Times Square, knowing that in forty years I have not encountered a single one. The extreme fictitiousness of Runyon's characters makes them ideal for the purposes of musical comedy. These hoods and gamblers are the murderous scum of the earth, yes, but they are also as little dangerous as Winnie-the-Pooh. Their gross misconduct makes us happy because it has been purged of the least taint of plausibility.

The present production boasts of being all black. It strikes me as very late in the day to be performing a stunt of this nature, which surely insults all of us, both black and white, by making color a criterion for acceptance. Still, the stunt does less damage to the show than I had feared it would, and for the reason mentioned above—in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, who looks for authenticity of speech, costumes, and manners? The cast includes Robert Guillaume, Norma Donaldson, James Randolph, Ernestine Jackson, and Ken Page, whose singing of "Sit Down, Sit Down" nightly earns him a standing ovation. The show has been directed and choreographed by Billy Wilson and is billed as being under the "supervision" of Abe Burrows. The amusing scenery is by Tom H. John, the costumes are by Bernard Johnson, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton.

—BRENDAN GILL

• •

WHAT KING

What King lives in that apartment on B'way
across from me on the fifteenth floor
that all of his windows, and his only,
in a whole city, should be red gold,
the sun sitting down with him under a
chandelier to stuff himself and talk
of courtesans, his travels, spring
uprisings, proposing dazzling toasts?

—JILL HOFFMAN

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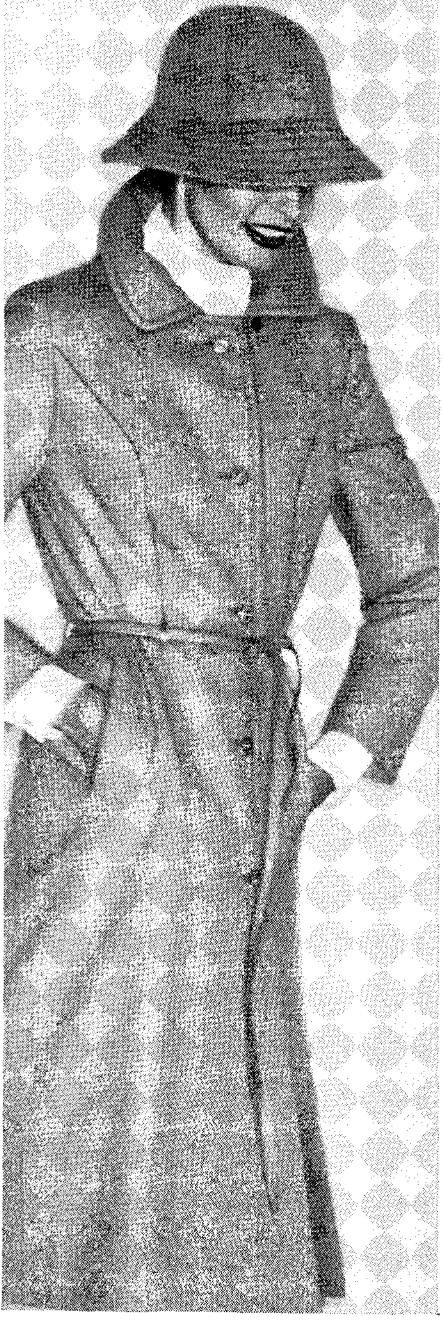
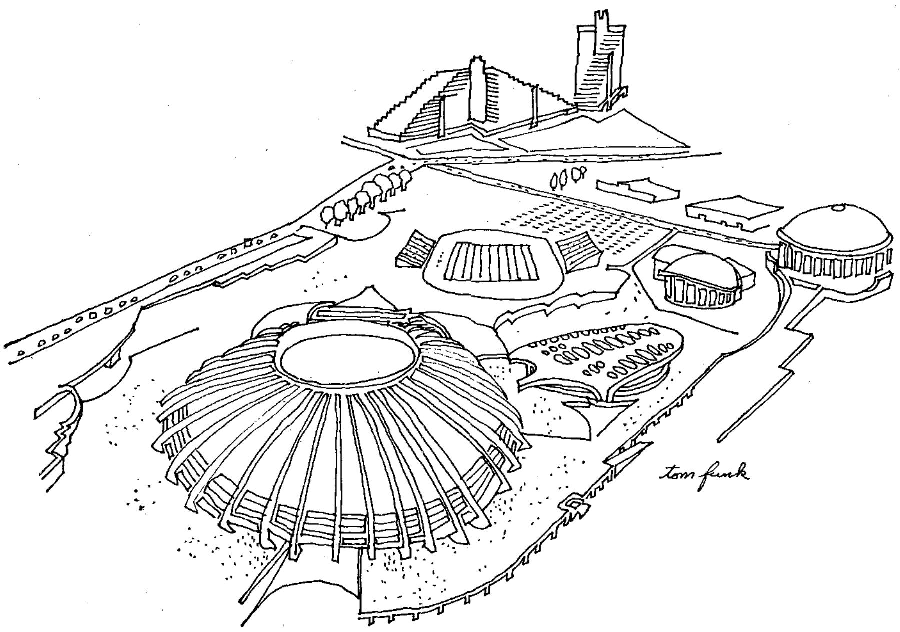


THE SPORTING SCENE

HERE WE GO AGAIN



MONTREAL, JULY 23

WHEN the biggest sports story in an English-language newspaper I came across last month in an Athens hotel lobby was about Jamaica's denying that it was going to pull out of the events of the twenty-first modern Olympiad because the Supreme Council of Sport for Africa objected to a New Zealand rugby team's having gone to South Africa, I sensed trouble ahead. Seeking to obtain a suitably broad perspective, I hired a car and drove west through groves of silvery olive trees to Olympia, where the Games began more or less officially, in a year that is easy for Americans to remember: 776 B.C. The Olympics were still much on Olympia's mind. One of my sons found a French comic book out there called "Astérix at the Olympic Games." Astérix, a first-century-B.C. contestant from Gaul, was declared the winner of his running event when the other contestants, all of whom had lapped him, were discovered to have quaffed a magic potion and were disqualified for doping. On a side street, I came upon a modest building called the Olympic Games Museum. There were only a handful of people inside it. There was no mention of Montreal among its exhibits. The Munich exhibit was totally apolitical, consisting mainly of medals and stamps: not a single photograph of terrorists or their victims, and no charts showing whether or not Russia had won more medals than Paraguay. Near the stadium where the ancient Games were held there is a much larger museum—the Museum of Ancient Olympia—which was quite crowded when I arrived, probably because it houses the Hermes of Praxiteles. Hermes stands across the road from where he was discovered—in the Temple of Hera, which is now mostly in ruins. Standing on one of the marble blocks that constituted the stadium's starting line, I found it pleasant to look across the grassy slopes that once accommodated forty-five thousand spectators, and reflect that the one unalterable rule of the original Olympics was that all concerned had to swear off hostilities for an entire month. I recalled Herodotus' report of what an aide of the Persian general Mardonius had to say, circa 480 B.C. (at the time of the seventy-fifth old Olympiad), upon hearing that the Greeks competed against one another for mere olive wreaths: "Woe upon us, Mardonius. Against what manner of men are you leading us, since they do not compete for gold but for honor alone?"

I COULDN'T tarry in Olympia long enough to watch the sun there rekindle the traditional Olympic torch, because I wanted to get to Canada to find out if there would be any games. On my arrival in Montreal, the Chinese controversy was already bubbling like a Mongolian hot pot, although there was a brief interlude of Asian serenity out at the Olympic Village when the early arrivals among the athletes were treated by the resident Chinese community to a demonstration of T'ai Chi Ch'uan. At the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, I attended a memorial service for the eleven Israelis who were murdered in Munich during the 1972 Olympics. Though the main sanctuary is a large one, it couldn't hold all the people—more than three thousand—who wanted to be on hand. Security was tight, in part because of the presence of the sixty members of this year's Israeli delegation to the Games, and in part because of the presence of Prime Minister Elliott Trudeau, who read the Hundred and Third Psalm. In the eulogy, the presiding rabbi said, referring to Munich, "Eleven men died in the pursuit of an ideal . . . freedom lives and resolve has been strengthened. Thus, out of the ashes of yesterday a better tomorrow will be fashioned, when men shall sit each one under his fig tree, when swords shall be turned into ploughshares, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall they know war any more." A few days later, the Prime Minister—who had said at one point that he could not admit Chinese from the Republic of China to his country, because Canada enjoyed diplomatic relations solely with the People's Republic, but who had found it possible not long before that to admit representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization, with which Canada has no diplomatic relations—was presented by the Canadian Olympic Association (a bit undiplomatically, it seemed) with a ceremonial sword.

What was most notable about Montreal on the eve of the Games was that everybody here appeared to be squabbling with everybody else. The Québecois, who succeeded in making French the official language of their province two years ago, and who aspire to independence, had staged a demonstration early this month at the Lausanne headquarters of the International Olympic Committee, demanding that their flag of liberation be run up at the Games—a proposal that the I.O.C. dismissed as "utterly ridiculous," though it was hardly more outlandish than much that has actually happened since. Here, though, the Québecois rebels have been comparatively muted. Not so the hospital nurses, who have been on strike; the liquor-store managers, who shut down their premises for several days; and a mysterious procession of forty or fifty dump trucks that I saw, just before the Games began, circling the Olympic Village at five miles an hour, their horns stridently and incessantly blaring. None of the policemen stationed along the Avenue Pierre de Coubertin, a block away, knew what was going on.

The police and the military, in uni-

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¼ Mile (Sec.)	*18.27*	*18.33*
¼ Mile (MPH)	*74.2*	*73.0*
Slalom MPH	*46.55*	*43.13*
Skid Pad MPH	*32.63*	*32.77*
G-Force	*0.711*	*0.717*
Braking:		
30-0 MPH (Ft)	*40.4*	*40.3*
60-0 MPH (Ft)	*154.7*	*153.2*

The tests were conducted by American Testing Institute with 1976 model cars in March of this year. Both cars were 2-door sedans with 4-speed manual transmissions. Test results are available upon request.

SAAB
THE ROAD CAR.

form and in plain clothes, their crackling walkie-talkies also creating quite a din, have been much in evidence, and those of us who were at Munich in 1972 are grateful, although the measures that have been taken to protect athletes of all nations have made access to them difficult. On one of the occasions when I have got inside the Olympic Village, I called on George Athanassiades, the Chef de Mission of the Greek delegation—thirty-seven athletes, sixteen trainers and chaperons, and seven officials. Mr. Athanassiades said he did not expect his team to win many medals—except, perhaps, in Greco-Roman wrestling. "Our country went through a lot in the last few years and did not have much time for sports," he said. The Chef de Mission, a Second World War medal-winner, who is prominent in Greek rowing circles, is the editor of two newspapers, which were often closed during the Greek Colonels' regime. (One of his assistants told me that Athanassiades had been imprisoned several times during that unhappy era, and that during one eight-month stretch when his papers could not be published he had paid his employees—three hundred and fifty of them—out of his own pocket.)

Inasmuch as practically every nation represented here is sore at some other nation (the sponsors of this wildly extravagant extravaganza are hoping to recoup some of their outlay by means of a lottery, with several first prizes of a million dollars each, and it has been suggested that the prizes might better be awarded to those countries—if that many can be found—who will promise to keep the peace), I asked Mr. Athanassiades if Greece wanted to prevent any nation from participating in the Games. After a moment's hesitation—to weigh, I inferred, the merits of Turkey—he said, "We're not for banning anybody. We follow a civilized tradition; we don't like politics in sports." Would he, then, as his ancestors had done, propose a truce? "We're a small country, and we don't have the power," he replied, "but the flame we give to the world each time is supposed to symbolize a ceasefire."

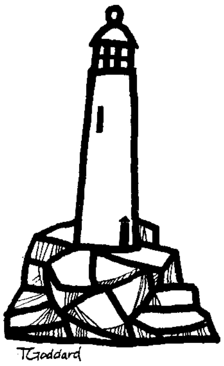
I went over to Ottawa to see the flame, transmitted by satellite and laser beam, arrive. Newfangled though these means of delivery were, the passing of the flame from one runner to another en route to the main stadium in Montreal had one hearteningly traditional aspect. In Tokyo, twelve years ago, the fuel employed was red phosphorus. In Mexico City, eight years ago, it was kerosene, and in Munich it was butane. Some chemists at the University of Montreal who were assigned the task of finding the best possible fuel for this year's Olympic preliminaries decided, after presumably thorough research, that the answer was olive oil. Five thousand people, including Prime Minister Trudeau, assembled on Ottawa's Parliament Hill for the ceremonies; many of them were schoolchildren, among whom small Canadian flags had been distributed by the municipal authorities. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police were out in full force, in blazing red tunics, but security was, praiseworthily, not their sole concern; one Mountie sergeant spent most of his time trying to console a lost and whimpering child. By satellite, again, we listened to a crowd in the Olympic Stadium at Athens—built for the first revival of the Games, in 1896—cheering the arrival of the flame there from Olympia. Then a band in Greece struck up "O Canada," obliging some children who were lying prone beneath the front of the stands in which diplomats and other worthies perched to crawl out and stand up. After a laser beam from the satellite caused an urn suddenly to flare up, the august flame was carried over to the Prime Minister, who remarked to the Canadian crowd that the ancient Greeks would surely have regarded the transmission by satellite as an act of the gods, and who added that this was another demonstration of man's having pushed back the frontiers of what was possible. Alas, his government's attitude toward letting in the team from Taiwan had scarcely demonstrated that. Then, after Mr. Trudeau accepted an authentic piece of stone from the ruins of Olympia (I had been told by my guide there that to remove so much as a pebble was strictly forbidden), the flame was passed along to a contingent of twelve of the three hundred and sixty-four runners who would eventually transport it to Montreal. The members of this select dozen were young, with one exception: the Premier of British Columbia, Bill Bennett, who is forty-four. Not William, he told me while we were standing around waiting to hear from Athens—just plain Bill. The Jimmy Carter of the Canadian west coast went on to say that he wasn't worried about completing his one-kilometre stretch of the torch relay, because it was his healthy habit to get to and from his twelfth-floor apartment by stairway. "All my political opponents, though, are probably hoping that I fall flat on my face," he added. Even into this tranquil Olympic interlude politics had intruded.

Lord Killanin, presiding over his first and what some suspect may be his last Olympic Games, was supposed to have been at Ottawa, too, but had to beg off, because of the Chinese and African negotiations, in the course of which it seemed for a day or so as though the United States team might pack up and leave. By threatening to do that if the whole team from Taiwan wasn't allowed into Canada, Philip Krumm, the president of the United States Olympic Committee, had succeeded in getting the I.O.C. to persuade the Canadian government to modify its original stern opposition and accept a compromise whereby the Taiwan group could have its flag and its anthem at the opening ceremonies—everything it wanted except the name Republic of China. (After five straight days of grappling with the Taiwan issue, Krumm was so groggy that when somebody asked him if the 1976 Games were apt to produce another Mark Spitz, he replied, "There'll be no doping problem.") But then the Taiwanese, or Chinese, or whatever it is considered universally acceptable to call them, had decided to withdraw from the Games. Krumm was astounded. "I said to them," he said, " 'Why do you object to using "Taiwan"? If you aren't proud of it, why do you put it on your exports? I've never seen any product in the world that said "Made in the Republic of China." ' But they wouldn't listen to me."

In a way, the whole controversy about the participation of the team from Taiwan was a break for that island. People had all but forgotten about it. Now, at least in Montreal, people were thinking about it hard and were being nice to it. Canada, unwittingly, had kissed a frog into a prince. The team did have one strong argument in its favor, of course: if the Olympics could pretend to be amateur sports, why could Taiwan not pretend to be China? But I never heard any Taiwanese spokesman make it. Nevertheless, so hopeful were the proprietors of the Games about the chances of working out a solution that they included the Taiwan group in the official list of participating athletes which came out the day after the competitions began, but, unlike all the other teams, it had no identifying nationality at all above its roster. This was illustrative of the confusion that had reigned from the outset. A newspaper published for the residents of the Olympic Village had earlier mentioned the team physician of the Republic of China entourage but had inadvertently identified him as hailing from the People's Republic. The permanent Chinese population of Montreal, though it was sorry not to see the fraternal visitors in the games, took their departure with equanimity, conceivably because about half of this community of thirty thousand is pro-Taipei and the other half pro-Peking. A fortune-cookie wholesaler took me into his inner office and called my attention to a portrait of Chiang Kai-shek displayed on one wall. Then, with a laugh, he flipped it over to reveal a portrait of Mao Tse-tung. The fortune-cookie man said that his firm had considered devising special fortune-cookie inserts for the Olympics but had abandoned the notion, because it was afraid it would be stuck with a surplus, in view of the fact that the normal print order for these prophetic slips of paper is a million. One learns something new every day.

While the politicians and Games officials were exploring the niceties of Chinese nomenclature, the athletes were arriving (that was before they began departing) and trying to go about their business—or, rather, sport. (Some business, too, evidently. The International Olympic Committee, in the middle of its attempts to cope with the African defections, was asked to express its views on the propriety of one Olympic swimmer's lending his name to the promotion of octagonal water beds.) In the days just before the formal competitions began, there were informal ones—described by their sponsors as "friendly"—at various spots, notably in a practice track-and-field area. There, free of charge, Montrealers who had been unable to wangle tickets to the forthcoming races and jumps had a chance to watch some of the big names from Kenya and Ethiopia in spirited action—an opportunity, ironically, that was to be denied to those who had gone to the trouble and expense of planning ahead. In that friendly era a distant fortnight ago, athletes from some of the African nations that have now disappeared were running with no discernible objection squarely alongside New Zealanders, whose rugby nickname, because of the color of the uniforms they fancy, has traditionally been the All-Blacks.

IN the light of all the commotion that the Supreme Council of Sport for Africa has been stirring up hereabouts, it was surprising that the Council didn't object to the fact that Alexander Grant, the new artistic director of the National Ballet of Canada, which is one of the myriad groups that have been involved in a cultural program preliminary to the Olympics, was born in New Zealand. (The cultural program has had a trauma of its own. The scrappy mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau, had an open-air art show ripped down, apparently either because he judged it obscene or because it mocked the high-rise real-estate developers who are trying to put a new architectural face on Old Montreal.) Well after the Games were under way, it developed that the Council had never had a single face-to-face discussion with the International Olympic Committee. Not that such a confrontation would probably have helped. There was no chance at all that New Zealand would pull out, or that anyone in authority would ask it to.



The confusion engendered about Africa provided a cram course in geography for the sportswriters covering the shambles, many of whom had not previously known that there was a difference between Niger and Nigeria, or that Mali and Malawi were separate entities, or that Gabon, Gambia, and Ghana were not all the same place, or that Swaziland was not a joke. In truth, though, the protesting Africans didn't seem to care about their loss of individuality, having elected to submerge their identities beneath an umbrellalike disruptive caper of which their own governments at home—let alone any independent sports organizations that might exist there—could hardly have been entirely aware.

As far as New Zealand was concerned, the I.O.C. took the lofty position that it couldn't intervene in the affair of the controversial rugby tour of South Africa, because rugby isn't an Olympic sport. The I.O.C. has noted piously that four Irish cyclists who several weeks back competed in South Africa *were* barred from the current Games, for cycling is an Olympic sport. So is gymnastics, though, and what action, if any, will be taken in the case of some American gymnasts who are scheduled to go to South Africa even before the Olympics end is at the moment unclear. Whatever is done, it probably won't make any sense. The New Zealand member of the I.O.C., Lance Cross, observed quietly the other day that it seemed a bit odd for the Supreme Council to have landed so thumpingly upon New Zealand, inasmuch as within the past six months athletes from twenty-five other countries have exhibited their skills in South Africa. "Perhaps it's because the Council succeeded with another small country in 1972," Mr. Cross said, referring to the exclusion of Rhodesia. "Maybe they thought the I.O.C. would think a small country was too insignificant to worry about." He *had* had a confrontation with the Supreme Council, which had made demands upon him—among them that he, in turn, demand of his Prime Minister that the All-Blacks be ordered home from South Africa. He had dismissed them out of hand. "It is hard to get the message across to some people that in the free world sports are not dictated by governments," Mr. Cross said. That same day, the I.O.C. did take one firm executive action. It decided after due and solemn deliberation that Jim Thorpe's medals were not to be reinstated. Meanwhile, messages of good cheer and peace on earth had come to Montreal from Pope Paul and Leonid Brezhnev.

BY the time of the opening ceremonies, on July 17th, the facilities, at least, were in astonishingly tip-top shape, considering all the tumult that had attended their gestation. (Eleven workers were killed in the course of construction, and the family of each of them got two free tickets.) The only trouble was that nobody knew for sure who would take part. The confusion was compounded by the omission, through a typographical error, of both Ireland and Israel from a list of the participating nations which was distributed to the press. There had been a hundred and twenty-two countries at Munich, some of which—Albania, Burma, Malta, and Vietnam, for instance—had never been expected to show up here. As of mid-May, the enrollment in this school of increasingly hard knocks was estimated at a hundred and seventeen. The estimate changed nearly every day. Mauritius was out, but did that count? Mauritius had never been officially in. In the end, the only way to tell was to count the delegations that marched into the stadium. There were ninety-four, but of those, two dozen or so, by one count or another, were soon to absent themselves, too. (Sitting in the stadium watching the big parade, I was pleased to see that, because Greece traditionally leads the way, George Athanassiades was the third person—as Chef de Mission, he came immediately behind his country's placard-holder and flag-bearer—to march onto the track.) Nobody has been unhappier as the Games have got under way than the people whose task it is to have hanging at every competition site a flag of every competing nation. There has been an all but non-stop rearrangement of colors.

The star of the first day's show was unarguably Queen Elizabeth, in her pink dress and off-the-face pink hat, which *Le Dimanche* described the following day as something that only a queen would have the audacity to wear. It was a historic occasion—the first time that any Olympic Games had been opened by a mother with a daughter on a team. (Princess Anne is a member of the British equestrian team.) Delegations strutted past Her Majesty in French alphabetical order, many of them waving at her, and she stood straight and stiff for the hour and ten minutes it took them to go by. Her expression, or lack of it, put me impertinently in mind of a Little League mother whose son's team is losing. The Irish contingent not only dipped its flag to the Queen but held its hats across its hearts for her. The United States, which doesn't dip flags to any foreigners in these ceremonies, favored her at least with generous smiles—a gesture that probably went unnoticed at home, because at the moment of the Americans' entrance the ABC television people broke off their coverage for a flock of commercials. On my applause meter, if Canada, the obviously cherished home team, had a rating of one hundred, then the United States came in second, with eighty, and New Zealand and Israel (which had a black rosette affixed to its flag) finished third and fourth, with seventy-five and seventy. The instant the last Canadian marched past (as Greece always heads the procession, so does the host country always conclude it), Her Majesty sat down. One wondered if she could be musing that, of the ninety-four nations that had appeared and the thirty-one others that had at one time or another been expected to appear, forty-three—twenty-seven of the former and sixteen of the latter—had in 1896, when Baron de Coubertin reinstituted the Games, belonged, with no fussing, to her great-great-grandmother.

The Queen, like the rest of us, has since been wandering around sampling the rich fare—defections notwithstanding—on the carte of events. (Journalists do not defect easily. There are now more of us covering the Games—over ten thousand, including radio and television people, when *we* were last counted—than there are athletes, and, in view of the larger combative issues, we are trying to ignore the assertion in a brochure distributed among us by the Ministry of Cultural Affairs of the Province of Quebec that journalism is a "former profession of prestige.") The long-established calendar, particularly because of the departure of teams in sports like soccer and field hockey, has required some hasty reshuffling. Among individual sports, boxing was hit especially hard. Considerably more than three hundred pugilists are gone—among them one Nigerian hopeful whom I spotted the other day in the Village clad in an Israeli warmup suit. (Prudence will probably dictate his not wearing it all the way home.) When a bout involving an absentee is scheduled, he is now ritually announced over the arena loudspeaker to be occupying his vacant corner. His opponent in the other corner and the referee wait thirty or forty seconds, and then the referee escorts the solitary contender to the center of the ring and solemnly raises his arm, proclaiming him the winner by a walkover. It is all very strange. The questions being asked of winners who have had to tread more strenuous paths to glory have been equally peculiar. The very first one addressed to Dean Smith, the American basketball coach, after his team delivered an unexpectedly severe thrashing to Italy (it then barely squeaked past Puerto Rico) was "Will Egypt return to the Games?" (It won't.) "I don't know about Egypt,

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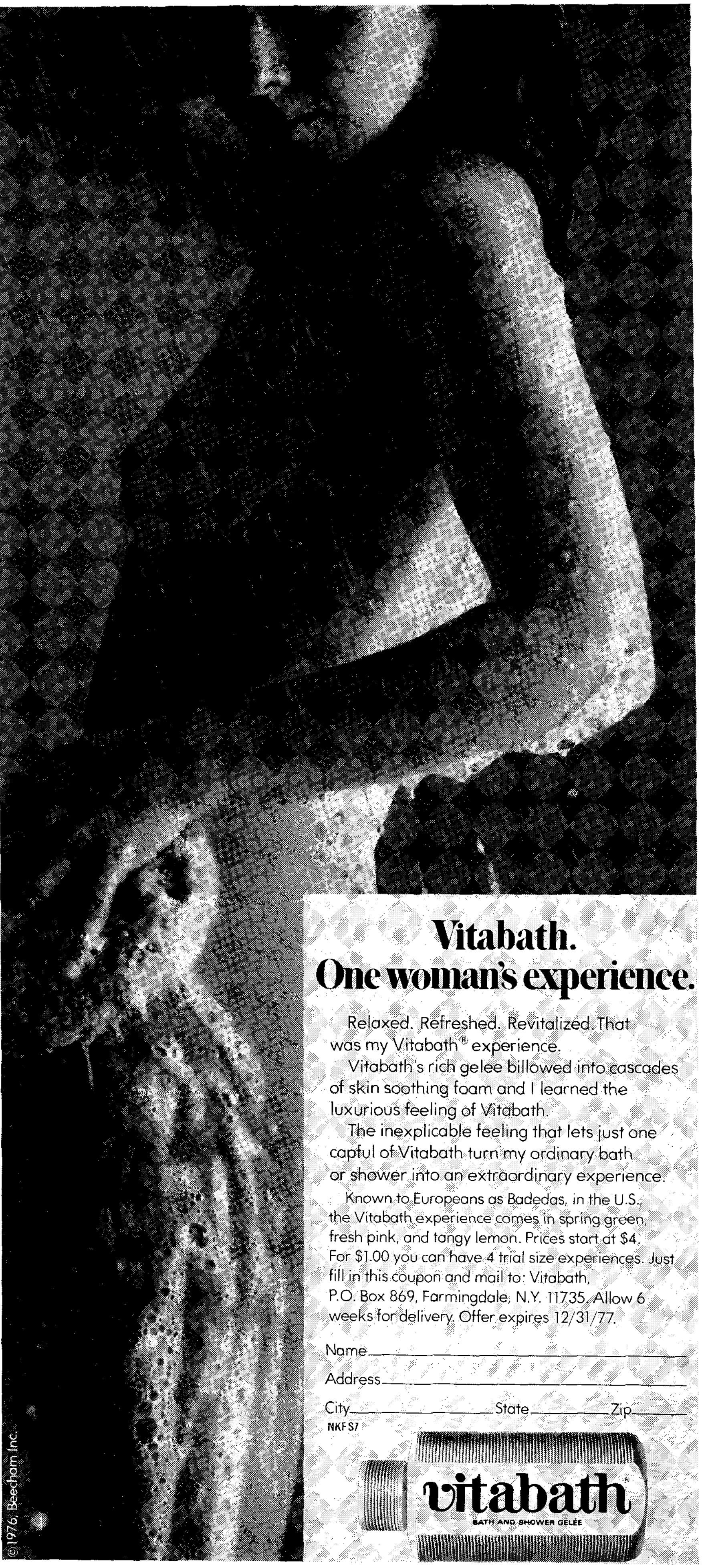
CRAFTER

but I was surprised by the relative ease with which we won today," Coach Smith replied smoothly. When the American swimmer John Naber was asked what he thought about the sticky political situation, he replied, admirably, "I have no beef with anyone." A rare man here, as well as a rare swimmer. Another swimmer, the thirteen-year-old Robin Corsiglia, who is a member of the medley relay team that provided the host country with its first medal of the Games, albeit only a bronze, was asked at least one relevant question: "How did you feel under pressure?" "I think we were just as scared as everybody else," she said. Not everybody: another American fish, Mike Bruner, who may have helped himself win a gold medal and set a world record in the men's two-hundred-metre butterfly final by shaving his head bald, said, "I knew I had it all the way." Robin Corsiglia revealed her hope of being in Moscow for the 1980 Games, should there be any. By then, she ought to be able to take the braces off her teeth, and that might be worth a couple of hundredths of a second.

With the Games under way, after a fashion, I decided to take another breather from Montreal, and went out to Bromont, halfway between here and the border, to watch the trials for the equestrian part of the modern pentathlon. (The pentathlon dates back to 708 B.C., but the events are different now; instead of javelin- and discus-throwing, running, wrestling, and broad-jumping, there are riding, pistol-shooting, épée-fencing, cross-country running, and swimming.) An engaging part of the riding segment of the event, over a course with fifteen jumps, is that the contestants draw, by lot, mounts they have never before sat upon. One of the horses at Bromont was called Cojo, the acronym for the name, in French, of the Canadian organizing committee for the Games. Thirteen of forty-seven contending pentathletes I watched at Bromont achieved flawless performances, and two of these thirteen were astride Cojo—just about the only time any entity bearing that name has gone through a whole day here without being accused of some grievous lapse. The only Canadian in the trials that day had a disastrous ride, marked by tumbling rails and, once, a tumbling horse and rider. It was his further misfortune that Princess Anne, who also would soon be appearing in the equestrian events, stopped by at that moment, in the saddle of her own mount, to take in the proceedings. Her Royal



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Highness loped off, oddly, moments before the star of the British pentathlon squad, Jeremy Fox, went through his paces, which were polished and perfect. She returned in time to watch Boris Onischenko, the Russian star who had won the silver medal at Munich, show his mettle. He attained a creditable score, but the next day, in the 1976 Olympics' first major athletic scandal, was disqualified for doctoring his épée and was quickly shipped back to Russia. Yesterday it was Princess Anne's turn to compete, in the dressage event; she ranked seventh among twenty-three contestants.

WHILE Russia has been selling large quantities of gold recently to pay for American wheat, she and her East European allies have been getting a good deal of it back here almost hourly. After yesterday's awards had been totted up, the East German swimmer Kornelia Ender had four gold medals, and the Rumanian gymnast Nadia Comaneci had—let me see—three golds, one silver, and one bronze, not to mention seven perfect scores of ten. Not bad, considering that nobody had ever before been judged perfect in any Olympic gymnastic event and that, furthermore, each eye-popping move that Miss Comaneci made, toward the end, was to the distracting accompaniment of popping flashbulbs. Russia's Nelli Kim, who is half Korean, attained two tens and three golds herself. The diminutive Miss Comaneci, whose feats eclipsed—in Montreal, at least—those of the Viking spacecraft, has overnight become her country's most valuable foreign-exchange asset, worth incalculable times her weight (eighty-eight pounds) in gold, whatever the going price. In 1936, Rumania couldn't afford to send a team of any kind to the Olympics, but now, like its East European neighbors, it is a power to be reckoned with. In Miss Comaneci's floor exercises, she did some leaps and twists and somersaults to the strains of "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." Baby indeed. She is fourteen—Kornelia Ender is a grownup seventeen—and as poised as a princess. The ancient Greeks did not permit females to enter their Olympics. Miss Comaneci made me feel glad that in this respect, at least, the nature of the once peaceful games has changed.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

He [Carter] can build sentences as soft as ice cream. They melt in most voters' ears.—*James T. Wooten in the Times Magazine.*

And that's a mess right there!

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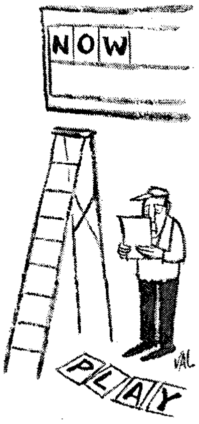
"HOLD your back straight. It's a solemn occasion." We are in rural France. Children are being drilled. Ceremoniousness counts. A straight back is an emblem of the serious.

Biju (Ginette Garcin), aged fifty, is getting married to Gobert (Pierre Plessis), a jolly sixty. The event that begins Jean-Charles Tacchella's "Cousin, Cousine" strikes no one as coming rather late in life. The celebrations go on all day. The bride drinks a litre of beer. At the end of the festivities, the bride's daughter Marthe (Marie-Christine Barrault) is left waiting for her husband. She finds herself stranded with Ludovic (Victor Lanoux), who has been made her cousin by this day of middle-aged Rabelaisian cheer. Ludovic, who is in no hurry for Marthe's husband to claim her, is a professor of dancing. He changes jobs every three years on principle. He has also studied mushrooms, played in jazz bands, and contemplated oil. His disorganization has gone according to plan. Marthe as yet knows little of his talent for well-ordered chaos, but she can scent an interesting mind a mile off. Pascal (Guy Marchand), her husband, is less innovative in his multiplicities. They consist mostly of a multiplicity of girlfriends. We see the range: a shopgirl selling bags, a pharmacist, a woman in family planning, a housewife, a bus driver. We are impressed but—like Marthe—not as impressed as we are by Ludovic's sense of the wide horizons that surround the matter of having a job. The new cousins, much drawn to each other, eventually have to ask each other whether their spouses are having an affair. Ludovic has found an operatic missive from his wife to Marthe's husband, labelled "To Pascal, in case I die." Marthe burns it without reading it. Chastity becomes more and more erotic. They have cream cakes.

This is a marvellously earnest and funny film about love undertaken as a project, rather in the spirit in which Biju's aging but sprightly new bridegroom builds a swimming pool as a home-grown way of relieving the tension of his job as a travel agent. Marthe's young nephew helps, reluctantly. It is the adults who bring the greater energy to their endeavors.



"Cousin, Cousine" is good at understanding the importance to people of where they draw the line. Ludovic's father comes to the funeral of his brother, but he waits outside the church; it is a question of principle for him never to go into a church. Ludovic and Marthe hum together, swim together, fall in love, are completely at ease with each other, potentially drive their spouses crazy by buying for each other what their legal partners most detest, but decide not to go to bed with each other. About this last point they have a stern conversation. They could either do it and lie to their spouses or do it once and never see each other again or be platonic. Platonism wins. But, life being what it is, society assumes the opposite; because the two have nothing to hide, they hide nothing, so they appear to be having the most flagrant fling in France. After a while, of course, the logic of this misapprehension brings the two of them to the point of making the misapprehension come true. They are idyllic in felicity, and also ravenous. Breakfast in bed becomes something lyric. Ludovic's wife, Karine (Marie-France Pisier), presents them with an image of guilt that quickly fades. She is herself promiscuous without a pang. It seems an aspect of her sleek, unplundered conscience that this figure of perfidy has just been spending a good deal of money on a sleep-cure. Sleep away shame.

"Cousin, Cousine" is full of Gogol gatherings: programs of family slides that show their audience's relatives working their way through formidably unsuitable jokes that stop the heart; a party given by children for grownups; sprees of keyhole peeking by kids; private lovemaking upstairs while forced adult fun is going on below; a show at which Biju's new young boyfriend does an amateur magician act about cutting her in half; phony applause, false fun, cheating marriages, but real deaths and a real, hidden love. The cousins by marriage know that one must be able to do better than this; that they have to be better than the rest. They take a hard and very grownup decision in the middle of infantile family fun.

The film, written by Tacchella, is finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody the particular mixture of the droll and the fragile which he discerns in humankind. With the ending, he brings a scamp comedy to a precise and surprising point of repose.

BRIAN DE PALMA's "Obsession" is an *hommage* to Hitchcock's "Vertigo." (He even uses Hitchcock's favorite composer, now dead: Bernard Herrmann.) But it is intellectually muddleheaded in a way that Hitchcock's films never are. It is not up to the Master's insteps. There is a point at which *hommage* has an enfeebling trait of echolalia.

In "Vertigo," James Stewart, as an ex-detective scared of heights, is asked by a friend to shadow the friend's wife (Kim Novak), who gives signs of being a suicidal neurotic. The ex-dick finds himself falling in love with his prey, who apparently kills herself. Then he sees the living image of his dead girl, who pretends to quite another identity. Fakery, and we know it. Hitchcock believes in giving an audience all the information it needs.

De Palma's "Obsession" doesn't. It indulges in mystification. In 1959, a rich, good-looking New Orleans businessman named Michael Courtland (Cliff Robertson) suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter, Amy (Wanda Blackman). Heartbroken, he builds a colossally expensive monument on a piece of his land-development holdings. No Muslim emperor with expensive dreams of the Taj Mahal could have done more. Mr. Courtland, a character with a rich, good-looking Wasp surname if ever there was one, erects a façade in the image of the church in Florence where he first met his wife-to-be.

Fifteen years after they observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage, Courtland is no less rich or good-looking, his wealth having survived, with interest, because he followed the advice of the police and declined to pay the half-million dollars demanded by the kidnappers. He is in the original Florentine church. He hasn't remarried, in spite of the richness and the good-lookingness. A girl appears who is the living image of his adored lost wife. (She couldn't have been adored that much if he wasn't prepared to cough up some of his fortune for her, even though he went on to build a landmark monument that must have cost a pretty penny.) Anyway, this living image is working on the restoration of a Daddi in the church. Is she perhaps really his wife, become Italian and kept in aspic? She fiddles away at the Daddi. There may be a crafty piece of iconography here. The painting is of a Madonna and Child. The Child holds a goldfinch, which is supposed symbolically to feed on thorns. Are we looking at suffering in store for Courtland? Such things don't cross his mind. Only the girl's amazing likeness. He looks stunned at the sight of this presumably dead wife now alive on a ladder; not for many years has a film with the externals of sobriety held so melodramatically stunned an expression. Counting on our fingers, however, we are less stunned, and calculate that this girl is rather unlikely to be his wife but quite likely to be his daughter. And we are right. No point in veiling such a simple piece of arithmetic. Hitchcock would have done the sum before our eyes, knowing that anyone except the simpleminded Courtland could have worked it out. Fifteen years have passed since 1959. Fifteen plus the age of the kidnapped Amy would seem to be the age of the young restorer, who is called Sandra Portinari. (Portinari is the family name of Dante's Beatrice.) She is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold, looking more like Glenda Jackson than ever, and striking us as having exactly the air of European educatedness for her to be cast as a girl up a ladder in a church in Italy wielding a paintbrush and restoring a Daddi. With her Daddy right there, and much in need of restoration, we get the point.

The plot proceeds, but it keeps faltering, because of De Palma's damaging affection for throwing the obvious into doubt. The screen gets the shimmers at key moments, which is a cheat. Are we watching a subjective expression of the hero's troubled state of mind? Or dreams? Or hallucinations? Story points keep being coated in Vaseline. Mr. Courtland, in spite of his upstanding looks, has vagrant powers of comprehension. His wealth is colossal but his brainpan is small. It is a relief to us to be told that he has put his money into a trust fund, because he has struck us as the sort of handsome dunce who might well spend everything he had on a three-legged horse at the races.

Made shivery by De Palma's gelatine technique, there is a shot of a wedding cake with a miniature of the church on top of it. Or maybe of the monument façade. Courtland gets married—in actuality, as far as one can guess—to his young Italian girl, whom he has even instructed to walk like his kidnapped wife, trying to get her to drop her Italian stride for what he calls "the Bryn Mawr glide." But whom is he marrying? Does the wedding represent a second chance? Or remarriage to the original wife? Or incest?

The best thing about the story (by the director and Paul Schrader) is the contribution to it of Courtland's business partner, Robert La Salle (John Lithgow), whose adept double crosses make the otherwise gauzy plot work. His superiority to Courtland in the matter of sense is striking. Courtland seems to deal in slipups. Heaven knows how he made such a pile. He sometimes seems a little concussed by his good looks, to the point of possessing notable lack of initiative. He will take anybody's advice, especially his analyst's. When we tot it up in years, it seems that he must have spent a good decade on the couch, which may account for his unlined face. But all the sessions in the world did not give him the bearing of his partner, who is a true representative of the Old South. There is good character reason for rivalry here. Courtland is not much of a Southern gentleman. Long ago, having hugged his wife on the tenth anniversary of their wedding night to some syrupy music inapt for a thriller plot that leans on tautness, he heard his daughter hysterically crying; but he left it to his wife to cope, and to be kidnapped along with the child. Courtland has remained safe and inert, with egg on his face. It is not thus that fortunes are made, or mystery films.

Brian De Palma obviously has an idiosyncratic point of view and a load of monkey-on-a-stick energy, but he wrecks his talent again and again by mistaking the random for the free-wheeling. The confusion is typical of our times, and ruinous to this particular film: in making a thriller, exactitude counts. "Obsession" raises a good many questions that are never answered. It is also sometimes fogged enough to let a plot point rely on characters' witlessness, and such a reliance is not at all the same thing as dramatic irony. Dramatic irony rests on an audience's having fuller information than the characters, not on its being more clever. I remember a fine example of dramatic irony at work at a production of "Hamlet" in a village hall in the North of England. Gertrude was about to drink from the goblet of poisoned wine. A member of the audience, made privy by our most technically skillful thriller-dramatist to what was in the goblet, stood up and shouted desperately to the brainy character who was on the point of making the mistake of her life, "Don't!" Shakespeare knew what he was about. In writing plays—or films—there is no cheating the public.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

FIVE men from Canada—Jack, Joe, and Ted Burnett, and John Sikura and Harold Potash—put together a syndicate and gave $1,500,000 for a yearling chestnut colt by Secretariat out of Charming Alibi at the Keeneland sales, in Lexington, Kentucky, last week. It was more than double the highest price ever before paid for a horse that age. Racing folk had generally agreed for some time that somebody would eventually give a million for a son of Secretariat, who ran such spectacular races for the Meadow Stable three years ago. From all accounts of returning travellers, the vendue was an occasion. The sales pavilion was filled to capacity, and when Hip No. 279, consigned by Nelson Bunker Hunt's Bluegrass Farm, was led into the ring, excitement became intense. The bidding on the colt—he's a half brother of Dahlia, the world's winningest race mare—opened at half a million, which Joe Burnett, acting for his group, quickly topped. With several syndicates participating, it rose quickly to the million mark. A syndicate from Texas represented by William Farish III entered the action with a bid of $1,200,000 and went to $1,450,000 before giving up. In all, fifteen bids were made.

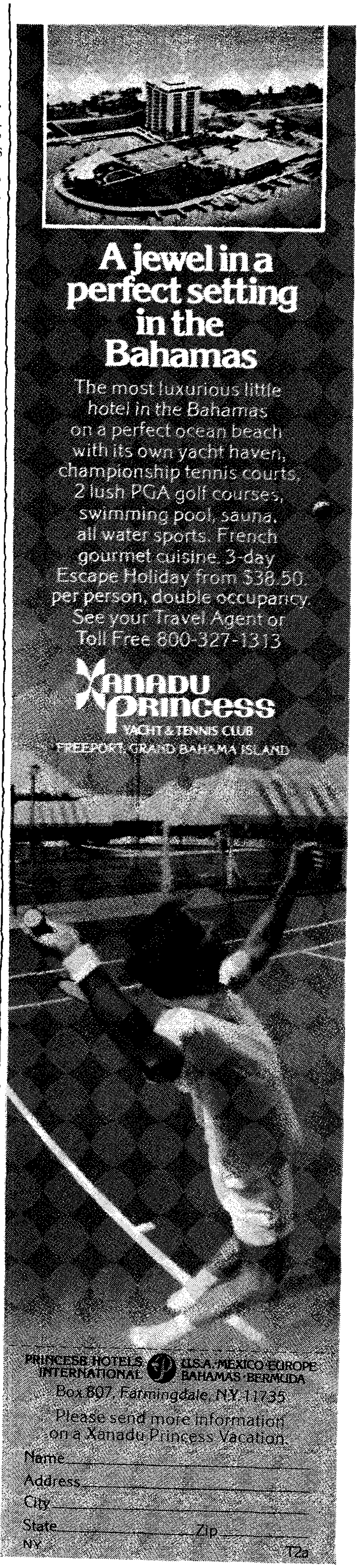
Jack and Joe Burnett are businessmen; Ted is an attorney. They own and operate the Blue Meadow Farm, near Toronto. John Sikura, a professional horseman, is the owner of Hill 'N' Dale Farms, also near Toronto. Dr. Potash is a Toronto dentist. No doubt the colt—and I'm curious about what they will name him—will be shipped to Blue Meadow Farm, and will stay there till it is time to train him. There is talk that he will be turned over to Charlie Whittingham, who trains Dahlia for Mr. Hunt, and who wins most of the big races in California. Horsemen who have seen the Secretariat colt say he is a handsome individual. He has four white feet and resembles his daddy a lot.

What surprised me most about the sale was that Mr. Hunt, who is among the richer Texas oil barons and has one of the leading racing stables abroad (only last month he won the English Derby Stakes with Empery, the French Derby with Youth, and the Grand Prix de Paris with Exceller), should have chosen to sell the Secretariat colt rather than keep him and run him in his own colors. Later, he told newsmen that selling a horse at the world's record price was a great thrill but a different kind of thrill from winning a big race. Selling horses, he added, was harder than buying them. Nevertheless, Mr. Hunt managed to sell the next-to-highest-priced yearling, too—a colt by Vaguely Noble out of Gazala II—to the Irish branch of the British Bloodstock Agency, for $550,000, and he also sold a colt by Vaguely Noble out of Pampered Miss for $400,000. He must have felt as though he'd hit the Triple.

Offhand, I'd say there has never been a sale comparable for prices with Keeneland's last week. Three hundred and forty-six yearling colts and fillies went under the hammer for a total of $23,035,000—more than four million above the total of last year's July sales. E. P. Taylor, Canada's Mr. Racing, who is no green hand at selling and buying horses (this time around he gave $232,000 for a filly by Nijinsky II), said he had never seen anything like it. Fifty-two of the yearlings offered brought bids of $100,000 or more, and there are a lot of happy breeders and horse copers around Lexington these days. An exception is Leslie Combs II, who for many years has sold the top-priced yearling. (In 1975, he sold a colt by Raise a Native for $715,000, which was a record; the animal has yet to face a starter.)

FOREGO was at his best in the mile-and-a-quarter Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. Storming past Lord Rebeau, to whom he gave twenty pounds, he won going away by two lengths. Foolish Pleasure, who had beaten Forego by a nose in the Suburban three weeks before, was third, four and a half lengths behind Lord Rebeau. With Foolish Pleasure carrying a pound more than he had in the Suburban, and with the distance a sixteenth of a mile farther, the crowd of thirty thousand looked for a good show, and got one. Dancing Gun and Double Edge Sword set a lively early pace: the first quarter in 0:22⅘, and the half in 0:46⅘. Then Lord Rebeau took the lead after the mile, but he couldn't withstand the challenge from Forego, who finished in 2:01⅕. It was Forego's third consecutive victory in the Brooklyn, equalling the record set by Discovery forty years ago. Foolish Pleasure's performance was a dull one; he was never better than third, and Maple, who rode him, said he had nothing when called on.

—AUDAX MINOR



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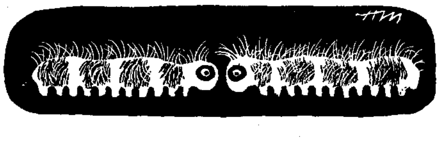
LETTER FROM LAOS

LAOS, the last of the Indo-Chinese countries to turn Communist, has, as befits its national character, done so more subtly and gently than its neighbors Vietnam and Cambodia. And although the milder manner of its transformation cannot obscure the fact that it is now a fully avowed Marxist-Leninist state, with close ties to both Hanoi and Moscow, the Lao still display many of the vagaries and idiosyncrasies that used to bewilder and sometimes exasperate Western officials and charm ordinary visitors. In time, as the Communists remold the society and build the "popular democratic dictatorship" they have proclaimed, these attributes may become less apparent, yet the chances are that Laotian Communists will still be somewhat different from Communists anywhere else. Despite their proximity to and political affiliations with North Vietnam, some of whose troops are still in the country and are likely to remain indefinitely, the Lao are determined to achieve in their own fashion what they constantly and grandiloquently refer to as "peace, independence, democracy, unification, prosperity, and social progress." As an undeveloped nation of only three or four million (the first census since French colonial days is currently being conducted), Laos may have trouble devising a role distinct from those of its larger Communist neighbors and allies, but its unique situation as a landlocked country bordered by Vietnam, Cambodia, China, Burma, and Thailand and its historic status as a buffer state may enable it—for the time being, at least—to maintain a separate identity.

Even if it does so, circumstances will be altogether different from what they were before the Communist takeover. While the United States has managed to keep a small embassy here, with a staff of twenty-seven—our only surviving outpost in any of the Indo-Chinese countries—we are largely ignored or, if we are given any attention, castigated for wartime bombing damage and for "neocolonial" plots we are still alleged to be engaged in, chiefly with Thai and Laotian "reactionaries," many of whom fled across the Mekong to Thailand following the takeover. The contest in Laos today is between the Russians and North Vietnamese, on one side, and, on the other, the Chinese, whose influence at present is stronger in Cambodia, to the south, and Burma, to the west, than it is in Laos or Vietnam. The Chinese, as usual, are taking a long-range view—saying that the Russians will defeat themselves in Laos, just as the Americans did before them. However that may be, the North Vietnamese are currently the decisive political factor, as they have been for the past thirty years—a period in which the leading Laotian revolutionaries, now rulers of the country, were trained and guided by Hanoi.

Acknowledgment of these close bonds was fervently demonstrated earlier this year, when a large Laotian delegation, headed by the new Prime Minister, Kaysone Phomvihan, journeyed to Hanoi for a week and was ceremoniously greeted by a group that included more high-ranking North Vietnamese than had ever before turned out to greet such visitors. At the conclusion of the meeting, a joint communiqué, overflowing with emotional declarations of mutual respect and admiration, promised "to consolidate and enhance . . . solidarity, long-term cooperation, and mutual assistance . . . in the interest of each nation and in the interest of the revolution in Southeast Asia and in the world." Since at the moment the Vietnamese have their hands full unifying the two halves of their war-shattered nation, they will probably encourage the Lao to follow a semi-independent, nonaligned course, as the new government insists it wants to do. Such a course would serve Hanoi's interest in keeping Laos in geopolitical balance between Peking and Moscow while also, as the joint communiqué made clear, serving notice on the other Southeast Asian nations—Thailand, in particular—that the insurgency movements within their borders will continue to receive both ideological and material support.

EVEN in carrying out the early phase of revolutionary changes, Laos is proceeding at a traditionally slow pace. In Vientiane, the capital, I asked a Western ambassador who had been in the country only a month what his initial reaction to conditions in Laos was. After a pause, he replied, with a smile, that he felt "disoriented." That sensation, I was able to assure him, was quite natural here, and he was obviously adapting himself to Laos very well. The disorientation one feels in Laos—a country that has always appealed to Westerners, from transient hippies and diplomats on two-to-four-year tours of duty to the score or more American and European businessmen, adventurers, and sometime wanderers who have been settled in Vientiane for longer than most of them care to remember (or can remember)—is akin to that induced by behavioral drugs stronger than the marijuana or opium one can still obtain around town. (The Communists will presumably get around to banning marijuana, but they have terminated the Americans' decade-long efforts to halt the growing of poppies by the local Meo tribes.) In some ways, because of the manner in which the Communists took over, the disorientation felt by the returning visitor is exceptionally acute. Many things are still the same, but many things are different, and the mixture is confounding. In the upper lobby of the rambling, barracks-like Hotel Lane Xang, there still hangs a glass-covered advertisement that reads "Falling in Love with a Simple Country. Let It Happen to You in Laos. Laos Happens on Royal Air Lao." One can still fall in love with Laos—or, at least, have a pleasant platonic relationship with it in its new manifestation—but not on Royal Air Lao. At the airline's office, around the corner from the hotel, a giggling group of teen-age Pathet Lao soldiers was taking down the old Royal Air Lao signboard as I came out of the Ministry of Information across the street. There I had just been issued a press pass typed out on the old form used by the royal government; the polite young man who handed it to me explained, a little sheepishly, "We haven't got around to printing new ones yet."



Such remnants cannot obscure the fact that the six-century-old monarchy was peremptorily abolished on December 2nd, when, at a meeting in Vientiane, the National Congress of People's Representatives, a two-hundred-and-sixty-four-member body that was locally elected last October and November, dissolved itself in favor of a forty-five-member Supreme People's Council and proclaimed the formation of the Lao People's Democratic Republic. King Savang Vatthana, who announced his abdication and withdrew temporarily to a small farm outside what used to be the royal capital, Luang Prabang, about a hundred and forty miles north of Vientiane, is currently listed as an "adviser" to Prince Souphanouvong, a revolutionary of thirty years' standing who now holds the largely honorific title of President of Laos. Souphanouvong's half brother Souvanna Phouma, the former Prime Minister, who still resides in his house in Vientiane, is also listed as an adviser

“The Dow flattened him, and only the Dow can pick him up again.”

to the new government, but after twenty years in which he was the country’s most important political leader and vainly tried to keep it on a neutral course, his political career is finished. Because he recognizes this fact, and also because he had a serious heart attack two years ago, he is expected to retire soon to Paris. One still sees some old pictures of the King, who is now back in seclusion in his Luang Prabang palace, on the walls of restaurants and in other public places, but they are fast disappearing, as are other trappings of what was once known as “the kingdom of a million elephants.” The old flag, bearing the triple image of white elephants on a red ground, has been replaced by a less fanciful one, with red stripes at the top and bottom and a broad blue band in the middle bearing a white circle; the circle represents a rising moon and denotes the ascendancy of the People’s Democratic Republic.

The new Laotian bureaucrats are an odd mixture of traditional Laotian courtesy and recently acquired toughness—the degree of toughness depends either on their experience as Pathet Lao soldiers during the long years of fighting or on the number of hours or days they have spent at “seminars” conducted by the new government. These seminars are being held all over the country, but the most important ones are taking place either in Vientiane or at Viengsay, the Communists’ longtime mountain stronghold not far from the North Vietnamese border, in the northeast corner of Laos. The seminars, which vary in length from several days to several months, consist primarily of “political reëducation” lectures delivered by party cadres to everyone from minor local officials, who get the shortest courses, to the entire membership of the old government ministries, who are subjected to prolonged reindoctrination. The leading military men and civilian officials of the former government—that is, the three or four thousand of them who did not flee across the Mekong to Thailand—have been sent to Viengsay, where they are undergoing not only reëducation but physical reconditioning, including manual labor. Only a handful have as yet returned, and, though their families have received occasional innocuous letters confirming their safety, one ranking official of the new regime has admitted that those who “find it difficult to recognize their mistakes and to learn the correct way to change,” because they “had long been deeply influenced by the ideology of the Americans and their lackeys,” may have to remain in Viengsay “for a rather long period.”

While I was in Vientiane, a three-day seminar was being conducted in the ground-floor ballroom of the Hotel Lane Xang by an austere-looking member of the Ministry of Defense, dressed in a traditional white, high-collared Laotian shirt and dark trousers. He presided over about three hundred male and female Defense Ministry workers, who arrived each morning in a Russian bus, on their own motorcycles or bicycles, or on foot. Some of them wore dark-green military uniforms with visored caps, and others were in civilian clothes. As I peered through the glass doors of the ballroom, I could see that they were listening attentively to the stern man in the white shirt. According to Western diplomats in Vientiane, the seminars are taking up so much of everybody’s time that very little else is being accomplished, and it is difficult to obtain answers to routine questions at any of the ministries. On the other hand, government spokesmen assured me that, while indoctrination and ideology are being given priority, the various ministries are busy preparing plans and budgets, and within a matter of a few weeks the new government will be a fully functioning one. Since in the twenty-five years I have known Laos the country has never had anything resembling a fully functioning government, it will be interesting to see if the Communists can pull off this trick.

DESPITE the ease with which the new regime took over the country, it is already having some internal difficulties, and in recent months it has had to deal with an increasing amount of resistance. In the northern areas, several thousand Meo (some estimates run as high as eight thousand) are maintaining scattered pockets of opposition, using wartime caches of American and other weapons and whatever ammunition they have left. Some of this resistance, mostly in the form of ambushes of Pathet Lao patrols and civilian traffic, is motivated by antigovernment feeling, while some is pure banditry, but in either case wounded soldiers have been brought back to Vientiane and casualties are obviously

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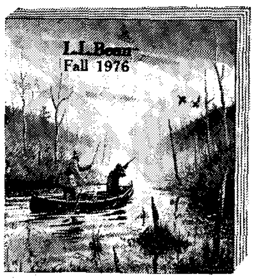

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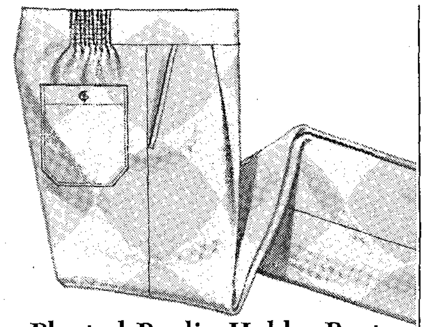

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being suffered. Many roads, including the major one between Vientiane and Luang Prabang, are still not safe to travel. The North Vietnamese are said to maintain at least one regiment of troops in the northern part of Laos, in addition to some work brigades repairing roads and bridges. The resistance in southern Laos, where there are at least three North Vietnamese regiments, is both more serious and more confused, especially along the Laotian-Thai border but also farther in from the Mekong, which serves as the boundary in much of the region. The south has always been a conservative stronghold, and there is considerable natural opposition there to the Communists, in particular to the Pathet Lao soldiers, a number of whom have been murdered. Some old right-wing Army elements are still fighting in isolated spots around the southern towns of Savannakhet, Attopeu, Thakhek, Pakse, and Paksane, and early in February there was at least one substantiated report of a mutiny among a group of several hundred people undergoing reeducation courses. The uprising was said to be led by an erstwhile Pathet Lao colonel, who, calling himself a "national Communist," opposed the presence of the North Vietnamese in Laos. Dissident Pathet Lao elements are said to have joined rebel groups, who have captured an unknown number of villages.

The most serious of the resistance groups is one calling itself the Lao People's Revolutionary Front 21/18; its public program places it strongly against the old Vientiane regime and also against the Pathet Lao—which, in effect, it accuses of betraying the revolution. The figure "21" refers to the date of the signing of the Vientiane agreement of February 21, 1973, which formally ended the hostilities between Communists and the government, while "18" refers to the eighteen points in the political program issued by the former Joint National Political Council, which the Pathet Lao dominated when a right-wing National Assembly was still in existence, during the period of the abortive coalition rule that followed the agreement. The Front wants both the Vientiane agreement and the eighteen-point program adhered to; it seeks to achieve the national reconciliation of all elements in Laos; and it favors the country's neutrality and nonalignment, without interference of any kind by foreign governments, including North Vietnam and Russia. It has adopted the same guerrilla tactics that the Pathet Lao employed when the Americans were here: blowing up bridges, conducting ambushes, and assassinating people it considers anti-revolutionary, including Pathet Lao soldiers and officials whose behavior it classifies as "against the interests of the people." That such opposition exists has been acknowledged by the new government. In Savannakhet, for instance, at the outset of the takeover Pathet Lao soldiers and newly appointed officials upset the citizens by impounding food supplies and trying to administer the city in dictatorial fashion. Prime Minister Kaysone and Nouhak Phoumsavan, a Deputy Prime Minister, both of whom are natives of Savannakhet, paid emergency visits to the city some months ago to pacify the population and modify the stringent measures taken by the authorities. Since then, much of the discontent has subsided, but the anti-regime activities are continuing throughout the south, and while in the opinion of most observers they do not at the moment constitute a serious threat to the government, the mere existence of the Front is a factor that obviously worries the new Communist leaders. The Front also claimed credit for a number of isolated attacks in and around Vientiane in March and April, including the throwing of grenades into the National Radio Building and onto the grounds of the Soviet Embassy; not much damage was caused in either incident, although four Soviet officials were slightly injured. The government immediately tightened security throughout the capital, and since early April several hundred minor officials have been arrested and accused of "neglecting their surveillance assignments." It has also detained another several hundred persons, mostly Vietnamese and Chinese, but some Lao, as well, and charged them with anti-revolutionary activities; among them were some Pathet Lao soldiers who, the government said, "have done more harm than good."

The resistance movement, overall, appears uncoördinated and lacks weapons, but the government regards it as a definite nuisance and as an obstacle to the establishment of an orderly administration. While the administrative gears continue to grind slowly, as they always have in Laos, some things, such as ordinary services, are already functioning more efficiently than they did before. The new immigration officials at the airport, for example, are both more polite and more expeditious than the old ones were. (Some years ago, my wife and I were held up for more than an hour when we were unexpectedly requested to produce extra photographs of ourselves, which we didn't have; the requirement was finally waived in my case, but it wasn't until I found tucked away in my wallet a faded snapshot of my wife in a bathing suit that she was permitted into the country. I've been wondering lately if the photo still reposes in some dusty Vientiane file.) The Ministry of Information is certainly a lot more efficient, and so are the police, though the latter are also more officious, at least toward Americans.

One of the things that Communists always organize rapidly is a propaganda machine. The new government news agency and a new daily paper, *Voice of the People*, are the principal sources of information. At the moment, there are also a semi-independent, privately run paper called *New Vientiane* and two small Chinese papers. No foreign English-language papers are sold here any longer, but American news magazines are still available, except when they contain stories critical of Laos. Though no one is supposed to listen to foreign radio broadcasts, particularly those from Thailand, I was told that many people do; an old friend of mine, the owner of a small hotel, told me, "We live on radios and rumors." The government-run radio broadcasts official announcements as well as speeches by Prime Minister Kaysone and other ministers. In the late afternoon and evening of the Sunday I arrived, I walked about the town, which was virtually deserted. In order to save money, the new government has limited imports of gasoline, which it rations at the rate of about six gallons every twenty days—a move that has cut down the number of cars and taxis, which was never very large anyway. Despite the fact that there were very few pedestrians on the streets, either, a loudspeaker every few blocks was blaring forth revolutionary exhortations and songs—the latter traditional Laotian tunes with new words. While many once famous night spots have been closed down, there are still four "controlled" night clubs in town. One evening, with some Laotian and Vietnamese friends, I attended one of these. The musicians were the same, and most of the large crowd appeared to be the pre-revolutionary mixture of young Laotian boys and girls and a few foreigners. (Women are no longer allowed to wear miniskirts or West-

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ern-style dresses but only blouses and the traditional long wraparound skirts called *sing.*) The only dances permitted were Laotian ones—particularly the *lamvong*, a graceful affair in which the main motion is a gentle waving of the hands (but this, too, has been banned since my departure, I have learned). The night I was there, an occasional Western song was played, but there was no dancing to it. The words of all the old Laotian songs had been updated with such lines as "Three months ago, the people of Laos were under a reactionary government and now we are free." Except for the members of the band who sang these rather bland lyrics, no one seemed to pay much attention to them, and the mood of the place was just as romantic, if not quite as frenetic, as it used to be.

Among the best social barometers of any Asian city are its markets, and the big morning market in Vientiane seemed to me to be functioning at its normal active pace. Except for meat, there was plenty of food available, from rice and fish to all sorts of fruits and vegetables. Last November 18th, the Thai border was closed by the Thais following the firing of shots by the Pathet Lao at a Thai patrol vessel that was said to have infringed on Laotian waters; this meant that Vientiane was deprived of much of its usual supply of food, so one of the new regime's first moves was to order all citizens, and all ministries and officials as well, to plant vegetables in their back yards, and these pleasant green gardens are now sprouting everywhere. Meat is a problem that the government is still trying to solve. Initially, there was a ration system, but the distribution of ration slips was so erratic that it had to be abandoned. New coöperative stores are now being opened, where a variety of goods, including meat and other foods, will be available at fixed prices, but in the meantime there is a flourishing black market in meat, though one has to know where to look. There is also a special store for foreign diplomats, where food, including meat, can be bought with American dollars. A number of fine French restaurants in town still serve delicious meat dishes, and a full-course dinner, including an excellent bottle of French wine, until recently cost two or three dollars at the black-market rate, which was six thousand kip to the dollar. The old official rate was twelve hundred and fifty to one, but in mid-June a new "liberation" kip was issued at an official rate of sixty to one, which has since gone to two hundred to one, with the black-market rate at twelve hundred to one.

No one is permitted to leave Vientiane without a pass, and no American can now visit the surrounding villages that are administratively part of Vientiane without special police permission, so I found the market the best place to obtain reactions to the new regime. Wandering through it, stopping off briefly at one of the Vietnamese-run food stalls for a bowl of soup, I discovered that people who were willing to talk about the new government were mostly unenthusiastic but seemed to accept it as an inevitable development. Two or three people I spoke with voiced vague regret that the King had abdicated, and also made some offhand remarks about not really comprehending the new political order as it had been explained to them at rallies sponsored by new mass organizations that the government has established. (There are five such groups—the Lao Patriotic Youth, Patriotic Women, Patriotic Farmers, Patriotic Workers, and Buddhist Federation—and, theoretically, everyone is supposed to join one or another of these.) The mild complaints I heard were that after working hard all day people didn't especially enjoy having to put in three or four hours at a rally.

Next to the main market, where it was relatively easy to strike up a conversation, is the thieves' market, where it was more difficult, and where the goods are more varied, mostly having been appropriated after the Americans left en masse last year when our AID mission was closed. The exodus followed organized student demonstrations that lasted about ten days and resulted in a few nasty altercations, in the aftermath of which three Americans were locked up in the AID compound for several days. On sale in the thieves' market—which seemed to be of particular interest to newly arrived Russians—were such major items as radios, typewriters, lamps, cameras, and electric fans, and such minor ones as toothpaste, shoe polish, soap, G.I. shoes, and G.I. mess trays. At a nearby bookstore, the books and pamphlets on sale included a plentiful supply in Russian, though I doubt that many Lao read Russian; the only books I saw in English were a large collection of Jules Verne's novels and several copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."

THE outward appearance of an almost accidental takeover by the Communists and the seemingly rather casual manner in which they have gone about establishing the new regime are somewhat misleading. Throughout the long period of the American war effort here, and for many years before that—as far back as the establishment of the Lao Issara, or Free Lao, movement, in 1945, when Souphanouvong received his first hundred weapons from Ho Chi Minh's newly founded Vietminh—there was a hard core of Laotian Communists who constituted a dedicated revolutionary group, determined initially to overthrow the French, and then, when the Americans replaced the French in Indo-China, to get rid of them. Prime Minister Kaysone is about fifty years old; his mother was Laotian and his father Vietnamese—a middle-class civil servant in the French colonial administration—and they sent their son to study medicine at the University of Hanoi. There Kaysone met Ho and other Vietnamese revolutionaries, and he may have joined the old Indo-Chinese Communist Party, formed by Ho in 1930. At any rate, when the Second World War ended he returned to his native city, Savannakhet, at Ho's suggestion, to organize resistance against the French. He rose rapidly, becoming commander-in-chief of the Pathet Lao forces in 1955. That year, Nouhak, who was born in the same town of a poor peasant family and later got rich by operating a bus and truck service between Vietnam and Laos, attended the Geneva Conference as an unofficial Pathet Lao representative. Both Kaysone and Nouhak were founding leaders of the Neo Lao Hak Sat, or Lao Patriotic Front, which was formed in 1956; more important, both were members of the secret Phak Pasason Pativat Lao, the Lao People's Revolutionary Party, which had been created in March, 1955, but whose existence was not made public until last year. Kaysone and Nouhak are believed to belong, in addition, to the Laodong, the Vietnam Workers' (that is, Communist) Party.

Laos received its independence from France six months before the Geneva Conference, in 1954. During the next two turbulent decades, while the country was undergoing a series of unsuccessful experiments with right-wing and coalition governments, marked by bitter factional feuds and interspersed with several coups and attempted coups, Kaysone, Nouhak, and their hard-core comrades made their headquarters in a mountain fastness of Sam Neua Province, in the northeast. That area, along with much of the rest of the

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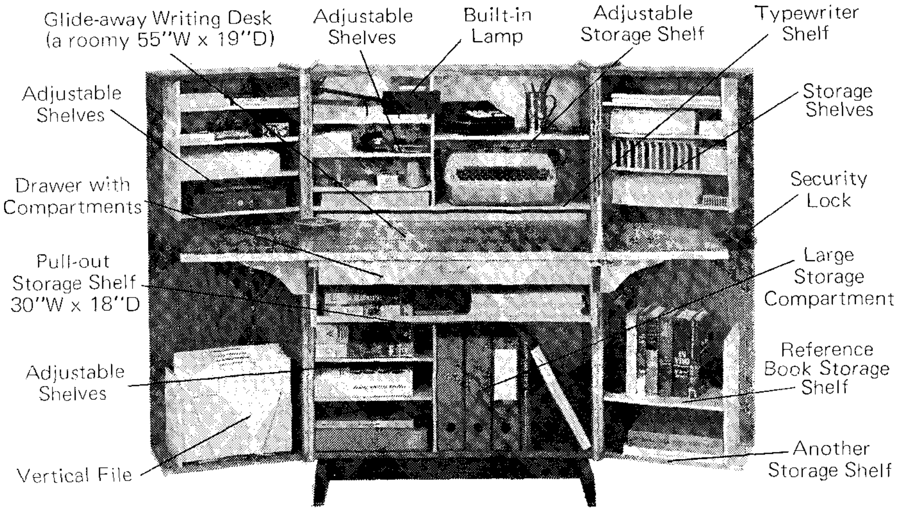

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country—particularly the vicinity of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, reaching down from North Vietnam through eastern Laos to South Vietnam, and the Pathet Lao positions in and around the Plain of Jars, not far from Vientiane—was heavily bombed by the Americans after the Vietnam war spread to Laos. Occasionally, some of the other Laotian Communist leaders came to Vientiane to negotiate tentatively with the right-wing or neutralist elements. (In 1959 Souphanouvong was jailed there, escaping in May, 1960.) None of these efforts resulted in any firm agreement. Despite the increasingly strong American intervention led by the Central Intelligence Agency, which conducted the so-called secret war that became less and less secret as the years went on, the Pathet Lao, under the tutelage of the North Vietnamese, maintained a hold on two-thirds of the country and about a third of the total population—mostly tribal groups. The right-wing and neutralist elements, banded together in what was known as "the Vientiane side," held the western part of the country, including the rich Mekong Valley, but this governing group remained factionalized, and a number of wealthy families controlled different provinces as virtual fiefdoms, while the Army was divided by its own feuds and contests for power. Souvanna Phouma did his best to hold the Vientiane groups together, but it became increasingly apparent that he was engaged in a losing effort, and that the Americans were achieving little more in Laos than they were in Vietnam.

Under the terms of the Vientiane agreement of February, 1973, a new coalition government was established in April, 1974, but while the Pathet Lao were given control of some ministries and dominant representation on the newly formed Joint National Political Council, they were not represented in the National Assembly, which had been elected in 1972 and consisted entirely of partisans of the Vientiane side, most of them ardent right-wingers. The Pathet Lao, meanwhile, retained military control of most of the countryside. A tenuous ceasefire line was supposed to keep the two sides apart, but sporadic fighting continued, although not on anywhere near the same scale as in Vietnam. In April, 1975, the Pathet Lao persuaded the King to dissolve the old National Assembly, and the King subsequently made a visit to Pathet Lao headquarters in Sam Neua. Then, in May and June, the Communists helped to set in motion the demonstrations that resulted in the hasty departure of all American dependents and the closing of the American AID mission, which had long served as a cover for the C.I.A. war effort. During this period, the Pathet Lao not only stepped up its military encroachments on Vientiane but forced the withdrawal of the leading right-wing members of the coalition government and replaced them with lesser-known and more malleable representatives of the Vientiane side. Meanwhile, they kept up their anti-American demonstrations, and gradually took over complete control of the government. They proclaimed the "liberation" of Vientiane on August 23rd, 1975.

MUCH of Laos is so inaccessible that it was not apparent during the early summer of 1975 that the Pathet Lao—or, more specifically, the Lao Patriotic Front and the cadres of the People's Revolutionary Party—was quietly and efficiently preparing the ground for a formal takeover. The work was carried out in Laotian fashion, by moves not unlike those of the hand-waving *lamvong* dance. In July and August, in thousands of villages and in the groups of villages called *tasseng*, all over the more than one hundred districts and sixteen provinces of the country (the new regime has now reduced the number of provinces to twelve, plus the municipality of Vientiane), representatives of the already established mass organizations attached to the Patriotic Front were setting up meetings, which led, in November, to elections from the village through the provincial level. At the end of November, an extraordinary session of the Joint National Political Council was summoned at Viengsay, and about two hundred officials of the former government were ordered to report there for reëducation courses. On November 26th, a big rally was held at the national stadium, in Vientiane, and it was followed by several days of demonstrations—including one in front of Souvanna Phouma's house—demanding the abolition of the monarchy and calling for the creation of "a new popular and democratic regime" to replace the old one representing "feudalism, capitalism, and the reactionaries." On November 29th, after meeting with Souphanouvong and Souvanna Phouma in Luang Prabang, King Savang Vatthana agreed to the formal disbanding of the coalition government, including the Joint National Political Council, and also agreed to abdicate. On the first and second of December, the new National Congress of People's Representatives, consisting in part of those who had been elected in the provinces and in part of Party cadres who had been carefully selected, met in the gymnasium of the former American AID compound in Vientiane and heard Kaysone present a "Political Report on Abolition of Monarchy and Establishment of a People's Democratic Republic" and subsequently announce a new "program of action." He reviewed the nationwide reorganization that had already taken place and spoke of "increasing efforts [to consolidate] the people's councils and administrative committees at all levels" and of "guaranteeing that the popular democratic dictatorship will be further strengthened and consolidated with every passing day." He also spoke of "extensively expanding and consolidating the organizational network of guerrillas" and stressed "the military duty of youths." Estimates of Pathet Lao strength have ranged from thirty to forty thousand in the past, but fresh recruitment is already going on and many of the new recruits are boys in their early or middle teens.

In the section of the program which dealt with economic affairs, Kaysone placed special emphasis on making Laos self-sufficient in the production of food and on the protection and development of the nation's forests—timber is expected to be one of the main exports, and the government is creating a state monopoly for selling it abroad, chiefly to Japan. Kaysone was less explicit about industrial development. He referred to "new industrial factories to produce goods from local agricultural and forest raw materials" and to developing "mineral resources and hydroelectric-power sources." Laos has supplies of potash, tin, and iron, but they have been only partly developed so far. As for power, a multinational consortium has been engaged for several years in building a large hydroelectric development on a tributary of the Mekong, the Nam Ngum, north of Vientiane, which will eventually provide a hundred thousand kilowatts of electricity. The Americans were in charge of the first phase of the project and were supposed to lend five million dollars to help com-

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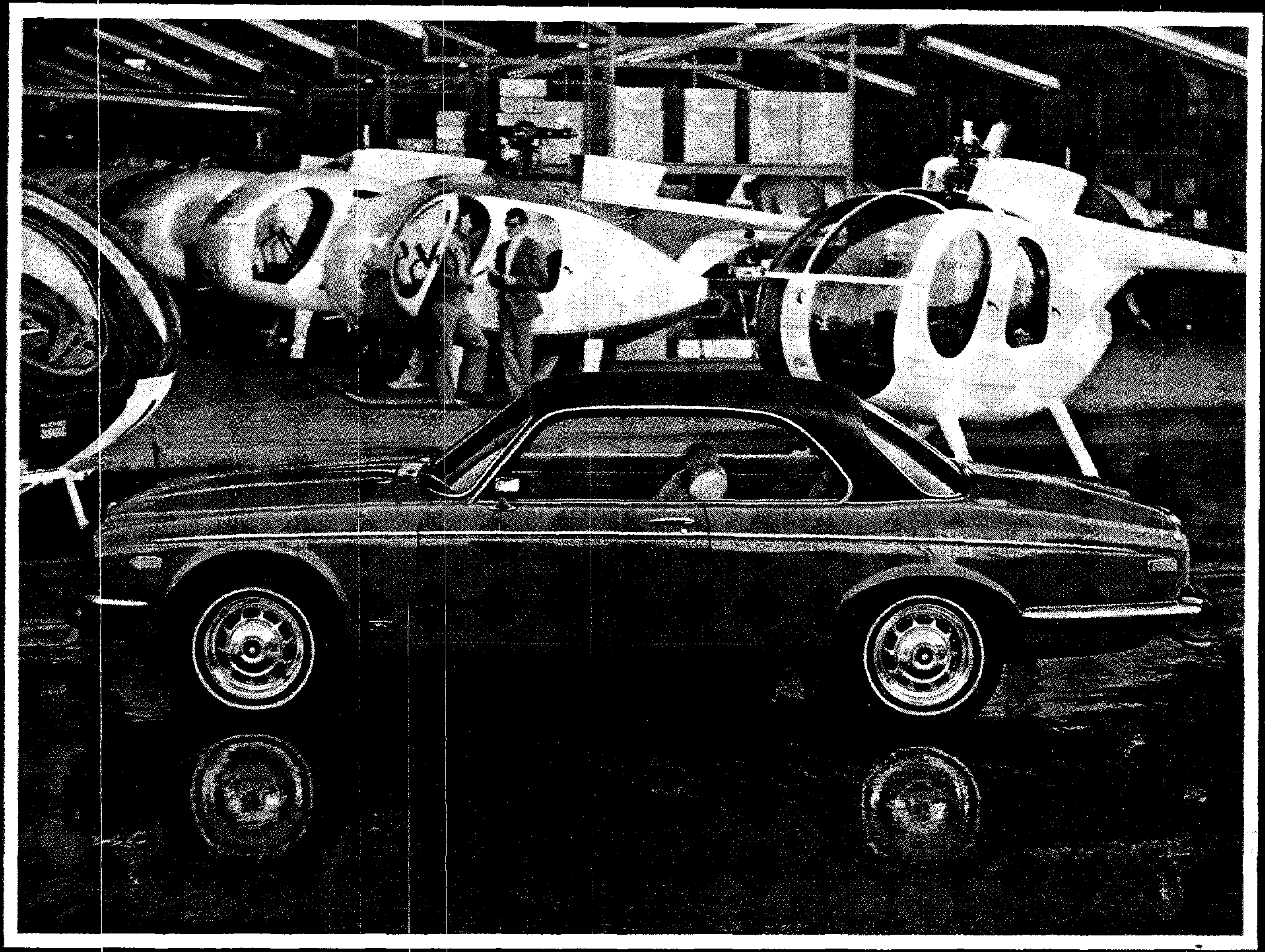

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plete the second phase, which the Japanese are in charge of; since our withdrawal, the West Germans have taken our place. Kaysone announced that the state would control all imports and exports as well as all banking but said that joint ventures by the state and private entrepreneurs would also be set up. Some of these, with the government holding fifty-one-per-cent control, have already been established. Small private enterprise is still being allowed, but Chinese and Vietnamese had operated most shops in the past, and about half of the twenty thousand Chinese and fifteen thousand Vietnamese who were in Vientiane have fled the country, and many shops have been boarded up or have been taken over by the Pathet Lao.

In speaking of cultural and social affairs, Kaysone made it clear that strong measures would be taken "to get completely rid of the influence of the slavish, reactionary, and decadent culture; to mobilize and encourage the people to destroy all reactionary novels, books, newspapers, or pictures that arouse sexual passion in imperialist ways; and to check and get rid of various social evils, such as gambling, prostitution, and robbery." The government has already moved to eliminate prostitution; while numerous bars in which it flourished, mostly run by Frenchmen, are still open, the Laotian and Vietnamese women who can still be seen there no longer solicit openly. Gambling seems to have declined, but there are still robberies, especially at night, and, though there is no curfew in Vientiane, it is not wise to walk around alone after midnight. On the subject of religion, Kaysone said there would be religious freedom in the new Laos. At the end of March, however, the government newspaper attacked Catholicism, declaring it had brought a depraved Western life style to the nation and had associations with the C.I.A. Laos is basically a Buddhist country, and the new government has made use of the Buddhist monks, whose numbers are estimated at twenty thousand, and has held many meetings in wats, or temples. The Buddhist organizational structure, like that of the Communists, is vertical, from the village wats up through a centralized hierarchy. After summarizing his foreign policy, which stresses nonalignment, Kaysone concluded his speech by announcing that the government would consist of sixteen ministries, or government agencies equivalent to ministries, and a Council of Ministers of thirty-nine, headed by him. The new regime has made a special point of including members of the country's minority tribal groups, such as the Meo and the Lao-Theung, on the Supreme People's Council and the Council of Ministers, and some of them were present when, on the evening of December 5th, the leaders of the new government held a large reception, attended by the diplomatic community, on the grounds of the royal palace in Vientiane. In the middle of the celebration, while a Pathet Lao military band played new revolutionary songs, the ten top leaders of the government, headed by Kaysone and Nouhak, arrived quietly, and, standing together on the palace steps, the mystery men of the Laotian revolution dramatically made their first public joint appearance in many years.

IN the days and weeks that followed, meetings and rallies were held all over Laos, in keeping with Kaysone's announced plan for promulgating the tenets of the revolution. The Lao are not easily organized, and the fragmentary reports available have indicated that the initial reaction of people in formerly government-held areas was one of bewilderment tinged with a degree of suspicion. The new situation came about so quickly that even though the Communists had tried carefully to prepare the way for their takeover through the new mass organizations, they hadn't had enough cadres to get their message across. Suspicion gave way to fear and uncertainty as the seminar program was set in motion and former officials began disappearing. The uncertainty was increased by the fact that Thailand had closed its border with Laos two weeks prior to the formal Communist takeover.

The border was formally reopened by the Thais, on January 1st, at two places across the Mekong from Vientiane, the more important one being Nong Khai, which is the main river crossing. Laos and Thailand still have full diplomatic relations, but they remain at odds on a number of issues, including the question of reopening the entire border. The border had always been a subject of dispute and it is sure to remain so now that Laos has gone Communist. Over the years, five treaties have been signed in an effort to settle the division of the waters of the Mekong and of a number of alluvial islands. Since the river is broad in the wet season and very narrow in the dry season, it is virtually impossible to define accurately the shifting channels that determine navigational rights, and this situation has accounted for several shooting incidents. Each country has repeatedly accused the other of

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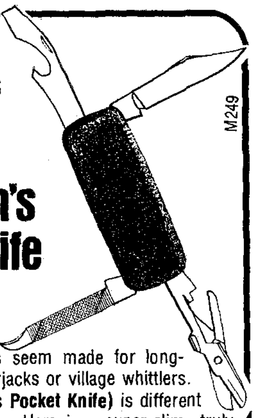

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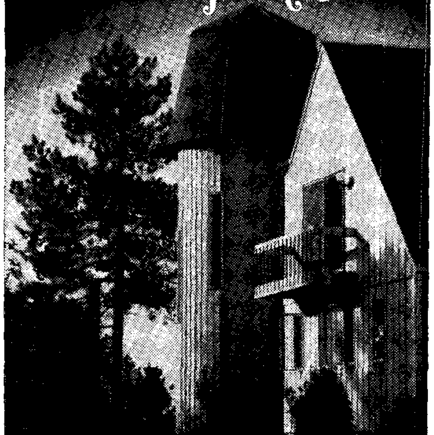

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border violations and indiscriminate firing, and there is no doubt that a number of soldiers and civilians have died as a result of the border dispute. The tension has been aggravated by constant smuggling between the two countries and, in recent months, by the movement of thousands of refugees into Thailand. Of an estimated total of a quarter of a million Meo in Laos, about a fifth have fled to Thailand, along with seven thousand Lao, six thousand Vietnamese, and eighteen thousand Khmer from Cambodia. The flow of refugees, which is continuing, though at a reduced pace, and which the Thais keep talking of curbing, has caused increasing nervousness in Bangkok about the insurgency in the northern and northeastern parts of Thailand. For years, the Thai insurgents have been armed and trained by the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao. Yet, although there has been some growth in the number of weapons that have come across the border since the fall of Vietnam and Cambodia and the Communist takeover in Laos, the number of insurgents in northern and northeastern Thailand has remained at eight or nine thousand, and the level of fighting—mostly small-scale encounters, plus occasional raids on police stations and very infrequent company-size encounters with the Thai Army—has stayed about the same, too. In fact, though the Thais are not happy about the influx of refugees, especially the Meo, the lurid stories told by the newcomers have damaged the efforts of the Thai Communists to build up popular support among their own country's peasants. Meanwhile, the Laotians continue to make broad accusations that right-wing Thai and Laotian elements are plotting to attack Laos with the help of the Americans. One high-ranking Laotian official told me that the C.I.A. had spent sixty-five million dollars so far this year, on top of a hundred and fifty million last year, in support of a counter-revolution. The truth is that there is no evidence of any such plots. The Thais, in their turn, are increasingly worried about an eventual invasion of their sixteen northern and northeastern provinces, or, at any rate, a heavy increase in the pattern of insurgency. According to numerous reports, the North Vietnamese and the Laotian leaders have talked about a three-year timetable for action in Thailand. Thai politicians, except, possibly, for the more hawkish generals in Bangkok, are eager to improve the still tenuous relations between Thailand and Laos, and also the even more tenuous relations between Thailand and Vietnam.

In addition to the three North Vietnamese regiments still in southern Laos, there are an unknown number of North Vietnamese workers who are building a new road and improving existing roads between central Laos and the Vietnamese coastal city of Vinh. The Laotian Communists deny today, just as they and their South Vietnamese counterparts did throughout the war, that there are any North Vietnamese in the country. The denial was repeated to me, almost perfunctorily, by Sisana Sisan, the Minister of Information, during a long interview I had with him. An urbane man of considerable charm who speaks excellent French and a bit of English (Kaysone, too, speaks French well and a little English), Sisana admitted that there was continuing resistance in the country by some who were "in a state of uncertainty," but he said that the Pathet Lao was capable of containing such resistance, and that the government was handling the tribal and other dissidents by "talking with them and giving them economic assistance." The real threat, Sisana said, came from Thailand, where, he insisted, American support for reactionaries was still rife. He insisted that General Vang Pao, who had been the Meo leader during the war, was in Thailand, and would not believe me when I assured him that Vang Pao, with his numerous wives and children, was on a farm in Montana. Sisana said that in Laos a new national identity would be created, despite the fact that there are sixty-eight tribal groups and subgroups in the country (the three basic groups are Thai-Lao, Mon-Khmer, and Chinese Tibetan): "All will enjoy the same treatment." Sisana went on to tell me that Laos would willingly accept aid from any country "as long as there are no political strings," and this, he said, would include the United States, "which says it wants to heal the wounds of war but doesn't really want to help us, because you think we regard you as an enemy."

As Thomas J. Corcoran, the American chargé d'affaires in Laos, subsequently pointed out to me, no aid can be given to any of the Indo-Chinese nations until Congress lifts an existing ban on such assistance. Corcoran is an adept veteran diplomat who knows how to keep his cool under trying circumstances, and he is engaged in what amounts to a tight holding operation in Laos. He and the other Americans in the small embassy seldom get a chance to see officials of the new regime, but they had a pleasant surprise early in January, when they were suddenly notified by the head of the new National Bank that some two hundred thousand dollars of frozen United States Embassy operating funds on deposit would be unfrozen.

A thorny matter that is still at issue is the seizure in June, 1975, of two American-owned compounds in Vientiane, including the large area known as Silver City, which used to be an important American residential center. Until this is settled, the question of any further aid, even with the approval of Congress, will not arise. The United States, which had given twenty-four million dollars in aid to Laos in fiscal 1975, had allocated thirty-six and a half million for fiscal 1976, but the grant was cancelled when the Communists took over. Included in that sum was sixteen million dollars that would have been our contribution to a five-nation financial consortium (the other nations were England, France, Japan, and Australia; our contribution would have been the major one) created to bolster the Laotian monetary system. The consortium is now acknowledged to be dead, and Laos, which at present has foreign-exchange reserves of only five or six million dollars, will soon have to look elsewhere—perhaps to the World Bank—for such support.

As a country that seems to retain the affection and sympathy of the world whatever its form of government, Laos is still receiving aid of one kind or another, mostly relief goods and food, from some fifty nations—Communist, non-Communist, and nonaligned alike. Even though the French in Laos have been treated almost as harshly as the Americans—after the Banque de l'Indochine was closed in December, its four officers were kept under "bank arrest" in their apartments on the top floors of the bank for two months—many French schoolteachers are still at work here; they will probably remain until there are enough Laotian textbooks to replace French ones. But most of the French businessmen have left, and the French military mission that was set up in 1954, the year after independence was granted, has been terminated. The Russians are by far the main donors of aid now, and though they admit to having only two hundred representatives in the country, Western diplomats—and, privately, Laotian officials as well—say that the total is between five and six hundred. It is impossible to gauge the total amount of Russian aid to Laos in the past year and a half, but it must amount to at least ten million dollars, and by the end of this year it will probably be three or four times that. So far, most of it has consisted of nearly three thousand tons of gasoline, scores of tons of cloth, paper, medicines, powdered milk, and canned goods, and a number of trucks and planes. During the period when the Thai border was closed, the Russians, with the North Vietnamese and East Germans, ran an emergency airlift and truck convoys from North Vietnam to Laos; the airlift has continued on a smaller scale. Aeroflot has taken over internal air transport and part of Laos's external air service as well, and has given the country a dozen or more cargo and passenger planes. Russian experts are also making geological surveys and are completing plans to build a new city, including a hospital and an airfield, near Phongsavan, on the Plain of Jars—a town that was destroyed by American bombers during the war.

Though Russians are to be seen all over town, an official I spoke with at the Soviet Embassy said, "We are conspicuous only because you Americans are gone." The Chinese are less visible, but they are also giving considerable aid, including some gasoline, and they are completing a road system in the northwestern part of the country which they have been working on for a number of years, and which the late Premier Chou En-lai originally told Souvanna Phouma would be turned over to Laos when it was finished. In the past two months, Kaysone and other high-ranking Lao have made two official visits to Moscow, as compared with one to Peking—but the best guess among diplomats in Vientiane is that the Chinese will retain access to the new roads, which extend almost to the Thai border, and that Peking will use them for its own purposes, including support of the insurgency movements in Thailand, Burma, and Malaysia, as a counterthrust to Hanoi's more active support, especially in Thailand.

One of the diversions of the lonely Western diplomats in Vientiane, who can no longer travel about the country and have few social events to attend, is watching the Chinese and the Russians watch each other. Though the

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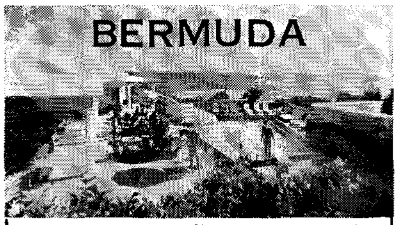

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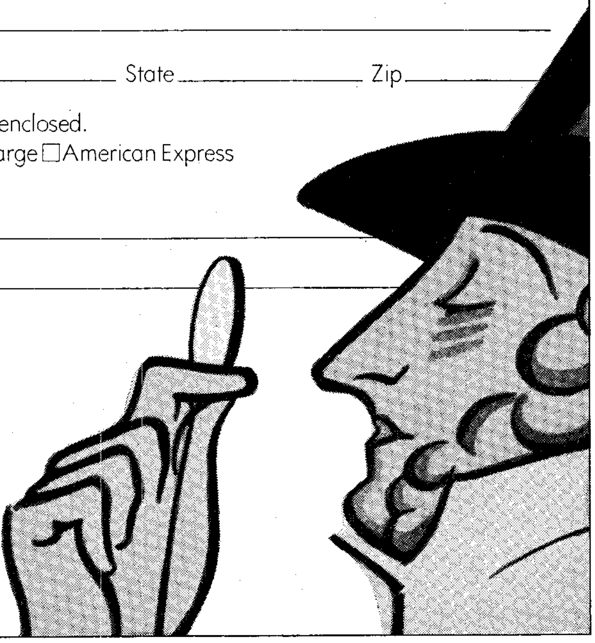

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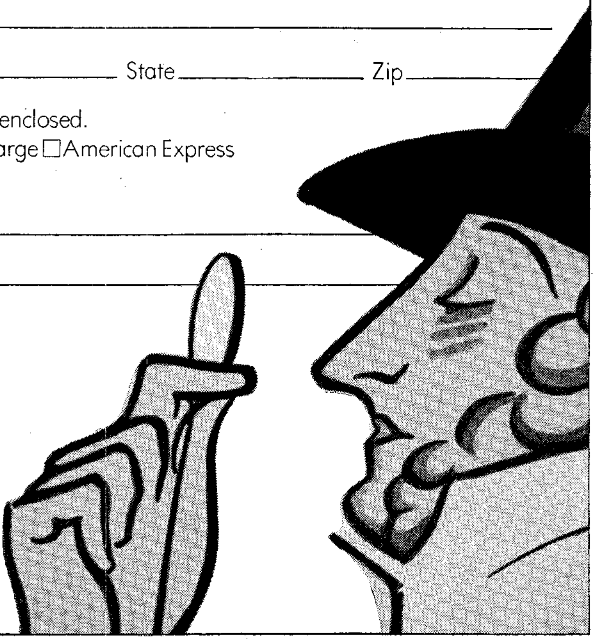

Russians are much more in evidence, the Chinese make a point of matching each Russian announcement of aid with an announcement of their own, and in one particular their assistance is much more conspicuous: they have given the Lao some eight thousand Chinese bicycles, vast numbers of which are now swarming through the streets of Vientiane. Initially, the bicycles were sold only to government workers, for eighty thousand old kip (about sixty-four dollars at the official rate) each, but many of them quickly found their way to the black market, where they sell for twice that amount.

In addition to the rumors and black propaganda that the Russians and Chinese spread about each other, rumormongering in general, which has always been a favorite pastime in Laos, continues unabated, fed by all sorts of wild reports from Thailand about the resistance movement and by exaggerated accounts of incidents along the river. One rumor that spread while I was in Vientiane had it that there were two thousand Cuban military advisers in the country; there are, in fact, thirty or forty Cubans, technicians of one kind or another, and they remain inconspicuous; most of them are apparently working in rural areas.

In many ways, Vientiane itself still looks more rural than urban, and the new vegetable gardens all around town have enhanced that image. The grounds of office buildings and of official residences and private homes are populated by chickens, ducks, and turkeys, and there are ponies and goats about, too, not to mention plenty of cats and mongrel dogs. In their initial efforts to remold the political personalities of the Lao, the Communists have wisely done nothing to denigrate the power of the animistic spirits known as the *phi*. The immortal *phi* exist everywhere—in the jungles and forests, in air, fire, and water, and in all the organs of the human body—and they must constantly be propitiated, or sometimes, when they are regarded as forces of evil, even be exorcised. Whether the *phi* will eventually be given, or will assume, a Marxist-Leninist character of their own has not yet been made clear by the new leaders. When I asked a young man who had just come out of an indoctrination session at my hotel whether the question of the *phi* had been raised in any of the lectures he had heard so far, he gave me a pained look and hurried away, glancing nervously around, as if to apologize to any *phi* who might have overheard my indelicate inquiry.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

BOOKS

Swift

THOSE who have read Dr. A. L. Rowse's little masterpiece of autobiography "A Cornish Childhood" will guess why that romantic and petulant historian had for over forty years hankered after writing a biographical portrait of Jonathan Swift. An outsider in the political acrimonies of the nineteen-thirties, an early "Leftist" who has turned against "Leftist liberal cant," Dr. Rowse, in his new book, "Jonathan Swift" (Scribners), portrays Swift as a fellow-recalcitrant whose ammunition is useful to his biographer in a one-man war against old appeasers and new fanatics: ex-Whig, high Tory, man of crusty common sense—what could be closer to our romantic Cornishman? It is indeed likely that Swift, who hated mankind as a generality but said he loved the individual Jack, William, and Tom, would have found our world third-rate and obscene beyond expression. It is conceivable that Swift would have raged against the appeasement of Hitler, the humbug of Baldwin's England, the errors of the American "computer war" in Vietnam, the belief in the educability of everyone, the political fancies of Laputa-like philosophers such as Bertrand Russell, and (of all petty things) even the Value Added Tax, which torments the British of today. Probably the author of the "Drapier's Letters" would have hated that most. But when Dr. Rowse drags such matters into what is elsewhere a very lucid and moving study of the terrifying Dean of St. Patrick's, he reduces him to the level of an irritable writer of letters to the *Times*. To take Swift out of his century is to cheapen him and distract us from the incessant pride, passion, and imagination of our supreme satirist and his truly tragic person.

Although Swift struck nearly everyone—especially women—as the most dazzling, robust, and naturally open man, and one irresistible in his rudeness, he was deeply secretive and evasive. His practice of anonymity in his plain, ferocious writing was not simply a caution before the threats of imprisonment for libel; it was meant to be a momentous underground game. His exhaustive biographers have found it impossible to make their minds up about the myths and gossip that surround his life—and not only because so much of it comes from Dublin, the most malicious city in Europe. One half hoped that Dr. Rowse would start one of his well-known hares, but he does not: he ignores, for example, wild stories like the suggestion that Swift was Sir William Temple's bastard and the half brother of Stella (Esther Johnson) and confines himself to what the best scholars have suggested, sensibly and kindly weighing the possible against the probable. He bows to Harold Williams and follows Middleton Murry's much fuller and very feeling "Life," although, unlike Murry, he regards Vanessa (Esther Vanhomrigh) as a devouring female egotist and an impossible plague. As he rather coarsely puts it, Vanessa was an instance of the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable. Whatever else may be said against the passionate Vanessa, she was not a fox-hunting girl.

It is agreed that Swift's humiliating failure as a very young man to persuade Jane Waring (Varina) to marry him set him violently against marriage for good, and that the words of his insulting farewell to her hardly suggest that he was impotent. If we are unlikely to know whether the tale of the secret marriage to Stella is true, it does seem very possible. Stella knew Vanessa was in pursuit; she could guess Swift had had his head turned. Stella's jealousy—and a very rational and Swift-like poem of hers expresses the feeling with extraordinary and painful detachment—may have made her insist upon a belated marriage in order to insure her position; Swift may very well have agreed to it as a secret trump card to play against Vanessa. We shall never be sure about Scott's tale that Vanessa found out and wrote to Stella, and that in a rage Swift rode out to confront Vanessa with the letter, threw it in her face, and never saw or wrote to her again. The scene is in character—supposing Swift to be a personage in one of Scott's novels. Dr. Rowse makes much of the difference in social class between Stella and Vanessa. Once educated by Swift, Stella was well fitted to please in the retired life of clerical society in Ireland. But the gifted Vanessa belonged to fashionable society, which Swift adored, and in training her he made her much more intelligent than the usual run of fashionable women. The core of the comedy, which became a tragedy, is clear in Swift's private poem "Cadenus and Vanessa," which she allowed to circulate after her death as a vengeance. The insulting Dean was a practical feminist who in curing his two pupils of female silliness found

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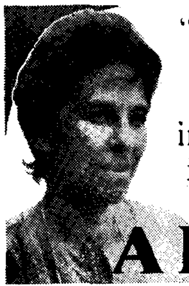

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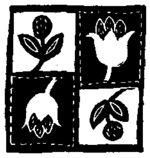
VIKING

that his Galateas had perfected their minds but retained their emotional natures. Reason was not all. Stella and Vanessa were rival works of art who came only too powerfully to life when they were fighting for possession of him. His gift for intrigue and self-protection failed him. What is truly horrible is that after their relatively early deaths, and for reasons of guilt, shame, and probably a sexual repression we can only guess at, he became obsessed by the dreadful image of the female Yahoo and the scatological nightmares. Even here we must not be too sweeping. We know that the commonest sights of eighteenth-century streets were excrement; that society stank, and even elegant society was blunt in language; and that one or two men with a skin too few—Smollett, for example—may have revelled in dirt but also, like the scrupulous Dean, preached against it.



If Swift seemed a dull, cold, calculating man—as the bland and censorious Victorians thought—and something of a monster, he was pitiable. If he did not love, he was tender, and craved tenderness and cleverness in women. As Dr. Rowse says, everything in his life put him apart from other men. His father's death before he was born was surely one decisive factor. That he was kidnapped as a baby in Ireland and taken to England by his nurse, with whom he lived for three years, is strange. That his mother is shadowy and that he was sent away to school at Kilkenny—the best Ireland offered at that time—are pointers to an absolute loneliness. His uncle and cousins could claim connections, but only as poor and distant relations. By the time he was taken in by Sir William Temple at Moor Park, in England, the young egotist was formed. Temple became the father figure to an uncouth boy who had stood on his own in the rough Anglo-Irish world—and what a rough lot the Cromwellian colonists must have been, freed as they were from their native English restraints, their liberty based on stolen land! What heady luck for a clever youth to go to a great English house like Moor Park and find a father figure in one of the most cultivated and eminent men in English public life! It was a leap from barbarism to the graces of civilization. What a reinforcement for a poor boy's will to power and ambition! There was a price, of course, and one slowly learned: the great and powerful are wayward and lazy, especially when a difficult young man becomes importunate. Swift wanted spectacular advancement at once; with his eye on the main chance, he was disappointed by queens, kings, lords, and archbishops throughout his life. The touching thing is that Moor Park became a lasting dream of the good life. When, in a simple, practical way, he persuaded Stella and her companion, Miss Dingley—fellow poor relations—to settle in Dublin after Temple's death, he was carrying an imaginary Moor Park in his head.

It strikes one that Swift is an instance of the infantilism of genius: he was a self-regarding child-egotist all his life. The will to instant power may not succeed, but intellectually it is devastating. In a rather schematic inquiry written in the thirties, Mario M. Rossi and Joseph M. Hone have the following words about Swift's egotism, which exactly convey his attitude to the great and to Stella and Vanessa:

> From Swift's assertion that he loathed humanity and yet loved Jack, William, and Tom, we are not to suppose that he loved them for what they were, nor indeed that he had even *knowledge* of them as they were. He loved them in so far as they surrendered to his whim, he loved them for being a sort of extension of himself, other bodies of his overlapping self. He disliked humanity because it was a number of extraneous selves; the egotist cannot identify himself with a mass. He identifies himself with individuals in so far as they are his servants.

In its drastic fashion, this seems to me true; one has only to look at Swift's purely practical and self-protective attitude to Stella and Vanessa when emotionally they were in extremis, and indeed when they were dying. The two women loved him in their differing ways and were grateful to him. He was not cold, but—like a child—he was incapable of facing or understanding what they felt. And, like a child, he was an expert politician in playing where adults do not play. For example, the baby talk in the "Journal to Stella," so skillfully, to all appearance, addressed to Stella and Miss Dingley for respectability's ingenious sake, is not a lover's baby talk but a brilliant raillery, which imitates Stella's lisping habit of speech with everyone when she was a backward child at Moor Park. It is a clever, affectionate, but daring mockery of her childhood, designed to keep her *in statu pupillari*. The baby talk—which he used with no other woman—is, so to say, a juvenile exercise in the art of philandering, at which he was notoriously expert.

Swift's hardness to Stella and Vanessa has often been described as mean, calculating, and, at heart, frightened; but, as Dr. Rowse can easily show, in Swift's relationship with everyone an exorbitant, ingrained pride—the pride of the solitary who will not give himself—is always there. As an unknown cleric, he forced the great Harley to walk halfway to meet him—not that Harley would notice: he would be either well mannered or merely drunk in an aristocratic way. Such a pride looks almost insane; it was in fact the source of Swift's genius as a satirist. He did not simply hate; he drew upon all the minutiae that buried hatred makes vivid and effective. It is clear, plain, merry obloquy, as unremitting and unanswerable as a day's rain. What Dr. Rowse does not go into—and a biography that makes us feel sympathy for a maimed character may not require this literary comment—is the curious influence of that new fashionable and scientific toy the magnifying glass on Swift's imagination. Perhaps that simple instrument played as great a part as pride when he came to assuage his passions in "Gulliver's Travels." How monstrous or tiny it could make his disgusts or his fears, even his own ego. How right that the elderly child should have written a child's book.

I must say that, for the first time in my reading, Dr. Rowse has made the factional quarrelling of Queen Anne's London clear, and even gripping. We are made to see it and feel it and want to be in it, for the moment, as Swift himself so avidly did. After all, he was trying to stop the slaughter of Marlborough's war. And Dr. Rowse is even better on Swift's "conversion" (if that is the word for it) to Ireland. Hated in Ireland, slandered in Ireland, he became eventually the spokesman for Irish (colonial) liberty—although he despised the Irish for their refusal to help themselves. In one way, little Dublin was just the place for the egotist so passionately and, above all, so pedantically concerned with his own liberty. The city was and is a place where one can exist as an irredeemable personality, giving and receiving blows and becoming notable as a protest at having been born. Though Swift was elsewhere regarded as avaricious and as counting every penny, his continual and thoughtful charities in Dublin to those whose needs were real or bizarre made him at one with that charitably uncharitable city, a testy and at last, alas, a senile saint.

When one looks back on him again, what strikes one is that he recorded the multitude of his daily acts pretty well as closely as Pepys did. He belongs to that very small number of famous people whose daily life is visible to us from hour to hour. This may be, as Rossi and Hone have said, because egotists of Swift's kind have instant passions but no lasting aim, grow tired when there is no one about, and turn to telling us even about such silly things as how they get up in the morning.

> So I'll rise, and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? So—up adazy.

It all comes as sweetly to him as handling a prime minister or terrorizing a duke. The terrible child will play his private games forever, until playing games drives him out of his mind.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KASSANDRA AND THE WOLF, by Margarita Karapanou, translated from the Greek by N. C. Germanacos (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The adult world, or that part of it which is sexual and violent, seen through the eyes of a precocious (to put it mildly) six-year-old girl named Kassandra. Miss Karapanou's first novel, which is fairly arresting at first because of the shock of reading about a small child's absorption with violence and sex, is really a collection of surreal vignettes about the child's relatives, servants, and playmates in Athens. All the vignettes are quite short—rarely longer than one or two pages—and all exemplify what the publisher calls Kassandra's "pristine sadomasochism." In one, a beloved uncle drowns himself; in another, Kassandra caresses the sides of beef and then a man's penis in a slaughterhouse. Racy as this may sound, it all becomes terribly repetitive and boring, and even the violent sadomasochism takes on an unpleasant fashion-magazine chichi.

GENERAL

SENATE DIARY: JANUARY, 1972–JANUARY, 1975, by George D. Aiken (Stephen Greene). At the close of this book, the author, who arrived in the United States Senate in 1940, has retired to his home town, Putney, Vermont. The diary he kept during his last three years in the Senate is so absorbing and eventful that it is a pity he did not start sooner. The Senator has the gift of making all his concerns—rural development, say—urgent as well as

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comprehensible. He also makes a senator's work seem exciting, even though the toil is hard and the rewards—the success of a program or a statute—chancy. Mr. Aiken fits no political stereotype, but that may be because he fits a regional one: he is the arch-Vermonter—thrifty, shrewd, and wholly independent.

T. S. ELIOT, by Stephen Spender (Viking). Two of this book's blurbs refer to it as an "introduction," and, like many introductions, it moves steadily through its subject from beginning to end, outlining Eliot's life and explaining, quoting, summarizing, and evaluating his works. It is not, however, a naïve or merely elementary book, for it comes from a writer and poet who has been closely connected with Eliot's contemporaries and inheritors, and who brings to the subject unusual insight and discrimination. Mr. Spender's views on Eliot are divided, but they are not contradictory or anxious. He esteems some of the poems and plays more than others, and he tends to treat all of them with more respect than the essays; toward these last he can be witty in a reductive way. This ordering reflects not only his particular reading of Eliot but the general principle that art must come before criticism, however much a critical awareness may contribute (as Eliot's did) to art. The interworkings of criticism and art in Eliot grew out of his own divided attitudes—divided toward tradition and innovation, toward external authority and individual imagination. His career was as subtle as it was illustrious, and Mr. Spender explores it with impressive understanding.

HORSE FEVER, by William Murray (Dodd, Mead). Mr. Murray is not so much a horseplayer (although he has had his share of winners and losers) as a man with a passion for horse racing. This book is an account of a (for him) record indulgence—a seven-week sojourn at the Del Mar race meeting, just north of San Diego. Del Mar, as he describes it, is an agreeable small track—a corner grocery compared to such supermarkets as Belmont and Santa Anita—and his book much resembles the track. It is easygoing, informal, and humorous. It is also very knowing about the people whose life is racing horses, about the nature of the thoroughbreds themselves, about around-the-clock life at a track, and about betting: " 'Some old horseman told me there were two types of guys who made money at the track—blacksmiths and vets.' "

FRANCE AND SHERWOOD ANDERSON: PARIS NOTEBOOK, 1921, by Michael Fanning (Louisiana State University Press). This attractive little book consists of a spasmodic journal, here published for the first time, that Anderson kept during his first (two-month) visit to France, and an introductory and a valedictory essay by the author, a professor of English at Southeastern Louisiana University. The journal is both interesting and embarrassing: it offers Anderson scholars new material for analysis, but it also shows us Anderson, aged forty-four, still stammering out his boyish Whitmanesque effusions—"My desire is as great as a mountain. It is as swift as a thought. I would fill the bowls at the fountain of life." Mr. Fanning's essays, on the other hand, are first-rate biographical and critical extrapolations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FAMILY ARSENAL, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin). An ambitious, not to say pretentious, thriller about a group (or family) of bungling I.R.A. terrorists in London. It seems to be Mr. Theroux's wish that we consider his story a kind of modern version of Henry James' "The Princess Casamassima" or Conrad's "The Secret Agent," or both. Both, in fact, are referred to in the text, and he further proclaims his intention by offering a lengthy quotation from the former as an epigraph. Character similarities also are in evidence: there is much about his Lady Arrow to remind us of the Princess, and his hero, Valentine Hood, is by turns Hyacinth Robinson, Verloc, and ("Wise up, sister") Humphrey Bogart. There is a certain amount of action, including, of course, a climactic bombing, but what really interests Mr. Theroux is stylish writing: "The sound raised the tattered smell again and corrected the engraved dimension the silence had imposed." That, and funny names: McGravy, Mr. Gawber, Araba Nightwing, Weech. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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Miss Fossey is studying under a grant from the National mountain gorillas in Rwanda, Africa.—*Photograph caption in the Levittown (Pa.) Courier-Times.*

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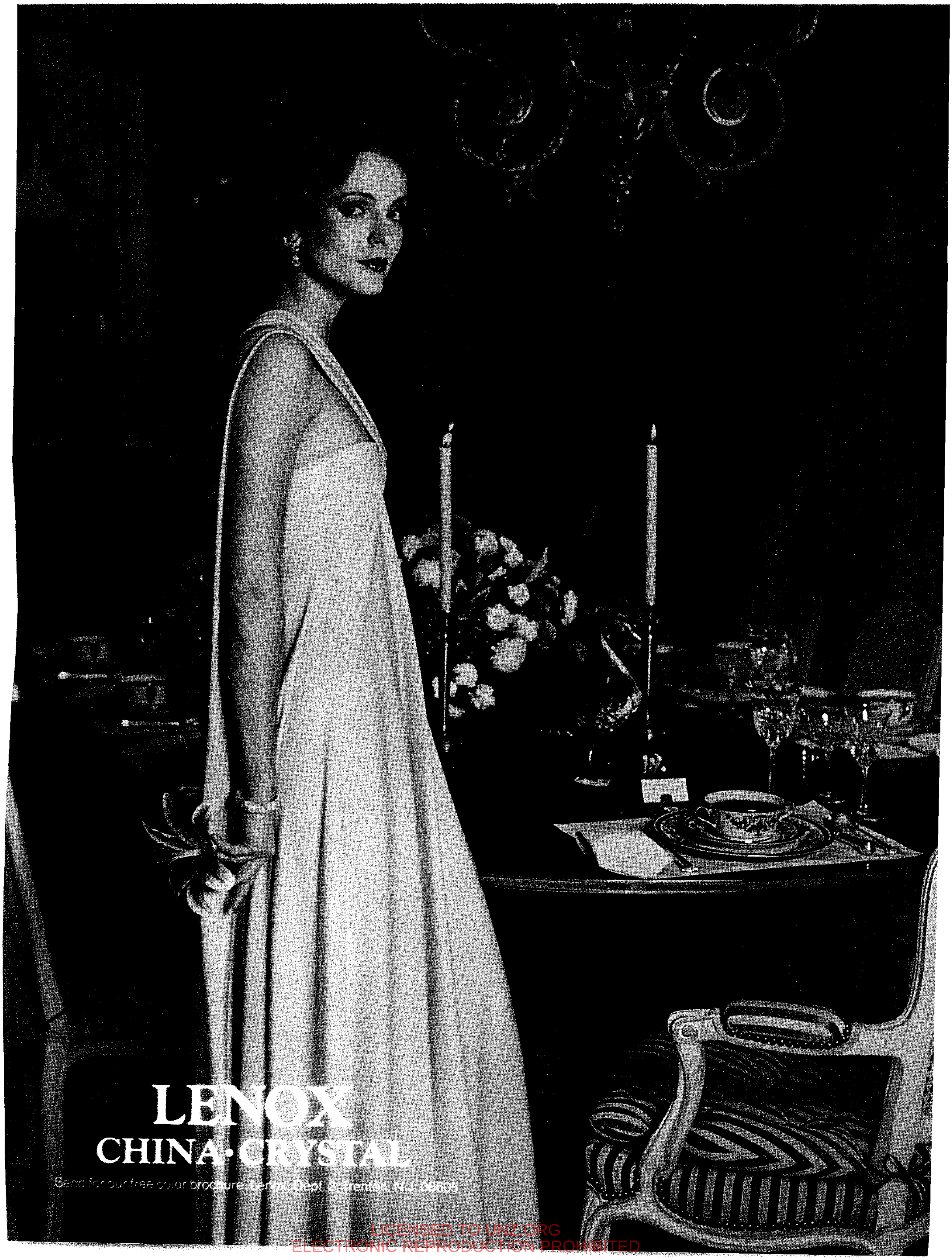
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RICKEY: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into large glass over ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.
GIN SCREWDRIVER: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.

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DRY MARTINI: Pour 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth in mixing glass over ice. Stir. Strain into cocktail glass. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive or pearl onions.
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TOM COLLINS: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice. Add teaspoon powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Garnish with fruit.
GIN & GINGER: Pour 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin in glass filled with ice. Twist in long sliver of lemon peel. Pour on ginger ale. Stir.

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